



Thos. J. Ellis -
January 1838.

Samuel Sheller
From your daughter
Rebecca.





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H 178
M 17

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

FOR 1867.

"HEALTH IS A DUTY."—ANON.

"MEN CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR;
THEY TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE."

"I labor for the good time coming, when sickness and disease, except congenital, or from accident, will be regarded as the result of ignorance or animalism, and will degrade the individual in the estimation of the good, as much as drunkenness now does."—IBID.

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XIV.]

JANUARY, 1867.

[No. 1.

BRONCHITIS, AND KINDRED DISEASES.

BY

W. W. HALL, A M., M. D., NEW YORK.

THERE IS no necessary reason why men should not generally live to the full age of three score years and ten, in health and comfort: that they do not do so, is because

THEY CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD, AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR;

THEY TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE, AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE:

and when, by inattention to these things, they become diseased, they die chiefly, not because such disease is necessarily fatal, but because the symptoms which nature designs to admonish of its presence, are disregarded, until too late for remedy. And in no class of ailments are delays so uniformly attended with fatal results, as in affections of the Throat and Lungs. However terrible may have been the ravages of the Asiatic Cholera in this country, I know of no locality, where, in the course of a single year, it destroyed ten per cent. of the population. Yet, taking England and the United States together, twenty per cent. of the mortality is every year from diseases of the lungs alone; amid such a fearful fatality, no one dares say he shall certainly escape, while every one, without exception, will most assuredly suffer, either in his own person, or in that of some one near and dear to him, by this same universal scourge. No man, then, can take up these pages, who is not interested to the extent of life and death, in the important inquiry, *What can be done to mitigate this great evil?* It is not the object of this publication to answer that question; but to act it out; and the first great essential step thereto, is to impress upon the common mind, in language adapted to common readers, a proper understanding of the first symptoms of these ruthless diseases

Every reader of common intelligence and of the most ordinary observation, must know that countless numbers of people in every direction have been saved from certain death by having understood the premonitory symptoms of Cholera, and acting up to their knowledge. The physician does not live, who, in the course of ordinary practice, cannot point to a little army of the prematurely dead who have paid the forfeit of their lives by ignorance or neglect of the early symptoms of Consumptive disease. Perhaps the reader's own heart is this instant smitten at the sad recollection of similar cases in his own sphere of observation.

This book is not intended to recommend a medicinal preventive, or a patented cure for the diseases named on the title-page: it will afford no aid or comfort to those who hope, by its perusal, to save a doctor's fee, by a trifling tampering with their constitutions and their lives. Nor is it wished to make you believe, that if you come to me I will cure you. If you have symptoms of disease, I wish you to understand their nature first; and then to take advice from some regularly educated physician, who has done nothing to forfeit justly his honorable standing among his brethren, by the recommendation of secret medicines, patented contrivances or travelling lecturers for the cure of certain diseases. I may speak of persons in these pages, who had certain symptoms, and coming to me, were permanently cured. You may have similar symptoms, and yet I may be able to do you no good. I have sometimes failed to cure persons who had no symptoms at all. In other cases, where but a single symptom of disease existed, and it, apparently, a very trivial one, the malady has steadily progressed to a fatal termination, in spite of every effort to the contrary. The object of these statements is to have it understood, that I make no engagement to cure any thing or any body. The first great purpose is to enable you to understand properly any symptoms which you may have that point towards disease of the lungs; and when you have done so, to persuade you not to waste your time and money and health in blind efforts to remove them, by taking stuff, of which you know little, into a body of which you know less; but to go to a man of respectability and standing and experience—one in whom you have confidence, one who depends upon the practice of his profession for a living; describe your symptoms, according to your ability, place your health and life in his hands, and be assured that thus you and millions of others will stand the highest chance of attaining a prosperous, cheerful, and green old age. The rule should be universal, and among all classes, not only never to take an atom of medicine for anything, but not to take anything as a medicine—not even a teaspoon of common syrup or French brandy, or a cup of red pepper tea, unless by the previous advice of a physician; because a spoonful of the purest, simplest syrup, taken several times a day, will eventually destroy the tone of the healthiest stomach; and yet any person almost would suppose that a little syrup “could do no harm, if it did no good.” A tablespoon of good brandy, now and then, is simple enough, and yet it has made a wreck and ruin of the health and happiness and hope of multitudes. If these simple, that is, well-known things, in their purity, are used to such results, it requires but little intelligence to understand that more speedy injuries must follow their daily employment, morning, noon, and night, when they are sold in the shape of “syrups,” and “bitters,” and “tonics,” with other ingredients, however “simple” they, too, may be.

The common-sense reader will consider these sentiments reasonable and right, and think it a very laudable desire to diffuse information among the people as to the symptoms of dangerous, insidious, and widespread diseases; but he will not be prepared for the information, that the publication of such a pamphlet as this will be considered “unprofessional” by some. But latitude must be allowed for difference of opinion; else, all progress is at an end. Whoever lends a helping hand to the diffusion of useful knowledge, is, in proportion, the benefactor of his kind. Whether it be useful for man to know the nature and first symptoms of a disease which is destined to destroy one out of every six in the country, is a question which each one must decide for himself. I believe that such an effort is useful, and hereby act accordingly. Experienced physicians constantly feel, in reference to persons who evidently have Consumption, that it is too late, because the application had been too long delayed. The great reason why so many delay, is because they “did not

think it was anything more than a slight cold.” In other words, they were entirely ignorant of the difference between the cough of a common cold and the cough of Consumption, and the general symptoms attendant on the two. It is not practicable for all to study medicine, nor is it to be expected that for every cough one has, he shall go to the expense of taking medical advice; it therefore seems to me the dictate of humanity to make the necessary information more accessible, and I know of no better way to accomplish this object than by the general distribution of a tract like this: and when I pretend to no new principle of cure, no specific, and no ability of success, beyond what an entire devotion to one disease may give any ordinary capacity, no further apology is necessary.

THROAT-AIL,

or Laryngitis, pronounced *Lare-in-gee-tis*, is an affection of the top of the windpipe, where the voice-making organs are, answering to the parts familiarly called “Adam’s Apple.” When these organs are diseased, the voice is impaired, or “there is something wrong about the swallow.”

BRONCHITIS,

pronounced *Bron-kee-tis*, is an affection of the *branches* of the windpipe, and in its first stages is called a common cold.

CONSUMPTION

is an affection, not of the *top* or *root* of the windpipe, for that is *Throat-Ail*; not of the *body* of the windpipe, for that is *Croup*; not of the *branches* of the windpipe, for that is *Bronchitis*; but it is an affection of the lungs themselves, which are millions of little air cells or bladders, of various sizes, from that of a pea downwards, and are at the *extremities* of the branches of the windpipe, as the buds or leaves of a tree are at the extremity of its branches.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF THROAT-AIL?

The most universal symptom is an impairment of the voice, which is more or less hoarse or weak. If there is no actual want of clearness of the sounds, there is an instinctive clearing of the throat, by swallowing, hawking, or humming; or a summoning up of strength to enunciate words. When this is continued for some time, there is a sensation of tiredness about the throat, a dull heavy aching, or general feeling of discomfort or uneasiness, coming on in the afternoon or evening. In the early part of the day, there is nothing of the kind perceptible, as the voice-muscles have had time for rest and the recovery of their powers during the night. In the beginning of this disease, no inconvenience of this kind is felt, except some unusual effort has been made, such as speaking or singing in public; but as it progresses, these symptoms manifest themselves every evening; then earlier and earlier in the day, until the voice is clear only for a short time soon in the morning; next, there is a constant hoarseness or huskiness from week to month, when the case is most generally incurable, and the patient dies of the common symptoms of Consumptive disease.

In some cases, the patient expresses himself as having a sensation as if a piece of wool or blanket were in the throat, or an aching or sore feeling, running up the sides of the neck towards the ears. Some have a burning or raw sensation at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck; others, about Adam’s Apple; while a third class speak of such a feeling or a pricking at a spot along the sides of the neck. Among others, the first symptoms are a dryness in the throat after speaking or singing, or while in a crowded room, or when waking up in the morning. Some feel as if there were some unusual thickness or a lumpy sensation in the throat, at the upper part, removed at once by swallowing it away; but soon it comes back again, giving precisely the feelings which some persons have after swallowing a pill.

Sometimes, this frequent swallowing is most troublesome after meals. Throat-Ail is not like many other diseases, often getting well of itself by being left alone. I do not believe that one case in ten ever does so, but on the contrary, gradually grows worse, until the voice is permanently husky or subdued; and soon the swallowing of solids or fluids becomes painful, food or drink returns through the nose, causing a feeling of strangulation or great pain. When Throat-Ail symptoms

have been allowed to progress to this stage, death is almost inevitable in a very few weeks. Now and then a case may be saved, but restoration here is almost in the nature of a miracle.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF BRONCHITIS?

Bronchitis is a bad cold, and the experience of every one teaches what its symptoms are. The medical name for a cold is *Acute Bronchitis*; called *acute*, because it comes on at once, and lasts but a short time—a week or two generally. The ailment that is commonly denominated *Bronchitis*, is what physicians term *Chronic Bronchitis*; called *chronic*, because it is a long time in coming on, and lasts for months and years instead of days and weeks. It is not like Throat-Ail, or Consumption, which have a great many symptoms, almost any one of which may be absent, and still the case be one of Throat-Ail, or Consumption; but Bronchitis has three symptoms, every one of which are present every day, and together, and all the time, in all ages, sexes, constitutions, and temperaments. These three universal and essential symptoms are—

1st. A feeling of fullness, or binding, or cord-like sensation about the breast.

2d. A most harassing cough, liable to come on at any hour of the day or night.

3d. A large expectoration of a tough, stringy, tenacious, sticky, pearly or greyish-like substance, from a tablespoon to a pint or more a day. As the disease progresses, this becomes darkish, greenish, or yellowish in appearance; sometimes all three colors may be seen together, until at last it is uniformly yellow, and comes up without much effort, in mouthfuls, that fall heavily, without saliva or mucus. When this is the case, death comes in a very few weeks or—days.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION?

A gradual wasting of breath, flesh, and strength are the three symptoms, progressing steadily through days and weeks and months, which are never absent in any case of true, active, confirmed Consumptive disease that I have ever seen. A man may have a daily cough for fifty years, and not have Consumption. A woman may spit blood for a quarter of a century, and not have Consumption. A young lady may breathe forty times a minute, and have a pulse of a hundred and forty beats a minute, day after day, for weeks and months together, and not have Consumption; and men and women and young ladies may have pains in the breast, and sides, and shoulders, and flushes in the cheeks, and night sweats, and swollen ankles, and yet have not an atom of Consumptive decay in the lungs. But where there is a slow, steady, painless decline of flesh and strength and breath, extending through weeks and months of time, Consumption exists in all persons, ages, and climates, although at the same time sleep, bowels, appetite, spirits, may be represented as good. Such, at least, are the results of my own observation.

The great, general, common symptoms of Consumption of the Lungs are night and morning cough, pains about the breast, easily tired in walking, except on level ground, shortness of breath on slight exercise, and general weakness. These are the symptoms of which Consumptive persons complain, and as they approach the grave, these symptoms gradually increase.

HOW DOES A PERSON GET THROAT-AIL?

A woman walked in the Park, in early spring, until a little heated and tired; then sat down on a cold stone. Next day, she had hoarseness and a raw burning feeling in the throat, and died within the year.

A man had suffered a great deal from sick headache; he was advised to have cold water poured on the top of his head: he did so; he had headache no more. The throat became affected; had frequent swallowing, clearing of throat, falling of palate, voice soon failed in singing, large red splotches on the back part of the throat, and white lumps at either side; but the falling of the palate and interminable swallowing were the great symptoms, making and keeping him nervous, irritable, debilitated, and wretched. He was advised to take off the uvula, but would not do it. Had the aid of silver applied constantly for three months. Tried homeopathy. After suffering thus two years, he came to me, and on a subsequent visit, said, "It is wonderful, that for two years I have been troubled

with this throat, and nothing would relieve it, and now it is removed in two days." That was four months ago. I saw him in the street yesterday. He said his throat gave him no more trouble; that he had no more chilliness, and had never taken a cold since he came under my care, although formerly "it was the easiest thing in the world to take cold."

A merchant (1002) slept in a steamboat state-room in December, with a glass broken out; woke up next morning with a hoarseness and sore throat; for several months did nothing, then applied to a physician. Counter-irritants were employed without any permanent effect. At the end of four years he came to me with "a sort of uneasy feeling about the throat, more at times than others; not painful; sometimes a little hoarseness, with frequent inclination to swallow, or clear the throat. At the little hollow at the bottom of the neck, just above the top of the breast-bone, there was a feeling of pressure, stricture, or enlargement—no pain, but an unpleasant sensation, sometimes worse than at others. It is absent for days at a time, and then lasts for several hours a day." This case is under treatment.

A Clergyman (1012) has a hoarse, cracked, weak voice, easily tired in speaking; a raw sensation in the throat; and in swallowing has "a fish-bony feeling." He had become over-heated in a public address, and immediately after its close started to ride across a prairie in a damp, cold wind in February. Had to abandon preaching, altogether, and become a school teacher." This gentleman wrote to me for advice, and having followed it closely for eighteen days, reported himself as almost entirely well.

I greatly desire it to be remembered here, that in this, as in other cases of Throat-Ail, however perfectly a person may be cured, the disease will return as often as exposure to the causes of it in the first place is permitted to occur. No cure, however perfect, will allow a man to commit with impunity such a thoughtless and inexcusable act as above named, that of riding across a prairie in February, in a damp, cold wind, within a few minutes after having delivered an excited address in a warm room. None of us are made out of India rubber or iron, but of flesh and blood and a reasonable soul, subject to wise and benevolent conditions and restrictions; and it is not to the discredit of physic or physicians, that being once cured, the disease should return as often as the indiscretion that originated it in the first instance is re-committed.

Three weeks ago, one of our merchants came to me with a troublesome tickling in the throat. At first it was only a tickling; but for some weeks the tickling compels a frequent clearing of the throat; and without a cough, each clearing or hemming brings up half a teaspoon-ful of yellow matter, with some saliva. On looking into his throat, the whole back part of it was red, with still redder splotches here and there—epiglottis almost scarlet. On inquiry, I found he had for years been a chewer of tobacco; then began to smoke; would day after day smoke after each meal, but especially after tea would consume half a dozen cigars. In time, the other naturally consequent steps would have been taken—Consumption and the grave. Among other things, I advised him to abandon tobacco absolutely and at once. In two weeks he came again. Throat decidedly better; in every respect better, except that he, in his own opinion, "had taken a little cold," and had a constant slight cough—not by any means a trifling symptom. Let the reader learn a valuable lesson from this case. This gentleman had the causes of cough before; he found that smoking modified the tickling, and taking this as an indication of cure, he smoked more vigorously, and thus suppressed the cough, while the cause of it was still burrowing in the system and widening its ravages. It will require months of steady effort to arrest the progress of the disease, and he may consider himself fortunate—more so than in any mercantile speculation he ever made—if he gets well at all. If he does get well, and returns to the use of tobacco, the disease will as certainly return as that the same cause originated it, for the following reason, as was stated in the *First Part*.—Throat-Ail is inflammation; that is, too much heat in the parts. Tobacco smoke being warm, or even hot, is drawn directly back against the parts already too much heated, and very naturally increasing the heat, aggravates the disease. Again, any kind of smoke—that of common wood—is irritating, much more that of such a powerful poison as tobacco

—soothing, indeed, in its first transient effects, like many other poisons, but leaving behind it consequences more remote, but more destructive and enduring.

A gentleman, just married, with a salary for his services as secretary to a Southern house, applied to me to be cured of a sore throat. He was permanently hoarse; swallowing food was often unendurably painful, besides causing violent paroxysms of cough. He said he knew no cause for his complaint, except that he had smoked very freely. On inquiry, I found that for the last two years he had used, on an average, about "a dozen cigars every day; perhaps more." He died in six weeks.

In several instances, persons have applied to me who had been advised to take brandy freely for a throat affection. Such advice is warranted by no one principle in medicine, reason, or common sense. Were I to give it, I should feel myself justly liable to the charge of being an ignorant man or a drunkard. The throat is inflamed; inflammation is excitement; brandy and tobacco both excite, inflame the whole body; that is why they are used at all. The throat partakes of its portion of the excitement, when the throat, body, and the man, all the more speedily go to ruin together. I have in my mind, while writing these lines, the melancholy history of two young men—one from Kentucky, the other from Missouri—who were advised "to drink brandy freely, three times a day, for throat complaint." One of these became a drunkard, and lost his property, and within another year he will leave an interesting family in penury, disgrace, and want. The other was one of the most high-minded, honorable young men I have lately known. He was the only son of a widow, and she was rich. He came to see me three or four times, and then stated that he had concluded to try the effects of a little brandy at each meal. A few weeks afterwards he informed me, that as he was constantly improving, he thought that the brandy would certainly effect a cure. Within seven months after his application to me, he had become a regular toper; that is, he had increased the original quantity allowed, of a tablespoon at each meal, to such an amount, that he was all the time under the influence of liquor. His business declined; he spent all his money; and secretly left for California, many thousand dollars in debt, and soon after died. The person who advised him is also now a confirmed drunkard; but in his wreck and ruin, still a great man.

A gentleman from a distant State wrote to me some months ago for advice as to a throat affection. He is a lawyer of note already, and of still higher promise, not yet having reached the prime of life. By earnest efforts as a temperance advocate, in addition to being a popular pleader at the bar, his voice became impaired with cough, spitting of blood, matter expectoration, diarrhoea, debility, and general wasting. He was induced to drink brandy with iron, but soon left off the iron and took the brandy pure. The habit grew upon him; he sometimes stimulated to excess, according to his own acknowledgment; his friends thought there was no interval, and gave him up as a lost man to himself, his family, and his country; but in time the virulence of the disease rose above the stimulus of the brandy, and in occasional desperation he resorted to opium. He subsequently visited the water cure, gained in flesh and strength, and was hopeful of a speedy restoration; but he took "an occasional cigar"—the dryness in the throat, hoarseness, pain or pressure, and soreness still remained! He left the water cure, and in a few months wrote to me, having, in addition to the above throat symptoms, a recent hemorrhage, constipation, pains in the breast, nervousness, debility, variable appetite, and daily cough. Within two months, he has become an almost entirely new man, requiring no further advice.

Further illustrations of the manner in which persons get Throat-Ail, may be more conveniently given in the letters of some who have applied to me, with the additional advantage of having the symptoms described in language not professional, consequently more generally understood.

A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN.

(1059) "I have had for three years past a troublesome affection of the thorax, which manifests itself by frequent and prolonged hemming or clearing the throat, and swelling: both more frequent in damp weather, or after slight cold. General health very feeble, sleeplessness, waste of flesh, low spirits. Visited a water cure, remain-

ed two months, but my hemming and swallowing were not a whit improved. Touching with the nitrate of silver slightly makes the larynx sore. I have been always able to preach. It has never affected my voice until very recently. Two weeks ago I preached two long sermons, in a loud and excited voice, in one day. During the last discourse my voice became hoarse, and my hemming has become very bad; and there has been a slight break in my voice ever since. Hem, hem, hem, is the order of the day; clearing the throat is incessant, swallowing often, and a slight soreness of the larynx, particularly after a slight cold, or after several days' use of nitrate of silver, with a scarce perceptible break in the voice. These are my principal symptoms."

This case is under treatment.

A LAWYER.

(1016) "aged thirty-seven. Have been liable, for several years past, in the fall, winter, and spring, to severe attacks of fever, accompanied with great debility, loss of flesh, appearing to myself and friends to be in the last stages of Consumption; in fact, the dread of it has been an incubus on me, paralyzing my energies and weighing down my spirits. In the summers, too, I have been subject to attacks of bilious fever and bilious colic. A year ago, I attended court soon after one of these attacks, and exerted myself a great deal. My throat became very sore, and I had hemorrhage—two teaspoons of blood and matter. My health continued feeble. I went last summer to a water cure, and regained my flesh and strength, but the weakness in my throat and occasional hoarseness continued all the time. Afterwards, by cold and exposure, I became worse, continued to have chills and fever and night sweats, accompanied by violent cough and soreness of the throat. I got worse; was reduced to a perfect skeleton, and had another hemorrhage. Mucus would collect in the top of the throat, and was expectorated freely. I am still liable to colds. The seat of the disease seems to be at the little hollow in front at the bottom of the neck, just above the top of the breast-bone. At my last bleeding, the pain seemed to be in the region of Adam's-apple. The principal present symptoms are soreness in throat, dryness, pain on pressing it, and hoarseness; pulse from eighty to ninety in a minute; irregular appetite. These symptoms, together with my fear of Consumption, serve to keep me unhappy. I find myself constantly liable to attacks of cold, sneezing, running at the nose even in the summer time. My mother and sister have died of Consumption, as also two of my mother's sisters. Feet always cold; daily cough."

OPINION OF THE CASE.

There is no Consumptive disease: it is impossible. No personal examination is needed to tell that. The foundation of all your ailments is a torpid liver and a weak stomach. If you are not cured, it will be your own fault.

The treatment of this case was conducted by correspondence, as he lived six hundred miles away, and therefore I had not the opportunity of a personal examination. Within a month he writes:—"I am gradually improving; feet warm; all pain has disappeared from the breast; appetite strong, regular, and good; pulse seventy-two; breathing eighteen; all cough has disappeared." At the end of two and a half months, no further advice was needed, as he wrote—"I have not written to you for a month, being absent on the circuit. I have not enjoyed better health for years than I have for the month. Weight increasing; no uneasiness or pain about my breast; pulse seventy-five; less in the morning. The only trouble I have is costiveness, from being so confined in court, and being away from home deprived of my regular diet. We were two weeks holding court, last of November, in a miserable room, the court-house having been recently burned; kept over-heated all the time. I made four or five speeches, and suffered no inconvenience whatever. I have no cough."

A CLERGYMAN

(1024) called over two months ago, having had at first an ailment at the top of the throat, apparently above or near the palate. It soon descended to the region of Adam's-apple, and within a month it seemed to have located itself lower down the neck, giving a feeling as

There were an ulcer there, with a sense of fullness about the throat, hoarse after public speaking, lasting a day or two, with attacks every few weeks of distressing sick headache. As the disease seemed to be rapidly descending towards the lungs, a rigid, energetic treatment was proposed, and at the end of ten weeks he writes—"I take pleasure in introducing my friend, —, to you. He has suffered many things, from many advisers, with small benefit. I have desired him to consult with you, hoping that he may have the same occasion to be grateful for the providence which leads him to you, which I feel that I myself have for that which guided me to your counsels. I suffer but little, very little from my throat, and confidently anticipate entire relief at no distant day, for all which I feel myself under great obligation both to your skill and to your kindness," &c.

SICK HEADACHE

is a distressing malady, as those who are subject to it know full well, by sad experience. In this case, this troublesome affection had to be permanently removed before the throat ailment could be properly treated; when that was done, the throat itself was comparatively of easy management.

A MERCHANT

(847) wrote to me from the South, complaining chiefly of

Bad cough, sometimes giving a croupy sound;
Throat has a raw, choking, dry, rasping feeling;
Soon as he goes to sleep, there is a noise or motion, as if he were going to cough;
Startled in sleep, by month filling with phlegm;
Expectoration tough, white, and sticky; darkish particles sometimes;
Flashes or flushes pass over him sometimes;
Sick stomach sometimes, acid often, wind on stomach oppresses him greatly;
A lumpy feeling in the throat;
On entering his house, sometimes falls asleep in his chair, almost instantly;
In walking home, at sundown, half a mile from his store, is completely exhausted;
Slightest thing brings on a cough; never eats without coughing;
If he swallows honey, it stings the throat;
Got a cold a month ago, which left the palate and throat very much inflamed;
Throat and tongue both sore;
A hooping, suffocative cough; can hear the phlegm rattle just before the cough begins;
A dry, rough feeling from the little hollow at the bottom of the neck up to the top of the throat.
One night after going to bed, began to cough, choke, suffocate; could not get breath, jumped out of bed, ran across the room, struggled, and at length got breath, but was perfectly exhausted; could not speak for half an hour, without great difficulty.

In addition to my own description of the case, his wife writes—"Ten o'clock at Night.—I am no physician, nor physician's wife, but am his wife and nurse, and an anxious observer of his symptoms, and can see his throat inflamed behind the uvula. He says there is a lump somewhere, but he cannot tell where. Sometimes he thinks it is in the little hollow at the bottom of the neck, sometimes just above, and sometimes in or about the swallow. A recent cold has aggravated his symptoms. His cough to-day has been very frequent and loose. He has emaciated rapidly within a month, and is now a good deal despondent. As for myself, I feel as one who sees some fair prospect suddenly fading away. I had fondly hoped—oh! how ardently!—that he might be restored. If a knowledge of the fact would give any additional interest to the case, I will only say, he is one of the loveliest characters on earth. None in this community has a larger share of the respect and confidence of their acquaintance."

The opinion sent, for I have not seen this case, was as follows:—"The whole breathing apparatus, from the top of the windpipe to the extremity of its branches, is diseased; the lungs themselves are not at all affected by decay. Your whole constitution is diseased; and yet there is good ground for hope of life and reasonable health."

In three months this patient writes—"I am glad to inform you that I think I am still improving in health

and strength. My bowels are sometimes disordered by eating melons and fruits; but I felt so much better that I thought I might indulge. Pulse sixty-five to seventy; an almost ravenous appetite." A month later he writes—"My health and strength are still improving; cough not very troublesome; increasing flesh," &c. I believe this gentleman now enjoys good health.

A LADY.

(948) teacher of vocal music, writes—"There is a peculiar sensation in my throat for the last two months. Whenever I attempt to swallow, it feels as if something were in the way; a swelling under the jaws, a soreness on the sides of the throat, extending to the ears, and occasioning throbbing painfully. I have a dull aching at the top of my collar-bone, and an unpleasant sensation of weakness and heaviness in my chest; a bad taste in my mouth frequently. Have been regular, but have been afflicted for a few years past with sickness at the stomach and vomiting, attended occasionally with great pain for a few hours. During these attacks, the complexion changes to a livid hue. I have been very much troubled with dyspepsia. On recovering from the attacks above mentioned, I have experienced a feeling of weakness almost insupportable. Am very costive; and my spirits are greatly depressed. Within a day or two I have taken a violent cold, which has affected me with sneezing, running from the eyes and nose, together with a slight hoarseness. I was advised to apply caustic to the throat, and Croton oil to my neck, chest, and throat. I have since discontinued these, not having received any permanent benefit from them. On two occasions, from over-exertion at concerts and examinations, I was unable to speak a loud word, from hoarseness, for several days. I am extremely anxious to learn your opinion. In about two months my public concerts take place, and it is absolutely necessary that something should be done for me."

OPINION.

Yours is general constitutional disease. There is no special cause of alarm. A weakened stomach, a torpid liver, a want of sufficient air and exercise, are the foundations of all your ailments, and by the proper regulation of these, you may expect to have good health and a stronger voice. You must have energy and patient perseverance in carrying out the prescriptions sent to you.

In one month this lady writes, and the letter is given to encourage others who may come under my care, to engage with determination and energy in carrying out the directions which may be given them. The reader may also see what great good a little medicine may do when combined with the judicious employment of rational means, which do not involve the taking of medicine or the use of painful and scarifying agencies and patent contrivances:—

"I began your prescriptions at once. Having followed them for some time, I was obliged to intermit them for a few days, in consequence of having to conduct a concert, besides having to travel by stage and railroad seventy or eighty miles. During this time, I was up every night until twelve o'clock, and was much exposed to the night air. On returning home, I commenced your directions, have made it a point to attend to them strictly, and have very seldom failed of doing so. In consequence of two omissions in diet, I suffered from headache, which disappeared when I observed your directions. My appetite is good; my food agrees with me. I sometimes feel dull and sleepy after dinner. I drop to sleep immediately. Seldom wake in the night. Sleep about seven hours, and generally feel bright and strong in the morning, when I take a brisk walk of two miles and a half; the same after six, p.m. My walks at first fatigued me considerably; generally, however, I have felt better and better from their commencement to their end, and have perspired very freely. The exercise I take seems rather to increase than diminish my strength. I have not been prevented from taking exercise from any dampness in the atmosphere. I have sometimes been exposed to the night air in going to church and other places, but without any perceptible injury. The means you advised produce a general glow, and invariably remove headache, which I sometimes have to a slight degree after dinner. I think my throat is better. There is no unpleasant feeling about it at present, except the difficulty in swallowing, and even that is better. Pulse sixty-seven."

I had for some time ceased to regard this energetic young lady as a patient, when she announces a new ailment, a difficulty at periodic times:—"I walked two miles every day, and every thing was going on well, until one evening after walking very fast, I sat awhile with a friend, in a room without fire, in November. The weather was chilly and damp; was unwell, suppressed; had a chill and incessant cough for several hours, ending in something like inflammation of the lungs."

These things were remedied, and she is now engaged in the active discharge of her duties. This last incident is introduced here to warn every reader, especially women, against all such exposures at all times, most especially during particular seasons. Such exposures, as sitting in rooms without fire, in the fall and spring, after active walking, have thrown stout strong men into a fatal consumption; and it is not at all to be wondered at, that delicate women should lay the foundation of incurable disease in the same manner. I will feel well repaid for writing these lines, if but here and there a reader may be found to guard against such exposures. Our parlors and drawing-rooms are kept closed to the air and light for a great portion of the twenty-four hours, and unless the weather is quite cool there is no fire in them. Thus they necessarily acquire a cold, clammy dampness, very perceptible on first entering. A fire is not thought necessary, as visitors usually remain but a few minutes; but when the blood is warmed by walking in the pure air and the clear sunshine, it is chilled in a very short space of time, if the person is at rest, in the cold and gloom of a modern parlor, especially as a contemplated call of a minute is often unconsciously extended to half an hour, under the excitement of friendly greetings and neighborly gossip. There can be no doubt that thousands every year catch their death of cold, to use a homely but expressive phrase, in the manner above named. Young women, especially, cannot act thus with impunity. Men perish by multitudes every year by exposures of a similar character; walking or working until they become warm, then sitting in a hall or entry or a cold counting-room; or standing still at the wharf or at a street corner; or running to reach a ferry-boat until they begin to perspire, and then sitting still in the wind while the boat is crossing. It is by inattention to what may be considered such trifling little things that thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

(950) from Washington City, complained of

Uneasiness at throat, caused by repeated colds; late hours, hot rooms;
Cough most of mornings—dry, tickling, hollow;
Expectoration a little yellow;
Bloody, streaked expectoration, six months ago;
Breathing oppressed, if sit or stoop long;
Take cold easy, in every way;
Throat has various feelings, tickling, heavy aching, raw, dry, from palate to depression;
Swallowing a little difficult at times;
Voice not much affected;
Headache, costive bowels, piles occasionally;
Pain about shoulder-blades and at their points;
Soreness under both ribs sometimes;
Pains in the breast—more of a soreness from the top of the breast-bone to the pit of the stomach;
Have been ailing fifteen months;
Father, mother, sister, uncle, aunt died of Consumption.

OPINION.

You cannot have Consumption now: you are decidedly threatened with it. With proper attention, persevering and prompt, you may ward it off effectually, and live to the ordinary term of human life to those of your occupation. It is my opinion, that without this care, you will fall into settled disease within a year.

In two months, this gentleman called to see me for the first time. His lungs were working freely and fully, over the natural standard; pulse seventy-two; appetite good; bowels regular. I did not think he required any particular medical advice; and it is my present belief, that with proper attention to diet, exercise, and regular habits of life, his health will become permanently good.

Took a severe cold last winter, which left a severe cough. Every morning the breast feels sore, until stirred about some. Pain in the left side, running through to the left shoulder blade, and between the shoulders; pain in the breast-bone, and in the centre of the left breast. Chief complaint is pain in the chest, left side, and a constant raising of frothy, thick, tough, and yellow matter, with frequent hawking, heaving, and clearing of the throat. Age 22.

OPINION.

Your ailments are all removable by diligent attention to the directions I may give you. I very much hope you will spare no pains in carrying them out most thoroughly. You certainly have not Consumptive disease.

He called upon me some months afterwards, when I saw him for the first time. He had nothing to complain of; pulse sixty; his lungs working freely and fully, being considerably above the natural standard; and as far as I know, he continues well to this day.

973.

"Am officer in a bank. Was at a fire during Christmas, seven months ago. Used my voice a great deal; began to be hoarse; very much so by morning. This lasted a week, and went off; but in three weeks there appeared to be something about the palate which wanted to come away. Throat seemed inflamed, and ever since then have had a clogging feeling in the throat, that does not affect my voice, unless I read aloud, when I soon become hoarse. Two days ago, spit up a spoonful of dark blood; never before or since. I have a binding sensation across the top of the breast, and three months since had a pain up and down the breast-bone. Have used iodide of potash; have had the throat pencilled, and then sponged with nitrate of silver, without benefit—pulse, one hundred and ten."

OPINION.

Yours is a throat ailment, at the entrance of the windpipe—not as low down as the voice organs. There is very considerable active inflammation there. Your lungs are a little weakened, nothing more; the pains in the breast are not serious at all, and I see no obstacle to your entire recovery.

I received letter after letter from this young gentleman, stating that no perceptible benefit seemed to follow what I advised. He was encouraged to persevere, and finally his symptoms began to change, and then disappeared; and in two months from his first consultation he wrote me to say that he had steadily improved; pulse, permanently at sixty-five; expressing his obligations, &c. This case shows strikingly the advantage of perseverance.

A CLERGYMAN

(844) wrote to me for advice in reference to a throat complaint. I prescribed, and had entirely forgotten the circumstance, when the following letter was received:—

"I began to follow your directions on the 4th day of May, not quite three months ago, and have adhered to them strictly ever since. I am evidently a great deal better. I have lost no flesh; although it is summer, my weight has not varied three pounds since I wrote to you; it is now one hundred and forty-nine pounds. My tonsils are diminished, and give me no uneasiness, except in damp weather. From my throat, which is now generally perfectly comfortable, I am continually bringing up a pearly substance. Sometimes it is perfectly clear, and like the pure white of an egg. But this is a mighty change. At first, I could not talk five minutes in the family circle. My throat was constantly tickling and burning; so that a mustard plaster, which took all the skin off my neck in front, was a comfort; but now I can talk as much as I wish, read a page or so aloud, and am almost tempted to sing a little."

HOW DO PERSONS GET BRONCHITIS?

In the same manner as a common cold, for Bronchitis is a common cold protracted, settling not on the lungs, but on the branches of the windpipe, clogging them up with a secretion thicker than is natural; this adheres

to the inside of the tube-like branches, and to a certain extent closes them; hence, but a small portion of air gets into the lungs. Nature soon begins to feel the deficiency, and instinctively makes extra efforts to obtain the necessary quantity, in causing the patient to draw in air forcibly instead of doing it naturally and without an effort. This forcible inspiration of external air drives before it the accumulating phlegm, and wedges it more compactly in a *constantly-diminishing tube*, until the passage is entirely plugged up. The patient makes greater efforts to draw in the air, but these plugs of mucus arrest it, and there is a feeling as if the air did not get down to its proper place, or as if it were stopped short, causing a painful stricture, or cord-like sensation, or as some express it, a *stoppage of breath*. If relief is not given in such cases, either by medicine judiciously administered, or by a convulsive nature of effort at a cough, which is a sudden and forcible expulsion of such air as happened to be on the *other side* of the plug, the patient would die; and they often do feel as if they could not possibly live an hour. This is more particularly a description of an attack of Acute Bronchitis. Chronic Bronchitis is but a milder form of the same thing, very closely allied in the sensations produced, if not indeed in the very nature of the thing, to what may be considered a kind of

PERPETUAL ASTHMA,

which may in most cases be removed and warded off for an indefinite time by the use of very little medicine, if the patient could be induced to have a reasonable degree of self-denial and careful perseverance.

HOW DO PERSONS GET CONSUMPTION?

As they do most other diseases, by inattention, neglect, inopinion on nature. Many persons have this disease hereditarily, but the same means which permanently arrest the progress of accidental Consumption will as often and as uniformly ward off, indefinitely, the effects and symptoms of the hereditary form, the essential nature of accidental and hereditary Consumption being the same. The treatment is also the same, except that in the accidental form it must be more prompt, more energetic; in the hereditary form it must be more mild, more persevering. I consider the latter, the less speedily and critically dangerous of the two.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A number of pages will be devoted to the illustration of a variety of topics connected with the general subject; all, however, will be of a practical character—at least, such is the intention.

CONSUMPTION IS THE OXIDATION OF THE EXUDATION CORPUSCLE. This corpuscle—*this little body*, this tubercle, this seed of Consumption—is an albuminous exudation, as minutely described on page 5, First Part, and being deficient in fatty matter, its elementary molecules cannot constitute nuclei, capable of cell development; therefore, these nuclei remain abortive, are foreign bodies in the lungs, and like all other foreign bodies there, cause irritation, tickling. This tickling is a cause of cough, as itching is a cause of scratching, both being instinctive efforts of nature to remove the cause of the difficulty. The oxidation—that is, the burning, the softening of this corpuscle or tubercle—gives yellow matter as a product, just as the burning—that is, the oxidation of wood—gives ashes as a product. Thus the yellow matter expectorated in Consumption is a sign infallible, that a destructive, consuming process is going on in the lungs, just as the sight of ashes is an infallible sign that wood or some other solid substance has been burned—that is, destroyed.

But why is it that this albuminous exudation, this tubercle, this exudation corpuscle, should lack this fatty matter, this oil, this carbon, which did it have, would make it a healthy product, instead of being a foreign body and a seed of death?

Consumption is an error of nutrition. The patient has soliloquized a thousand times, "I sleep pretty well, bowels regular, and I relish my food, but somehow or other it does not seem to do me the good it used to. I do not get strong." The reason of this is, that the food is imperfectly digested, and when that is the case, acidity is the result, which is the distinguishing feature of Consumptive disease. This *excess* of acid in the alimentary canal dissolves the albumen of the food, and carries it off into the blood in its dissolved state,

making the whole mass of blood in perfect impure, thick, sluggish, damning up in the lungs—that is, congesting them—instead of flowing out to the surface, and keeping the skin of a soft feel and a healthful warmth. Thus it is that the skin of all Consumptives has either a dry, hot feel, or a cold, clammy, dampness; at one time having cold chills creeping over them, causing them to shiver in the sun or hover over the fire; at another time, by the reaction, burning hot, the cheek a glowing red, the mouth parched with thirst. Another effect of the excess of acidity dissolving the albumen and carrying it into the blood is, that the blood is deficient in the fat, or oil, or carbon, which would have been made by the union of this albumen with alkaline secretions; the blood then wanting the fat or fuel which is necessary to keep the body warm, that which was already in the body, in the shape of what we call flesh, is used instead, and the man wastes away, just as when steamboat men, when out of wood, split up the doors, partitions, and other parts of the boat, to keep her going, she moves by consuming herself. So the Consumptive lives on, is kept warm by the burning up, the oxidation of his own flesh every day and every hour; this same wasting away being the invariable, the inseparable attendant of every case of true Consumption. He lives upon himself until there is no more fuel to burn, no more fat or flesh, and he dies—"nothing but skin and bone." What, then, must be done to cure a man of Consumptive disease?

He must be made more (what is called) "*fleshy*," that is, he must have more fuel, fat, to keep him warm.

The acidity of the alimentary canal must be removed, in order that the food may be perfectly digested, so as to make pure blood, such as will flow healthfully and actively through every part of the system, and become congested, sluggish, stagnant nowhere.

To remove this acidity, the stomach must be made strong, and healthfully active; but no more than healthfully active, so as to convert the food into a substance fit for the manufacture of pure blood.

To make the stomach thus capable of forming a good blood material from the aliment introduced into it, as a perfect mill converts the grain into good flour or meal, there is behind the mill a power to turn it, there is behind the stomach powers to be exerted. These are the glandular system, the liver being the main one of all. This must be kept in healthful, operating order; if it acts too much or too little, the food is badly manufactured, and the blood which is made out of the food, and of the food alone, is imperfect and impure.

After all this is done, there is one more operation, which is the last finishing touch by which pure life-giving blood is made; ~~that~~ a sufficient amount of pure air must come in contact with it before blood is constituted. This contact takes place in the lungs; not such a contact as the actual commingling of wine and water, for the air and what is soon to become blood are not mixed together; they are kept separate in different vessels. The air is in the lungs; that is, in the little bladders or cells, and this fluid, which is to be converted into blood, is in the little veins or tubes, which are spread around over the sides of the air-cells, as a vine is spread over a wall; but these little vessels have sides so very thin, that the life-giving material of the air passes through into the blood, just as the warmth of the sun passes through glass; but while this life-giving quality of the air passes into the blood, making it perfect, the impure and deadly ingredients of the blood pass out of it, into the air, which has just been deprived of its life. Thus it is, that while the air we draw in at a single breath is cool and pure and full of life, that which is expired is so hurtful, so poisonous, at least so destitute of life, that were it breathed in, instantly, uncombined with other air, by a perfectly healthy person, he would instantaneously die. So that pure air in breathing is most essentially indispensable; first, to impart perfection, life to the blood; and also to withdraw from it its death. No wonder, then, that a plentiful supply of pure air is so essential to the maintenance of health, so doubly essential to the removal of disease and restoration to a natural condition. No wonder, then, that when a man's lungs are decaying, and thus depriving him of the requisite amount of air, he so certainly fades away, unless the decay is first arrested, and the lung power or capacity restored.

The great principles, then, involved in the cure of Consumptive disease, or, professionally speaking, the great indications, are—

To cause the consumption and healthful digestion of the largest amount possible of substantial, nutritious, plain food.

To cause the patient to consume more pure air.

To bring about the first condition requires the exercise of extensive medical knowledge, combined with a wide experience and close and constant observation. To regulate healthfully the digestive apparatus—that is, to keep the whole glandular system of the human body in healthfully-working order—requires remedies and treatment as varied in their combinations almost as the varied features of the human face. Scarcely any two persons in a hundred are to be treated in the same way, unless you can find them of the same size, age, sex, constitution, temperament, country, climate, occupation, habits of life, and manner of inducing the disease. Here are ten characteristics which are capable, as every arithmetician knows, of a thousand different combinations; so that any person proposing any one thing as a remedy—a cure for Consumption, applicable to all cases and stages, must be ignorant or infamous beyond expression.

The two things above named will be always curative in proportion to their timely accomplishment. The ways of bringing these about must be varied according to constitution, temperament, and condition. The mode of doing the thing is not the essential, but the thing done. Beyond all question, the thing can be done: Consumption can be cured, and is cured in various ways. The scientific practitioner varies his means according to the existing state of the case. The name of the disease is nothing to him: he attacks the symptoms as they are at the time of prescribing; and if he be an experienced practitioner, he will know what ought to be done, and how it should be attempted, just as a classical scholar knows the meaning of a classical phrase or word the first time he ever sees it as perfectly as if he had seen it a thousand times before. And without setting myself up as an instructor to my medical brethren, I may here intimate my conviction, that the cure of Consumption would be a matter of every day occurrence, if they would simply study the nature of the disease, read not a word of how it had been treated by others, but observe closely every case, and treat its symptoms by general principles, as old as the hills, and follow up the treatment perseveringly, prescribe for the symptoms, and let the name and disease go. But then they must first understand perfectly the whole pathology of the disease—its whole nature. That, however, requires years of laborious study and patient observation.

The above things being true, as perhaps none will deny, it is worse than idle to be catching up every year some new medicine for the cure of Consumption. The readiness with which every new remedy is grasped at, shows beyond all question that the predecessors have been failures. Scores of cures have been eagerly experimented upon;—naphtha, cod liver oil, phosphate of lime, each will have its day, and each its speedy night, simply because no one thing can by any possibility be generally applicable, when solely relied upon. The physician must keep his eye steadily upon the thing to be done, varying the means infinitely, according to the case in hand. Therefore, the treatment of every individual case of Consumption must be placed in the hands of a scientific and experienced physician in time, and not wait, as is usually the case, until every balsam and syrup ever heard of has been tasted, tried, and experimented upon, leaving the practitioner nothing to work upon but a rotten, ruined hulk, leaving scarcely anything to do but to write out a certificate of burial, and receive as compensation all the discredit of the death.

The intelligent reader will perceive that I have spoken of the cure of Consumption as a matter of course. From the resolute vigor with which cod liver oil has been prescribed and (believably) swallowed within a very few years past, one would suppose that almost every one believed that the cure of Consumption was a common every day affair. A few years ago, nobody thought so, except perhaps here and there a timid believer who kept his credence to himself, lest he should be laughed at. But the public got hold of the idea that cod liver oil was a remedy for the cure of Consumption, and swallowed thousands of barrels of what was said to be it, before they thought of inquiring for the facts of the case. I have never to this hour heard or read of a single case of true Consumption ever being perfectly and permanently arrested by

the alone use of cod liver oil. No case that I have seen reported as cured would bear a legal investigation. There has always been some kind of reservation. It is my belief that all the virtues of cod liver oil, or any other oil, or phosphate of lime, as curative of consumption of the lungs, are contained in plain meat and bread, pure air and pure water; the whole of the difficulty being in making the patient competent to consume and assimilate enough of these. Herein consists the skill of the practitioner, and on this point he needs to bring to bear the knowledge, the study, the investigation, the observation, the experience of a life-time; and he who trusts to anything short of this; throws his life away.

The following articles are interesting and corroborative. "Littell's Living Age," No. 379, for August, the most popular and best conducted journal of the kind in America, copies from the London "Spectator" the following highly interesting and well-written article. Every line of it merits the mature consideration of the intelligent reader.

"NEW HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST."

"While one-third of the deaths in the metropolis are ascribable to diseases of the chest, the hospital accommodation devoted to that class of diseases has heretofore been only one-tenth; that is to say, the most prevalent and destructive class of diseases has had the least contrivance among the poorer classes. This peculiar, if not studied neglect, must be ascribed to a notion, now happily dying out, that diseases connected with the respiratory organs, and especially the lungs, were virtually beyond the reach of certain or effective treatment. It was indifference to this old notion that Lord Carlisle made an admission, in his address to Prince Albert, on laying the first stone of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest—'We admit,' he said, 'that hospitals ought to give the preference to those maladies which afford a prospect of cure, rather than to those of a less hopeful character.' Now this admission, especially as compared with the qualification which followed it, that very much may be effected by precaution and a timely counteraction, is far too strong for the truth. Without accepting as literally true the inference of a physician eminent in the treatment of pectoral diseases, that all persons are at one time or other visited by maladies of that class, we believe it is certain that the proportion of mortality, enormous as it is, scarcely represents the comparative extension of such diseases. In the practical and popular sense of the word, it may be said that cure is as common in the class of pectoral diseases as in any other class. It has become much more common, indeed, since the great advance that has been made with the knowledge of such complaints in our own day. This advance has been of a two-fold character. The immense progress of physiological inquiry has thrown great light on the connection and common causes of most cognate diseases, not only with each other but with the general health, and has thus enormously augmented the power of the physician in treating them by medicine and regimen. The invention of the stethoscope, by placing the exploration of the inner chest within reach of observation, has given a distinctness of knowledge on the most characteristic and dangerous symptoms, heretofore unattainable; it has thus completed the round of evidence which establishes the connection of diseases, and at the same time guides the nature and application of topical treatment.

In discovering that the prevalence of pectoral diseases was far greater than had been supposed, science has also discovered how much more they are under subjection to the general laws of physiology and medicine. This branch of science, however, is younger than others—a fact which teaches us to remember how much is to be expected from the active and vigorous intellects now devoted to its exploration. We may also remember that while the primary object of hospitals is the relief of sufferers who are too poor to obtain it for themselves, they are also great instruments for the benefit of society at large, by checking the inroads of disease where it could not otherwise be encountered. They are still more signally valuable as great schools for the study of the diseases to which they are appropriated. They exemplify most powerfully the double blessing of charity, for him that gives as well as him that receives; the aid extended by a hospital to the poor is returned to the rich in the

knowledge which it collects; for in rescuing from untimely death the assembled children of poverty, science learns, as it could in no other way do, methods which enable it to rescue the children of wealth.

The more hopeful character of the most modern science had been in great part anticipated by the brave intellect of Andrew Combe. Before his time, it was too generally, if not universally assumed, that the symptoms of Consumption were a death-warrant; he proclaimed the reverse truth, and established it. He became in his own person the teacher and exemplar, both to physician and patient; and in his compact popular volume and regimen, he has recorded, in a form accessible to all, the conclusions of his practical experience. He did away many of the old coddling notions, which helped to kill the patient by stifling the pores of the skin, filling the lungs with bad air, softening the muscular system with inaction, and deadening the vital functions; a service scarcely more useful in reconciling the patient to the restorative influences of nature, than in returning hope to the afflicted relatives, and in showing what might be done by common sense and diligence. At an early age, Andrew Combe was found to be in a Consumption—words which were formerly accepted as a death-warrant, in submission to which the awed patient duly laid down and died; Andrew Combe lived more than twenty years longer, a life of activity, usefulness, and temperate enjoyment.

‘The People’s Journal,’ for July, one of the most popular European publications, has an interesting article in relation to the Consumption Hospital, founded at Brompton; and few institutions have risen so rapidly. It has a long list of noble and wealthy subscribers, with the Queen and most of the royal family at its head. ‘As death has abundantly proved the mortality of the disease, so, paradoxical as it may seem, death also supplies us with evidence that the chief structural lesions of Consumption, tubercles in the lungs, are not necessarily fatal. The writer of these lines can state, from his own observation, (which has not been limited, and is confirmed by that of others,) that, in the lungs of nearly one-half of the adult persons examined after death from other diseases, and even from accidents, a few tubercles, or some unequivocal traces of them are to be found. In these cases, the seeds of the malady were present, but were dormant, waiting for circumstances capable of exciting them into activity, and if such circumstances could not occur, the tubercles gradually dwindled away, or were in a state of comparative, harmless quiescence. This fact, supported by others, too technical to be adduced here, goes far to prove an important proposition, that Consumptive disease is fatal by its degree, rather than by its kind; and the smaller degrees of the disease, if withdrawn from the circumstances favorable to its increase, may be retarded, arrested, or even permanently cured. There are few practitioners of experience who cannot narrate cases of supposed Consumption which, after exhibiting during months and even years, undoubted symptoms of the disease, have astonished all by their subsequent, more or less, complete recovery. Cautious medical men have concluded themselves mistaken, and that the disease was not truly tuberculous; but, in these days, when the detection and distinction of diseases is brought to a perfection bordering on certainty, the conclusion that recoveries do take place from limited degrees of tubercles of the lungs, is admitted by the best authorities, and is in exact accordance with the above-mentioned results of cadaveric inspection. Consider properly, and you will be ready to admit the truth of what has been already established by experience, that Consumption may be often prevented, arrested or retarded by opportune aid. On this point we know that many medical men are utterly incredulous and stigmatize others who are less so, in no measured terms; but, with the present rapid improvements in all the departments of medical knowledge, there is less ground for such incredulity than there was for that which opposed and ridiculed Jenner in his advocacy of vaccination as the preventive of small-pox.’

In view of the above and other testimonials of the most distinguished living writers in favor of the curability of Consumption, it is impossible for any well-informed and well-balanced mind any longer to deny it. We cannot conceive it possible that so many great men should be so much deceived on a point which they have made it the business of a life-time to investigate and study.

“SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

“A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the *Sieur V.* rushed into the electoral college armed with a dagger, which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet. The assassination was committed in the full light of day, and in the presence of an assembled multitude.

“*V.* was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. His high spirit and resolute character were well known, and it was suspected that he would seek, by a voluntary death, to evade the disgrace of perishing on the scaffold. He was therefore vigilantly watched, and every precaution taken to deprive him of the means of putting an end to his existence.

“He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court or Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

“He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailers a portion of the food with which they supplied him, so as to make it be believed that he regularly took his meals. After three days’ abstinence, the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might the more speedily accomplish the object he had in view by eating with avidity. He thought that the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired. He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously, choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, from which, contrary to his expectation, the prison doctor speedily cured him.

“He then resumed his fatal design. He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst, too, was intolerable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand towards the jug of water which had been placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and, to use his own expression, *was restored to life.*

“To avoid yielding again to a similar temptation, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand. In this manner he passed eighteen days.

“Every day, at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse, and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual wasting of his strength. In several parts of his melancholy *memento*, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confesses that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

“He was surprised to find his sight become more and more clear, strong, and accurate; it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself: ‘It appears as though I could see *through* the thickest walls.’ His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

“The *Sieur V.* had devoted some attention to anatomy and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

“His ideas, he says, were numerous and clear, and very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects, or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculation, a study for which he had previously felt very little inclination. In short, he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition, as throughout the whole duration of his physical torture.

“He made notes in his album to the last moments of his existence. He had scarcely strength sufficient to

hold the pencil with which he traced the following words: 'My pulse has nearly ceased to beat—but my brain retains a degree of vigor which, in my sad condition, is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day. My jailers watch me, and fancy they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annuls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse.'

"V. expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to medical professors. The slow torture, endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science."

Illustrating the same point, a gentleman, Mr. I. F. H., stated to the author that he was once under medical treatment for some affection of the eyes, requiring a very scanty diet. His general health was excellent, but he was always hungry; yet so far from having any sense of debility, he had, when he went out into the street, an elasticity of mind and body, an instinctive desire of locomotion, which caused him to feel as if he could almost fly, and a joyousness of spirit, which was perfectly delightful.

These two cases strikingly show, that with a smaller amount of food, and consequently of blood, men are cheerful in mind and active in body; and therefore, a small amount of food, perfectly digested, gives more health and strength than a larger, not so. It is better, incomparably better, to feel a little hungry all the time, than to feel full, oppressed, heavy, with over eating.

Every patient of mine, who ever expects to get well, must keep this fact constantly and practically in view. It is too much the custom to measure one's health by the avidity of his appetite and his increase in flesh, as if he were a pig; forgetting that a voracious appetite and fat are always indications of a diseased body. A uniform moderate appetite is the attendant of good health. A racer's ribs must be seen before he is fit for the track, because then he is most capable of endurance.

The next incident shows, that with a moderate amount of substantial food and cold water, such being prisoner's fare, men may live for many years, with but little exercise, in the dark vaults of a prison, breathing all the time an atmosphere not very pure, as may be readily supposed. And it is earnestly hoped that the incidents narrated will leave upon the mind of every reader a life-long impression as to the value, both to the sick and the healthy, of living habitually on a moderate allowance of plain, substantial, nourishing food. It may be well to recollect here that it is not the quality, so much as the quantity of food, which lays the foundation every year of innumerable diseases and deaths. Let it be remembered, also, that men need a variety of food; living on one or two kinds for a length of time will always undermine a healthy constitution. Milk only has all the elements of life; and any other one kind of aliment, used indefinitely as to time, will as certainly deteriorate the constitution, bodily and mental, as anything that is planted will deteriorate if kept for successive years in the same field unrenewed. The popular notion that one or two kinds of food at a meal is *most wholesome*, is wholly untrue. On the contrary, several kinds at a meal, other things being equal, are more conducive to our well-being. Quantity, and not quality, is the measure of health.

COUNT CONFALONERI

wrote from the great jail of Vienna as follows:—

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body: fifteen years I existed, for I did not live. It was not life in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; nine years I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell.

"The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again.

"The next year we communicated to each other our ideas on all subjects.

"The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection.

"The fourth, at intervals of a month or so we would

open our lips, to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world were as gay and bustling as it was when we formed a portion of mankind.

"The fifth year we were silent.

"The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty. But I was glad when he was gone: even solitude was better than that pale and vacant face. After that, I was alone.

"Only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, my dungeon door was opened, and a voice, I knew not whence, uttered these words: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you, that one year ago your wife died.' Then the door was shut. I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."—Phil. Pennsylvanian, March 2, 1850.

Having shown the bearing which food has on health, I desire to make some statements as to the value of air and exercise in the same direction. These will be given succinctly, in the hope that the intelligent reader will study them and apply them at length, especially if he should come to me for medical advice. My habit is not merely to cure when I can the patient who comes to me, but to induce him to study and understand his own case and constitution, so that by the application of general principles he may afterwards be able to regulate his health under all ordinary circumstances, as far as it can be done by diet, air, exercise, and regularity of personal habits; but never venturing to take an atom of medicine, however simple, except by the special advice of an educated, experienced physician.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR TO HEALTH.

Men are reported to have lived three weeks without food, but without air we cannot live three minutes. The lungs of a full-sized man weigh about three pounds, and will hold twelve pints of air; but nine pints are as much as can be inhaled at one full breath, there being always a residuum in the lungs; that is, *all* the air that is within them can never be expelled at once. In common, easy breathing, in repose, we inhale one pint. Singers take in from five to seven pints at a single breath. We breathe, in health, about eighteen times in a minute; that is, take in eighteen pints of air in one minute of time, or three thousand gallons in twenty-four hours.

On the other hand, the quantity of blood in a common-sized man is twenty pints. The heart beats seventy times in a minute, and at each beat throws out four tablespoons; that is, two ounces of blood; therefore, there passes through the heart, and from it through the lungs, an amount of blood every twenty-four hours equal to two thousand gallons.

The process of human life, therefore, consists in there meeting together in the lungs, every twenty-four hours, two thousand gallons of blood and three thousand gallons of air. Good health requires this absolutely, and cannot be long maintained with less than the full amount of each; for such are the proportions that nature has ordained and called for. It is easy, then, to perceive, that in proportion as a person is consuming daily less air than is natural, in such proportion is a decline of health rapid and inevitable. To know, then, how much air a man does habitually consume, is second in importance, in determining his true condition, to no other fact; is a symptom to be noticed and measured in every case of disease, most especially of disease of the lungs; and no man can safely say that the lungs are sound and well and working fully, until he has ascertained, by actual mathematical measurement, their capacity of action at the time of the examination. All else is indefinite, dark conjecture. And I claim for myself to have been the first physician in America who made the measured amount of consumed air an essential element as to symptoms, in ascertaining the condition of persons in reference to the existence of Consumptive disease, and making a publication thereupon. The great and most satisfactory deduction in all cases being this, that if, upon a proper examination, the lungs of any given person are working freely and fully, according to the figures of the case, one thing is incontrovertibly true, demonstrably true, that whatever thousand other things may be the matter with the man, he certainly has nothing like Consumption. And Consumption being considered a fatal disease by most persons, there is quite a wil-

negness to have anything else; and the announcement and certainty that it is not Consumption, brings with it a satisfaction, a gladness of relief, that cannot be measured.

On the other hand, just in proportion as a person is habitually breathing less air than he ought to do, in such proportion he is falling fast and surely into a fatal disease. This tendency to Consumption can be usually discovered years in advance of the actual occurrence of the disease; and were it possible to induce the parents of children over fifteen years of age to have investigations as to this point in the *first place*, and then to take active, prompt, and persevering measures to correct the difficulty, and not one case in a thousand need fail of such correction, with but little, if any medicine, in most instances many, many a child would be prevented from falling into a premature grave, and would live to be a happiness and honor to the old age of those who bore them. Persons who live in cities and large towns think, and wisely so, that the teeth of their children should be carefully examined by a good dentist once or twice a year; but to have the condition of the lungs examined, and, if need be, rectified, who ever thought of such a thing? And yet, as to practical importance, it immeasurably exceeds that of attention to the teeth. The latter are cared for as a matter of personal appearance and comfort: the lungs are a matter of life and death. We can live and be happy without a tooth, but without lungs we must prematurely die. Were the condition of the lungs, after such an examination as I have suggested, a matter of opinion or conjecture only, I would not propose it; but it is not: it is a thing of numerical measurement, of mathematical demonstration, as to the one point, Do the lungs work freely and fully or not? If they do not, declining health is inevitable, sooner or later, unless their activity is restored, which, however, can be done in the vast majority of cases.

YOUNG PERSONS.

While speaking of the health and habits of the young, it may be well further to state, that wrong indulgences debilitate the system; in time, the mind becomes unable to fix itself upon any subject profitably. Exhausting discharges further weaken the energies, and idleness sometimes supervenes, in various forms and degrees of epilepsy; at other times, fatal symptoms of Throat-Ail and Bronchitis. (See Trousseau and Belloc.)

A CASE.

"A youth, aged nineteen, indulged freely for some time, and at length began to experience pains about the throat. The voice was altered; shrill at first, then entirely lost. Swallowing liquids became impossible. He spit up large quantities of matter, and died after a year's illness. The lungs, on examination, were entirely sound, but the whole throat was ulcerated."

Throat-Ail and Consumption are diseases of debility, and it may be easily supposed that no progress can be made towards a cure while causes of debility are in operation. This statement is made here to save the necessity, in all cases, of more direct inquiries. If, however, there is no personal control, parents may apply for their children, and permanent relief be obtained without wounding the feelings or self-respect of the ailing party, who indeed may be blameless.

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

(851. Sept. 2.) Your lungs are unimpaired; they are in full working order. There is no tendency at this time to Consumptive disease. Your ailment is dyspeptic laryngitis, complicated with a slight pleuritic affection, and with proper attention you will get well. At the same time, it is important for you to know, that these throat affections are among the most incurable of all diseases when once fully established. This consideration should induce you to commence at once a proper course of treatment, and to persevere in it until you are perfectly restored to health.

Note.—His principal ailment was an uneasy feeling in the throat, a frequent clearing of it, and an almost constant pain in the left breast. He wrote me in three weeks, that my prescriptions were acting admirably, and that he was getting well.

(852. Sep. 2.) Your ailment is common tubercular disease, mainly tending to fix itself on the lungs, and next on the bowels. Decay of the lungs has not yet begun to take place; they are becoming inactive, about

one-tenth of them doing you no efficient good. There is a reasonable probability that the disease may be arrested at this stage. A return to good health is by no means impossible; it is doubtful. The throat ailment is nothing more than what may arise from a dyspeptic condition of the stomach, liable to end in tubercular ulceration in your case, your lungs being already tuberculated to some extent; the right side slightly more than the other.

Note.—He complained chiefly of spitting blood, cough, and debility; had been using cod liver oil for several months to no purpose. I have not heard from him since giving the opinion.

(853. Sept. 2.) You have chronic laryngitis, torpid liver, lungs acting imperfectly. There is no decaying process, no Consumptive disease, and I see no special reason why you may not, with judicious treatment, recover your health.

He complained chiefly of husky voice (had to abandon preaching), constipation, and variable appetite. In five months he wrote me that he "was able to enter upon his pastoral duties," and had been discharging them three months.

(854. Sept. 12.) Your lungs are not in a safe condition; one-third of them are now useless to you. It will be necessary for you to use diligent efforts to arrest the progress of your disease, and spare no pains in doing so.

Note.—Complains chiefly of spitting blood, cough, sore throat, debility. He appears to be getting well rapidly.

(855. Sept. 7.) Your disease is common consumption of the lungs; one-fourth of them are doing you no good; a part of them are irrecoverably gone; therefore, under no circumstances can you be as stout and strong as you once were. The decay of your lungs is progressing every hour. If that decay is not arrested, you cannot live until spring. Whether that decay can be arrested I cannot tell. It is possible that it may be done. It is not my opinion that it can be done.

Note.—Chief symptoms harassing cough, drenching night-sweats, daily expectoration of blood, constipation, irregular appetite, great emaciation and debility, could scarcely walk around one square. In three weeks he could walk twenty squares in a day without special fatigue. Here he ceased very unexpectedly to call upon me. Being a favorite child of his father, I took great interest in his case. Whether he suddenly relapsed and died, or thought he could get along now without farther aid from a physician, I do not know.

A MERCHANT.

"At this time the lungs are untouched by disease; they do not work as free and full as they ought to do, but it is impossible that there should be any decay, or that they should be tuberculated to any extent. If your present weak state of health continues, the system will become so debilitated by winter, and so susceptible to impressions from cold, that you will in all probability fall into an eventual decline. At this time, nothing is the matter with you but symptoms arising from a torpid liver and impaired digestion. Your health can be certainly restored."

Note.—Aged thirty; he had spitting of blood, pains in the breast, and other symptoms which greatly alarmed himself and friends, as pointing to settled Consumption. He got perfectly well with little or no medicine, and remains so to this day.

On the same day, September 18, a young woman came for examination, having walked several squares.

Opinion.—"You are in the last stages of Consumption. A large portion of the lungs is utterly gone; the decay is rapidly progressing, and nothing can arrest it. Death is inevitable before the close of the year."

Note.—She had a hoarse, loud cough, cold feet, chills, no appetite, irregular bowels, difficult breathing on slight exercise. I did not prescribe. She died in a short time.

(714.) J. S., married, aged 40, an officer in the Mexican war, and severely wounded at Cerro Gordo, complained most of cough, weakness, sweating at night, and shortness of breath. Any sudden movement of the body or mental emotion produced almost entire prostration. Had lost one-ninth of his weight.

Opinion.—"Your lungs are in good working order; no decay, not an atom; the yellow matter expectorated is a morbid secretion from the windpipe and its branches. Your heart is affected; the calibre of its blood vessels is too small to transmit the blood with

sufficient rapidity; hence the fluttering and great debility on any sudden motion or protracted exercise, for these but increase the quantity of blood to be conveyed away. Your ailments depend on constitutional causes to a great extent, and in proportion are capable of removal."

I heard of this gentleman no more for one year, when he came into my office a well man in every respect, saying that he began to get well in three days after taking the first weekly pill, and thought as he was doing so well, there was no necessity of writing.

A case (988) similar, in some respects, is now under treatment: great throbbing of heart and weakness on slight exercise; a violent beating in the temples the moment he lays his head on a pillow at night. This does not occur when he lies on his back. Frequent numbness and pricking sensation in left arm and leg; tosses and tumbles in bed for hours every night before he can get to sleep; great general weakness, and total inability to walk; riding in any kind of a carriage over a rough road, often but not always, brings on sick headache; has frequent distress at stomach; pulse one hundred; much dispirited, and has fallen away more than one-sixth.

Opinion.—Your ailment is a symptomatic heart affection, depending now, mainly, on constitutional causes, originating in over efforts of mind and body. The lungs are sound and well."

In three weeks he writes, each of the two weekly pills brought away large quantities of stuff, yellow as yolk of egg, with masses of a colorless, stringy substance, and left my bowels regular. I now sleep as well as I could wish; very little pain in the side; stomach no longer distresses me. I have gained strength, but no flesh, and some throbbing yet remains.

Note.—This man will probably get well if he continues to follow the directions as well as at the beginning. He had been advised to exercise his arms and the muscles of his chest a great deal, and was told that he must work, and thinking he could accomplish both at the same time, and being naturally industrious, he began to saw wood for family use during the coming winter; but every day he became weaker and worse, until he could scarcely stand up. This being a heart affection, every moment of such exercise necessarily aggravated the malady.

This shows the mischievous effects of taking a wrong view of a case and of following the advice of every person one meets with. Many persons are advised to death. Over-confident advice is the attendant of inexperience and ignorance. It is forgotten that unpaid advisers, being well themselves, do not endanger their own lives, in case their recommendations are inefficient, if, indeed, not positively hurtful. Many are infatuated with *vegetable remedies*, taking it for granted that they can do no harm, even if they do no good; forgetting that in many cases a loss of time is equivalent to a loss of life, and that the most virulent poisons in all nature—those which produce almost instantaneous death—are of vegetable origin, such as nicotine, prussic acid, and the like.

I. Q. H., married, aged forty-eight; had a distressing cough, which, with a severe pain below the point of the right shoulder-blade, prevented any refreshing sleep. He arose every morning sweaty, haggard, and weary; no appetite, and daily expectoration of large quantities of matter. He had fallen off forty-two pounds, and was greatly depressed. I informed him that his lungs were not diseased, and that there was no necessary obstacle to his recovery. His friends thought he became worse under my treatment, for at the end of four weeks he was confined to his bed day and night, with frequent rigors and flushes. The pain steadily increased, at times aggravated almost beyond endurance by a cough, which I thought nothing could safely control, and hence gave nothing for it. He thought he could not live unless speedily relieved; his relative, a physician, came to remonstrate against my "holding out hopes of recovery to a man who was evidently sinking with Consumption." I informed the patient he was better; that he would probably need no more medicine, and explained to him the reasons for such an opinion. In a few days his strength began to increase, and he walked out. He left the city soon afterwards, and now, at the end of three years, he is a hearty, healthy man, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds, having taken no medicine since he saw me. I considered his case to be one of great torpidity of the liver, with abscess, and treated it accordingly.

The reader may see by this, how important it is sometimes to know that a case is not Consumption, and also the value of a steady resistance against ignorant interferences.

(July 23.) "Your lungs are not diseased, nor are they even impaired in their action. There is not only no Consumption in your case, but there is a less tendency that way than in most persons. You have not merely lungs enough for the ordinary wants of the system, but a large amount in reserve. Your whole ailment is a dyspeptic condition, and there is no reason why a rational habit of life should not restore you to as good health as you have ever enjoyed, without any medicine whatever."

He complained of pain in the breast, large expectoration, voice sometimes husky, and a tightness across the chest.

(July 23.) "Your lungs at this time are not in a satisfactory condition, more than one-sixth of them being valueless to you. A portion at the top of the right breast has decayed away. Your case is one presenting all the ordinary symptoms of common Consumption. It will be altogether impossible for you to arrest the progress of your disease if you continue your present habits of business (printer). If you pursue an out-door calling, and acquire judicious habits of life, it is probable that your disease may be arrested, and that you may be restored to renewed health."

Note.—As he had a good appetite, was working daily at his trade, and did not feel very bad, he thought it not advisable to abandon his calling, and died in three months.

(Nov. 8.) "Your lungs are whole, sound, and in full working order. There is at present no appearance of Consumptive disease. Your ailments arise wholly from general constitutional causes, and may be removed by proper and rational habits of life and conduct."

Note.—He was not satisfied with my opinion; was fully impressed with a belief that he was falling into a decline, and insisted upon repeated examination. He was a man of wealth, of fortunate social relations, and very naturally dreaded death—too much so for a man. He observed faithfully the directions given, no medicine was advised, and wrote in three months that he was as well as he ever was in his life; his chief complaint was an "uneasy sensation about the heart," and some "trouble in the throat."

(Nov. 9.) "Your lungs are not diseased materially at this time. They do not work fully, but there is no decay. Your ailment is Chronic Laryngitis, of a very dangerous and aggravated character. It is very doubtful whether you will get well. Something may be done for you by a rigid attention to all the directions given."

Note.—He could not speak above a whisper; swallowed food with great difficulty and pain. He remained under the treatment of his family physician, and died in seven weeks."

(849.) "You are suffering under the combined influence of dyspepsia and consumptive disease, and they mutually aggravate each other. One-fifth of your lungs are now useless to you. This is a very serious deficiency. The extent to which you may be benefited, can only be ascertained by attention to directions given. Your case is not hopeless, yet it is critical and of a very grave character." He died in five weeks. He could not or would not control his appetite, and the author ceased to prescribe, as is his practice when instructions are not implicitly followed.

(Aug. 30.) "All your ailments arise from a want of natural proportion between exercise and eating. If these were properly regulated, you would get well without any other means, as the lungs are sound, healthy, and entire. You are too full of blood, and it is not healthful; hence it does not flow freely, but gathers about the internal organs, oppressing them and giving rise to any number of ailments, constantly varying as to character and locality. Make less blood and take more exercise, according to the printed instructions given you, and your return to good health will be speedy and permanent."

She complained of pains and oppressions, particularly about the chest, tickling cough, &c. I heard no more of her for six months, when her husband, a Southern planter, called to express his satisfaction, and to say that she was in good health, and had been for some time.

(Sep. 30.) "Your disease is common consumption of the lungs. It began at the top of the right breast, and

after making some ravages there, it ceased and attacked the left, which is now in a state of continued decay. It may spontaneously cease on the left side, as it did on the right; in that event, life would be preserved for the present. Without such an occurrence as just named, one-half of the lungs being useless to you, the constitution usually fails in six or eight weeks, and sometimes much sooner." She died in six weeks.

Frail and feeble persons often outlive by half a life-time the robust and the strong, because they feel compelled to take care of themselves, that is, to observe the causes of all their ill-feelings, and habitually and strenuously avoid them. Our climate is changeable, and in proportion unhealthful. In New York City, for example, during one week in December last, in which the thermometer ranged from five degrees above zero to fifty-five, there were forty-one deaths from inflammation of the lungs, while the ordinary number is about fifteen. The healthy disregard these changes to a great extent, and perish within a few days. The feeble are more sensitive to these changes; they increase their clothing and their bedding with the cold, and with equal care diminish both, with the amount eaten, as the weather grows warmer, and thus long outlive their harder neighbors. These precautions, with others, must all observe, THROAT LIFE, who have been cured of an affection of the throat or lungs. Let this never be forgotten, for the oftener you are re-attacked, the less recuperative energy is there in the system, and the less efficient will be the remedial means which once cured you, unless by months of continued attention and wise observances you give the parts a power and a strength they never had before. This can be done in many cases.

But once cured, avoid the causes which first injured you. If you put your hand in the fire, you may restore it, but however magical may be the remedy, that hand will be burned as often as it is placed in the fire, without any disparagement of the virtues of the restorative. No cure of your throat or lungs will render you invulnerable. What caused the disease in the first instance will continue to cause it as long as you are exposed to them. No promise is given you of permanence of cure longer than you are careful of your health. The safer plan by far will be to consider yourself peculiarly liable to the disease which once annoyed you, and make proportionate endeavors to guard yourself habitually against its advances. All assurances that any mode of cure will afford you a guarantee against subsequent attacks, are deceptive. No medicine that any man can take in health will protect him from disease. There is no greater falsity than this, that if you are well, a particular remedy, or drink, or medicine, will fortify the system against any specified disease, whether cholera, yellow fever, or any other malady. So far from this being so, it is precisely the reverse. Doubtless so; you are thrown off your guard, and in addition you make the body more liable to the prevalent malady by poisoning the blood; for whatever is not wholesome food, is a poison to the system, pure water excepted. Nothing, therefore, will protect a healthy man from disease but a rational attention to diet, exercise, cleanliness, and a quiet mind; all else will but the more predispose him to it. But when once diseased and then cured, these things are not sufficient to keep him well; he must avoid what first made him an invalid, otherwise permanent health is not possible, but a speedy relapse and death are inevitable, as to Throat-Ail, Bronchitis, and Consumption.

DANGER OF CUTTING TONSILS.

M. Landouville removed an enlarged tonsil of a woman, aged 21. In eight days she had uncontrollable spitting of blood, which was constant, besides vomiting a large quantity. Small pulse; extremities cold. The danger was imminent. Various means had already been adopted in vain; such as ice externally, styptics internally; then pressure with lint dipped in lemon juice; but it was at length controlled by pressing ice against the spot with forceps. (See *Hays's Med. Jour.*, October, 1851.) Other cases are given in medical publications; they are not of frequent occurrence, but each one operated upon is liable to experience disagreeable results. An operation is seldom necessary—not one case in twenty. And as in the case above, the danger was not over for a week after the operation had been performed, others who have the tonsils taken out

have cause for a lengthened and most unpleasant suspense.

It must not be forgotten that Throat-Ail is in very many instances wholly unmanageable, and ends fatally, simply from its being thought lightly of, until it has produced such a state of general irritation throughout the system, that the constitutional stamina is exhausted, and the pulse is habitually a fourth, or third, or even more, above the natural standard. Most generally, such cases go on to a fatal termination, in spite of all modes of treatment. This is so uniformly the result, that any certain benefit in such cases cannot be promised, nor is it just that the general principles of treatment should suffer discredit from failure here; they are admirably and uniformly successful when ever they are applied in the early stages of the disease. It is to invoke prompt attention to the first and earliest symptoms of Throat-Ail, that pains have been taken in these pages to describe them plainly, clearly, and distinctly.

CELL DEVELOPMENT.

The human body is in constant transition. The particles of which its structure is constituted are not the same in position and relation for any two minutes in succession. Thousands of atoms which compose it the present instant are separated from it the next, to make a part of it no more; and other thousands, which are a portion of the reader's living self while scanning this line, will have been rendered useless and dead on reading the next. There are two different armies of workers, whose occupations cease not from the cradle to the grave. One army, composed of its countless millions, is building up the body; the other removes its waste; one party brings in the wood and the coal for the fire-place and the grate, the other carries away the ashes and the cinders;—the builders and the cleansers. When the builders work faster than the cleansers, a man becomes fat, and over-fat is a disease. When the cleansers are too active, the man becomes lean, and wastes away to a skeleton, as in Consumption. Health consists in the proper equilibrium of these workers.

Every movement of the body, every thought of the mind, is at the expense of a portion of the material frame; that is to say, certain atoms of the living body are killed by every action of the mind, by every motion of the body, and being dead, are useless. But they must be removed from the body, or these "heaps of slain" would fill up the workshop of life, and the whole machinery would stand still; the fire-place would be filled with ashes, the furnace clogged with cinders, and the grate be useless. Vast masses of these dead atoms are pushed, worked out, or thrown from the body at the surface. At any night, on undressing, the cleanliest person may rub from the body countless numbers of these dead atoms, a teaspoon-ful of them may be gathered from the feet at a single washing, if long neglected. Hence the value of thorough daily frictions to the skin, as promotive of health, because, on an average, we all eat about one-third more than is needed; thus throwing on the cleansers a third more labor every twenty-four hours than they were designed to perform. By the frictions we come to their aid artificially. They are wise who perform these frictions daily and well; but wiser they by far who do not eat the extra one-third, and consequently do not need to be scrubbed and bathed and washed every day of their existence, to save them from the effects of over-feeding. Better eat less and save trouble. The surplus third would feed half the poor of the land.

But a larger portion of these dead atoms are scattered in the more interior parts of the body, and the cleansers remove them by first rendering them fluid, as solid ice or snow is made fluid by heat. It is then, as it were, sucked up by these cleansers, and conveyed finally to the blood, just at the heart, where they are mingled together and sent direct to the lungs, where they meet with the pure air that is breathed. Here an exchange takes place between the air and the blood. The air gives to the blood its oxygen, its life, while the blood gives its death to the air. Hence it is that the air gives life as it goes into the lungs, but gives death if breathed unmixed as it comes from the lungs; that is, if a healthy person were to breathe for three minutes no other air than that which has just come out of the lungs of another man, in three minutes he would die. Hence my insisting so much on causing


Consumptive persons to breathe the largest possible amount of pure air; it unloads the blood more perfectly of its dead atoms, and also gives life to the essence of food which it also meets in the lungs; that is, puts the finishing work to its becoming living blood.

Let us notice next the builders, whose work is to supply new and living particles as fast as the old ones fall off and die. These new particles are in the blood, which delivers its living freight as it flows through the body, as a steamer delivers its freight to the thousand different ports as it ploughs along the majestic Mississippi. Whenever a living particle comes to the point where it is needed to supply the place of one just fallen or dead, by some inscrutable, inexplicable agency, as quick as electricity itself, a vesicle, a cell, a little boat, as it were, is formed, which floats it to the spot, delivers its charge, and bursts and dies, its duty done, the object of its creation having been performed;—an apt type of the whole and living man, who, when the great object of his creation is performed on earth, himself passes away in death; and happy indeed would he be, were that work so fully, so well, and so invariably done. These little wrecked, these bursted boats, have been collected, and ascertained to be made invariably and almost wholly of two materials—phosphorus and lime, which also are constituents of the brain itself. This phosphorus and lime are supplied by what we eat and drink. If we do not eat and drink enough, or if what we do eat and drink has not enough of these constituents; or if, again, it is not perfectly digested, then there is not enough of these constituents to make the necessary boats to freight the nutrient particles to their destination; hence, the man wastes away to skin and bone, and dies—not because he does not eat, but because what he does eat does him little or no good. Especially thus is it in Consumption; a man dies of inanition, or, as physicians say, *an error of nutrition*.

Consumptive people die for want of strength, want of flesh, want of nutriment; not for want of lung substance, as is almost universally supposed. They die, in almost every instance, long before the lungs are consumed, so far as to be incapable of sustaining life. Numerous cases are given where men have lived for years with an amount of available lungs not equal to one-fourth of the whole. They were there, perhaps, but not available, not efficient. The majority of persons who die of Consumption, perish before a *third* of the lungs have consumed away, in consequence of loose bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, night sweats, want of sleep, clogging up of the lungs with mucus and mucus by the daily use of cough drops, balsams, tonics, or other destructive agents. These symptoms need but be controlled to protect life indefinitely; that is to say, if the symptoms were prescribed for according to general principles, and properly nursed, letting the Consumptive portion of the disease alone, it would sometimes cure itself, or at least allow the patient to live in reasonable comfort for a number of years.

The reader may almost imagine that he has a clue to the cure of Consumption, if he could but give the patient phosphorus and lime, or phosphate of lime—that is, burnt bones—eight or ten grains, with the first mouthful of each meal, so as to let it be mixed with the food and carried with it into the blood; from twenty to thirty grains being daily needed in health. The scientific world were charmed less than a hundred years ago by the discovery of oxygen. It was supposed that as oxygen was the constituent of the air which imparted vitality to the blood, gave it its purity, its activity, and filled the man with life and animation, nothing was needed but to take enough oxygen to purify the blood, and thus strike at the root of all disease. Accordingly, the oxygen was prepared and administered. The recipient revived, was transported, was fleet as the antelope, could run with the wind. He smiled, he fairly yelled for joy, and—died, laughing, or from over excitement. The machine worked too fast; it could not be stopped, and pure oxygen has never been taken for health since.

Thus it will, perhaps, always be with artificial remedies; they cannot equal those which are prepared in Nature's manufactory. The phosphate of lime, in order to answer the purposes of nature, must be eliminated from the healthful digestion of substantial food in the stomach, and the only natural and efficient means of obtaining the requisite amount is, to regulate the great glands of the system in such a manner as to cause the perfect digestion of a sufficient amount of

suitable food,  and this is within the power of the scientific practitioner, in the great majority of cases of Consumption, when attempted in its early stages; but for confirmed Consumption—that is, when the lungs have begun to decay away, it is criminal to hold out any promises of cure, or even of essential relief, in any given instance.

It is often stated as disparaging to physicians, that, notwithstanding the general increase in knowledge, in all departments, and the claim that medicine is reduced almost to a science, that human life is gradually shortening. There is great reason why men should not live so long as formerly. As a nation, we live more luxuriously; our habits of eating and sleeping have become more artificial, more irregular. Large numbers of people have no regular occupation. Our young women are trained in female boarding schools, which, with rare exceptions, are academies of mental, moral, and physical depravation; where novel reading in secret, and a smattering of everything in public, with a thorough practical knowledge of nothing, is the order of the day. From graduation to marriage nothing is done to establish the constitution, to make firm the health—no instructions given as to how that health may be preserved, no active teaching as to household duties, no invigorating morning walks, no wholesome, elegant, and graceful exercises on horseback. The days are spent in eating, in easy lounging, in ceremonial visitings, in luxurious dreaminess over sentimental fictions; their nights in heated rooms or crowded assemblies of hot and poisoned, if not putrid air. No wonder that with educations like these, the girls of our cities and larger towns fade away into the grave long before they reach the maturity of womanhood.

Our young men, also, in cities and large towns especially, grow up in too many instances without any stamina of constitution. Bad practices—drinking, chewing, smoking, theatre going, secret society gatherings—involving late hours, late suppers, late exposures, private indulgences—these destroy the health, deprave the morals, and waste the energies of the whole man. Many are permitted to grow up without any trade, trusting to a wealthy parentage, or political influence, or the name of a profession, entered only for show and not for practical life. Others grow up as clerks in stores, banks, offices, with good salaries it may be; but when the merchant has become a bankrupt, the offices failed, the banks broken, the party in power defeated, their occupation is gone, their resources are exhausted; they lounge about waiting for a place, the clothes are wearing out, the board bill is in arrears, independence lost, spirits broken, mind irritated, disposition soured, and the first crime is committed—that of engaging board without any certain means of paying, or leaving a struggling widow in arrears;—the proud, the high-minded, the well-dressed, courteous, and cheerful-faced young man of six months ago has made his first step towards degradation, by making a toiling woman give him for nothing the bread and meat which she had earned in toil and sweat, and tears perhaps, and which the children of her own bosom needed. When the honor is lost, low habits and loss of health and life soon follow. Let every young man from the country hesitate to come to the city to try his fortune, unless he have *learned well* an honest and substantial trade; then he may work his way sternly and steadily to usefulness, influence, and wealth. It is for want of a suitable education and occupation that such numbers of our young go down to a premature, if not dishonored, grave. But notwithstanding these errors as to the education and employment of our young men and young women, medical writers have been extensively disseminating useful knowledge by means of books, pamphlets, lectures, newspaper articles and the like, in reference to the preservation of health in the nursery, the school-house, the academy, the college—in factories, work-houses, penitentiaries, as to diet, exercise, ventilation, drains, sewerages, house-building; and the general result is, that within three hundred years past, the average length of human life has been increasing and not diminishing. The average age increased two and a half years for the twenty years ending 1820 in the United States. For the fifty years ending in 1831 in France, it increased from 23½ years to 31½, notwithstanding the devastations of the wars of Napoleon and the French Revolution. In London, for the century ending 1823, the average age of all who died had increased 44 years. In Geneva, 300 years ago, it was 21 years; it is now 41. Europe is computed to have a population of two

hundred and thirty millions. Not a hundred years ago, Gibbon, the great historian, estimated it at less than one-half. This immense increase has taken place notwithstanding the millions who have emigrated to this and other countries—notwithstanding, too, the far greater drawback, that during a considerable portion of the time the most desolating wars were waged that were ever carried on there. This can only be accounted for by the reforms which medical science has introduced, and the more general diffusion of practical knowledge as to the preservation and promotion of health, in publications made by eminent physicians and surgeons.

As, therefore, a higher degree of medical intelligence has extended the average of human life—in some places fifty per cent., taking all diseases together—it is reasonable to suppose that increased intelligence as to one class of diseases would, in the course of time, have a like happy effect; that if more truthful views as to the nature, causes, and symptoms of diseases of the lungs were extensively promulgated among the people, their fearful ravages would be diminished in corresponding proportion.

In 1851, the deaths in Boston, from Consumption alone, were about thirty per cent. of the entire mortality, and the Medical Association announces that it "is steadily on the increase from year to year." If this is the case in Boston, where such large quantities of cod-liver oil have been purely made, and hence more easily and cheaply obtained, it presents a striking and practical contradiction of its curative powers in Consumption, and calls upon us in louder and louder tones to look less to the cure of this terrible scourge, and more to the detection of its early symptoms and its prevention, by scattering intelligence to every family, and on the wings of every wind, as to what are its causes and what these early symptoms are. Such is the object of this publication.

Patent Medicines are those whose contents are not made known. A physician who has any respect for himself would scarcely use them, or advise their use. It is a universal custom among all honorable practitioners, to communicate to their brethren any valuable discovery: thus, any one of them is benefited by the discoveries of all the others; they hold their knowledge in common. A remedy discovered to be truly valuable in New York to-day, in the cure of any disease whatever, is, in a few months, known wherever the English language is read and spoken. Thus thousands, scattered over the world, whom the discoverer never could see, are benefited and blessed by his discovery, through the regular practitioner. Some other person obtains this knowledge, prepares the ingredients, disguises them with some inert substance, and sells it as a secret remedy, leaving those to die, as far as he cares, who do not buy from him or his agents; while thousands of others, in other states and countries, perish for the want of a knowledge locked up in his bosom. Any patent medicine is a cure for a given disease, or it is not. If it is not a cure, it is false and criminal to sell it as a cure. If, on the other hand, it is what it professes to be, it cannot be much better than murder to withhold it from those who cannot purchase it, and to allow thousands, at a distance, to die from the want of it, who never heard of it, or, if they did, live too far away to send for it in time. Let those who purchase these articles think of the argument, and aid and abet no more, by their patronage, those who allow their fellow-creatures to die by thousands every year, who would be saved (if what is said be true) by the knowledge of the remedy whose composition is so carefully concealed.

Many things have been passed over in the foregoing pages, which might satisfy the curiosity or interest a large class of readers, but it is not necessary that they should be known, and if known, might have an injurious effect, considering the present state of knowledge on the subject of Consumptive disease; such, for example, as stating what symptoms are infallibly fatal, what kind of persons, as to sex, temperament, color of hair, eyes, skin, make of body, are most liable to it, or having it, have less hope of recovery. For similar reasons, I have given but few fatal cases and their symptoms; for persons having one or more of these same symptoms might conclude that they, too, must die, when those same symptoms, in combination with others, would indicate a very different result. I do not wish the reader to suppose that I do not lose any cases—that few or none die in my hands. I lose patients as other physicians do. I have lost some whom

I expected would recover. Nor do I wish to make the impression, that it is a frequent occurrence that persons in the advanced stages of Consumption are restored to comparative health; for it is not a frequent occurrence—it is a rare thing. My object is, first, to show what the early symptoms are; and, second, to induce the reader to make application to me at this early stage, with the full assurance of my belief, that thus one person would not die of disease of the throat or lungs where one hundred now do. In truth, I had greatly rather that persons in the advanced stages would not apply to me; for it at once involves a degree of responsibility and solicitude, which is to extend, through weeks and months, and for which any money paid is not the shadow of a remuneration.

I greatly desire it to be understood that I have no magical means of cure. Ailments of the throat and lungs are not to be removed by a box of pills or a bottle of balsam. It is not the work of a day, nor of a week. These cases often require weeks and months of treatment, and of a treatment constantly varying, to meet the varying phases of the disease. Sometimes it occurs, but not often, that a person writes for advice in full, and it is given, and the single prescription, *PERSEVERED IN*, has effected a happy cure, and months and years after, such persons have come to see me, to express their gratification. At other times, prescriptions are sent, and the persons never heard of afterwards. In nearly all cases, these are young people, or persons who have no energy of character, no perseverance, no determination. For a few days or a fortnight, they give a general attention to the directions, and because they are not cured, break off and apply to some other physician, to follow the same course, or become negligent of themselves, and eventually die. It is a most hopeless task to attempt to cure any of Throat-ail or Consumption who have no energy of character. It is time, and trouble, and money lost, as they are not diseases to be eradicated in a day, by a drop or a pill. It is to be accomplished, if at all, by a determined, thorough and persevering attention, for weeks and sometimes many months, to rational means, *PER* calculated to build up the constitution, with a decreasing use of medicine and an increasing attention to habits of life.

ASTHMA.—I have said but little of this distressing disease. It is not often critical or dangerous until advanced life. As a general rule, it is incurable. Children who have it, sometimes *grow out of it*. In some women, it often disappears at the turn of life; in others, during the years of child-bearing. A *fit of asthma*, as it is called, generally cures itself, by being let alone. An attack is often hastened away by judicious means. In persons of a feeble constitution, it is liable to come or go any day or hour, and prove fatal in marked changes of weather—that is, to very cold, or from cold to a warm, heavy, thawy, foggy atmosphere. The only proper and efficient method of treatment is, to *prevent the attack*, which can be done in the great majority of cases, and for an indefinite length of time. The distinguishing symptom is *want of breath*; the patient feels sometimes as if it would almost kill him to speak two or three words; the necessity of breath is so great, he cannot find time to cough, and represses it, lest it should *take his breath away*. He can neither cough, sneeze, spit, nor speak freely. He sits up, wheezes, throws his head back, wants the doors and windows opened. The attacks generally come on towards the close of the day, and pass off about midnight or soon after, when the cough becomes loose, and large quantities of a substance more or less yellow, pearly, and tenacious, are expectorated; urination becomes copious, and the patient recovers, to be attacked in the same way night after night, until the violence of the disease is expended, and recovery takes place; or if these ameliorations do not occur about midnight, the case is aggravated, and the patient dies in a few hours. This disease is treated more at length in the large edition. It is certain, that in a vast number of cases, whether hereditary or accidental, the attacks can be indefinitely warded off by proper care and habits of life, if the constitution is not much broken.

CROUP OF CHILDREN.

Many a lovely child is destroyed in a single night by this alarming disease. Its nature is described in the First Part. It is a disease of the windpipe, which is filled or lined with a plegm, which becomes more and more tough, almost leathery—thickens, and at length closes up the passage to the lungs, and the child dies.

It usually comes on in the night. The distinguishing symptom is a wheezing, barking cough. A mother who has ever heard it once, needs no description to enable her to recognise it again: The first born are most likely to perish with it; simply because the parent has no experience of its nature, and hence is not alarmed in time, or knows not what to do, while the physician is being sent for. In the hope of being instrumental in saving some little sufferer, whose life is inexpressibly dear, at least to one or two, I will make some suggestions, not for the cure of the patient, but to save time. The instant you perceive that the child has *Croup*, indicated by the *barking Cough*, *uneasy breathing*, *restlessness*, send for a physician, and as instantly wrap a hot flannel around each foot, to keep it warm; but while the flannels are being heated, dip another flannel of two or more thicknesses, in spirits of turpentine, or spirits of hartshorn; or have a large mustard plaster applied, one that will reach from the top of the throat down to some two inches below the collar bones, wide enough at top to reach halfway round the neck on either side, and nearly across the whole breast at bottom. But it will take time to send for a physician, to prepare flannels, and to make the plaster or obtain the turpented flannel, and in some cases fifteen minutes is an age—*is death*, if lost; therefore, while these things are preparing, give the child, if one year old or over (and half as much, if less), about half a teaspoon-ful of *Hive Syrup*, and double the dose every fifteen minutes until vomiting is produced; and every half hour after vomiting, give half as much as caused the vomiting until the physician comes, or the child ceases to cough, when he breathes free, and is safe. If you have no *Hive Syrup*, give a teaspoon-ful of *Syrup of Ipecac*, and double the dose every fifteen minutes until vomiting is produced. If you have been so thoughtless as to have nothing at all, boil some water, keep it boiling, dip a woolen flannel of several folds into it, squeeze it out moderately with your hand, and apply it as hot as the child can possibly bear to the throat, and in from one to three minutes, according to the violence of the symptoms, have another to put on the instant the first is removed, and keep this up until the breathing is easy and the cough is loose and the phlegm is freely discharged, or until the arrival of the physician.

I wish to impress upon the reader's mind a few disconnected subjects. Consumption most generally comes on by a slight cough in the morning, about the time of rising or first stirring about. The existence of tubercles in the lungs is not necessarily fatal; they remain dormant for a life-time, unless irritation or inflammatory action is excited by *bad colds neglected*, or *exhausting habits or diseases*, or *debilitating occurrences*, or *wasting indulgences*. These things throw more persons into fatal Consumption than are destroyed by the hereditary form of the disease; and these should be, as they can in very many instances, safely remedied.

The following recipes are frequently referred to:—

How to Toast Bread.—Keep the bread a proper distance from the fire, so as to make it of a straw color. It is spoiled if it is black, or even brown.

Toast Water.—Take a slice of bread about three inches across and four long, a day or two old. When it is browned, not blackened, pour on it a quart of water which has been boiled and afterwards cooled. Cover the vessel, and after two hours, pour off the water from the bread gently. An agreeable flavor may be imparted by putting a piece of orange or lemon peel on the bread at the time the water is first poured on the bread.

Barley Water.—Take two table-spoons of pearl barley, wash it well in cold water, then pour on it half a pint of water, and boil it fifteen minutes; throw this water away, then pour on two quarts of boiling water, and boil down to a pint; then strain it for use. An ounce of gum arabic dissolved in a pint of barley water is a good demulcent drink.

Flax-seed Tea.—Take an ounce or full table-spoon of flax seed, but not bruised, to which may be added two drams of bruised liquorice root; pour on a pint of boiling water, place it covered near the fire for four hours, strain through a cotton or linen rag. Make it fresh daily.

Tamarind Whey.—Two table-spoon-fuls of tamarind, stirred in a pint of boiling milk; then boil for fifteen minutes, and strain.

Wine Whey.—Take a pint of milk, put it on the fire;

as soon as it begins to boil, pour on eight or ten table-spoons of Madeira wine, in which has been stirred two teaspoons of brown sugar; stir the whole until it has been boiling for fifteen minutes; then strain through a cloth.

Boiled Flour and Milk.—Take a pint of flour; make it into a dough ball with water; tie it tightly in a linen bag; put it into a pan of water, covering the ball, and let it boil ten hours; place it before the fire to dry, cloth and all; take it out of the cloth, remove the skin, dry the ball itself. Grate a table-spoon of this, and stir it into a pint of boiling milk, until a kind of mush is formed.

Boiled Turnips.—Small turnips boiled make one of the best articles of food which invalids and convalescents can use. Carrots may be added; half and half. Boil them once; repeat the boiling in fresh water until they are quite soft; press the water out through a coarse cloth; then mix enough new milk to form a kind of pulp; season with salt, and then place them before the fire until it is a little dry or crusted.

Beef Tea.—Cut into thin slices a pound of lean meat, pour on a full quart of cold water, let it gradually warm over a gentle fire; let it simmer half an hour, taking off the skum; strain it through a napkin. Let it stand ten minutes, then pour off the clear tea.

Cracked Wheat.—Dry some common wheat, then grind it in a coffee mill; boil it three or four hours; add a little salt, a little milk, butter, cream, or molasses may be added, as in using hominy. It should be always washed clean, and then boiled long enough to become of the consistence of boiled rice or hominy. A pint of wheat dried and ground is enough for a day; not to be used for supper.

Dandelion Diet Drink.—Take three ounces of the bruised root of the dandelion flower, which should be gathered in July, August, and September; pour on a quart of water, boil it to a pint, and strain it.

60 Drops	make one Teaspoon.
4 Teaspoons	" one Table-spoon.
2 Table-spoons	" one Ounce.
2 Ounces	" one Wine-glass.
2 Wine-glasses	" one Gill or Teacup.
4 Gills	" one Pint.

I greatly desire that nothing I have written should excite unreasonable expectations as to the speediness of cure of the diseases treated of; they come on slowly, are sometimes for years gathering force in the system, and hence it is unreasonable to suppose that they are to be eradicated except by energetic treatment, long-continued, unless attended to in their very first stages. The patient, page 107 top of second column, expressed himself as being cured in two days;—it was three months before every remnant of disease seemed to have left his throat. Remember this, if no other sentence—attend at once to the first morning cough, or frequent hawking, hemming, swallowing, or want of clearness of voice of two weeks' continuance; otherwise, in nine cases out of ten, a fatal Consumption will be the result.

The charge for answering a letter desiring an opinion of a case, is Five Dollars; and Ten Dollars for a personal examination and opinion. Advice is given by letter or at the office personally, for Twenty-Five Dollars, for the first month; subsequent advice when needed and desired, will be charged according to the nature of the case and the circumstances of the patient; all charges must be paid at the time of consultation. The descriptions given must include an answer to the following questions:

Are you easily chilled? Do you take cold readily? Are you inclined to be thirsty, forenoon?—Are you troubled with cold feet or hands? Is there shortness of breath in walking, tripping, especially on rising ground, or up stairs? Your best weight; usual; present? Do you perspire re-dily? Have you any discomfort after meals? Any bad taste in the mouth of mornings? Do the bowels act regularly every day? Are you regular otherwise? Do you live in town or country? What is your age, height, occupation? Are you married, and have you children? How often does your pulse beat in a minute when you are at rest, about the middle of the A. M. or P. M.? Is your voice natural? Have you reason to believe that any of your symptoms are hereditary? The above statements are made and questions asked, to save time which, in some cases, makes all the difference between life and death.

Address Dr. W. W. HALL, 2 West 43d St., N. Y.

NOTES AND NOTICES

The postage on this Journal is twelve cents a year, payable in advance to the Postmaster who delivers it.

Those of our subscribers who failed to receive any number for 1866, will have the same supplied by giving notice; numbers lost or soiled, will be supplied to subscribers for ten cents; to all others, fifteen cents.

Any past number of the Journal from the first month of publication, will be supplied, post-paid, for fifteen cents.

Any subscriber who fails to receive any number for 1867, will be supplied with the same without charge if applied for during the month for which it was published; if later, it must be paid for, price fifteen cents.

Receipts are not sent by mail, because no receipt is needed, as the Journal is not sent to any one unless it is paid for in advance, and the regular receipt of it by mail is proof that it has been paid for by somebody. All subscriptions must begin with January and end with December, as the volume ends with the close of each year. The bound volume for 1866 will soon be ready and will be exchanged for the loose numbers, if in good order, with thirty cents to pay for binding. If the bound volume is desired to be sent by mail send ten cents in addition, or forty cents for binding and postage.

If a person sends a subscription and does not receive a Journal within twenty days, it is because the money has not been received, or the address was not plainly, fully, and correctly given, and it has been sent elsewhere, and notice of this failure to get the Journal from any cause, must be given within twenty days of writing the letter. It sometimes happens that persons complain of not having received their paper at the end of the year, and seem to think they are entitled to all the back numbers, when the cause of non-reception was their failure to give a plain, full address.

We, like others, are often solicited to send our paper without charge to various public and benovolent institutions, associations, libraries, &c.; this is an unreasonable request; it is certainly less burdensome for fifty members to pay three cents each than for one publisher to supply fifty copies of his paper to fifty "institutions" for the bare chance of somebody happening to see it in the "rooms" and be induced to subscribe for it; the 'honor' of having our paper placed on the desk of the great Mogul does not pay for the trouble of sending it to the post-office. Any Association or Society that calculates on begging for a support had better "dry up" incontinently. We are willing to give any quantity of Journals to preachers and Theological students and libraries, but futher than that we do not propose to go, unless we choose to.

A new edition of Hall's Health Tracts, with steel portrait of the Editor, will be issued in January, 1867, price by mail \$2.50; contains about 290 Health Tracts.

THE AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE.—*Agency for Authors, Publishers, Editors, Lecturers, and Lyceums, and for all who have any Literary Commissions to be executed.*

THE COMMISSION undertakes:

1.—To gather facts and statistics upon all subjects, and to present them in an intelligent form, either for literary or business purposes.

2.—To furnish printers' estimates for authors, and to supervise the publication of works.

3.—To receive manuscripts either for sale to a publisher, or to be read for a critical opinion.

4.—To supply translations of books and documents, and to write letters and circulars in various languages; composing the same when desired.

5.—To secure Lecturers for Lyceums and engagements for Lecturers.

6.—To provide suitable editors for newspapers and articles for daily or periodical journals.

7.—To provide correspondents for newspapers, especially for Washington, New York, Paris, and London.

8.—To select or purchase books for private parties or for Libraries, and to search for rare and old editions.

The Bureau requires a fee of *one dollar* before any Commission is undertaken. The subsequent charges vary in accordance with the actual service rendered.

All communications should be addressed to THE AMERICAN BUREAU FOR LITERARY REFERENCE, No. 132 Nassau St. New York.

Lecturers and Lyceums invited to put themselves in communication with the Bureau. Charge for entering name, \$1.00

BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES," with which the January number for 1867 begins is from a book with the same title, sent post-paid for \$1.60, by addressing "Hall's Journal of Health," No. 2 West 43d St., New York; the object is to persuade the people to note the first far off symptoms of consumption when the disease can be easily and certainly warded off permanently; and to this end the symptoms of beginning and curable consumption, as well as the indications of a hopeless malady, are so plainly laid down that the most unlettered may determine for themselves the beginnings of danger; it also marks out the difference between Bronchitis, Consumption and Throat Disease by showing the symptoms peculiar to each, and thus the general reader may determine for himself, in marked cases, what is the matter with him.

INSTITUTE LECTURES ON PHYSIOLOGY.—*To the Executive Committee of the Institute of Reward for Orphans and Patriots:*

The undersigned, a Committee appointed December 30th, 1865, by the Executive Committee of the Institute of Reward for Orphans and Patriots to co-operate with the Executors of the Will of the late Miriam Holton Brown, respectfully report:

That the general diffusion of the knowledge of physiological and hygienic laws and their application for the benefit of communities and especially of the rising generation, are to be sought under provisions of the Will, through the continuance of the lectures on Physiology commenced in the city of New York, in 1834, and which for thirty-two years have to some extent been continued by her brother, David P. Holton, M. D., in the public and private schools of Europe and America.

In the further continuance of these lectures, Dr. Holton desires to labor in those institutions in which his services will be productive of the most good in the establishment of hygienic rules and practice; *and where at the same time the rewards of patriotism can be best advanced in providing for the orphan representatives of those having died or who may die in the service of our country.*

Dr. Holton's selection of physiological topics and their presentation will be determined with a view to the objects above stated, also, to their appropriateness, as means of mental and moral training, securing the three objects—physical, intellectual and moral development.

From his long experience as a teacher, from his mental attainments as a graduate in 1839 of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the City of New York, and from his subsequent attendance 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857 at the best schools for physiological studies in the Universities of France and Germany, we feel authorized to assume that his selection and presentation will be such as to effect great good.

52 West 37th Street, New York, July 4th, 1866.

HORACE WEBSTER, M. D., LL. D.,	} Committee.
MARSHALL O. ROBERTS,	
ALEXANDER KNOX,	
SAMUEL B. BELL, D. D.	
ARTHUR F. WILLMARTH,	

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, No. 150 Nassau St., New York, have published the "Life and Times of Martin Luther," by W. Carlos Martyn, author of the Life and Times of John Smeton; it aims to continue the biography of Luther and a history of the "Reformation." 12mo., 550 pp. This will be regarded as a standard publication and may be read with interest and profit by

christian people; it is admirably adapted to giving even the unlettered a clear idea of what the great "Reformation" means; its bearings on the great religious doctrines of the age and their practical tendencies when carried out in daily life; it is especially valuable to clergymen and students of Church history.

GOOD EATING.—"Jennie June's American Cook Book," 12mo., 343 pp., is published by the American News Co., 119 Nassau St., New York; it is by the gifted author of "Talks on Woman's Topics," etc. It gives Ruskin's answer to the question, "What does Cookery mean?" and embodies many of the principles inculcated by Professor Blot (pronounced *Blow*), and therefore may be regarded as a scientific, practical book, by a woman who has made and done the things herself, and knows whereof she speaks, instead of its being a compilation of impossible and untried things.

FOATMAN'S FIFTH AVENUE SKATING RINK.—*The largest in the world.*

I have the pleasure to announce to my numerous patrons, that I have erected a Skating Rink—the finest in the United States—on the site of the former Balloon Amphitheatre, Fifty-ninth St., corner Sixth-avenue.

This is doubtless the largest Skating Rink in the world, having an area of 7,000 square feet. It is entirely surrounded by a gallery, seated, and covered overhead, with ample space for 10,000 spectators.

Attached to the Rink are handsomely fitted reception and waiting rooms, and a carefully conducted restaurant.

Ladies are provided with exclusive waiting and dressing rooms.

The entire Amphitheatre will be lighted during the evening by two hundred gas jets.

The Rink will be the headquarters of the "New York Skating Club," for which ample and special provision has been made.

Music will be in attendance every afternoon and evening, conducted by an accomplished leader.

A selection can be made from the superior stock of skates in the skate-room, and ample provision is made in the cloak-room for the deposit of cloaks, etc.

An important feature of the Rink is that skaters will be at all times protected from uncomfortable wind by the surrounding galleries, which rise above the ice level about 40 feet.

O. F. FOATMAN, Proprietor.

Terms.—Gentlemen's Season Tickets.....\$8.00

Ladies' Season Tickets.....5.00

Masters' Season Tickets.....5.00

How many men in a thousand in the United States can write their own names sufficiently plain to be read by a stranger, and without any senseless flourishes which, in almost every case, indicates that the writer has no force of character? Query No. Two: How many persons in a million can order a publication and give their name, Post-Office, County and State? Some send no name at all; others omit the state, as if their own little village one rod long and no rods wide, was familiarly known to the utmost bounds of creation. If the reader orders our journal please don't lose time in telling what a useful thing it is everybody knows that; do like the most sensible woman in the United States—"MARY REED, Dover, Delaware. \$1.50 for Hall' Journal of Health for 1867." How delightfully plain, succinct and sensible. She ought to have it for nothing.

Messrs. Broughton & Wyman, 13 Bible House, New York, have sent us a number of little books for a few cents each, which are so good and useful that any parent might send them one, two or a dozen dollars and leave it to their discretion to send the value in these little books for little children, to wit: "No Sect in Heaven," 16 pp. "The Lamb that was Slain," 12 pp. "Self-Examination," 46 pp.—Ten cents. "Social Hints for Young Christians," in three sermons, both by Rev. Howard Crosby, Pastor of the 4th Presbyterian Church, New York; a most admirable issue, in various bindings, 20 to 40 cents.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 Nassau St., New York, S. W. Stebbins, Depository, have issued a number of beautiful Gift Books, and if parents would only spend their money for presents such as these, instead of gew-gaws and jewelry, a life-long good would be the result; such as—

"Jay's Morning Exercises." 8vo. Steel Portrait. \$1.75; extra binding, bevelled boards, red edges, \$2.75. "Jay's Evening Exercises." 8vo. \$1.75; extra, \$2.75. "Burder's Village Sermons." 8vo. In clear type. \$1.50; gilt, \$2.00. "Sketches from Life." First and Second Series. Illustrated. Each \$1.10. Extra binding, \$1.75 each. "Life of George Whitfield. With Engravings and Steel Portrait. \$1.10; extra, \$1.75. "Records from the Life of S. V. S. Wilder." With fine steel portraits. A volume of rare interest and value. \$1; extra, \$1.50; mor. gilt, \$3.50. A book for every son. "Baxter's Saints' Rest." 12mo., large type. \$1; extra, \$1.50. Also 18mo, extra, \$1. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," with Grace Abounding prefixed. 12mo, finely illustrated, \$1.50; gilt, \$2; morocco, gilt, \$3.50. Also 18mo, extra, \$1; gilt, \$1.25. "A Pastor's Jottings." Illustrated. Highly interesting facts in a pastor's experience. \$1.

extra, \$1 50. "Eloquent Preachers." Six steel Portraits. Graphic and stirring sketches. \$1; extra, \$1 50. "Bible Emblems." By Rev. E. E. Seelye of Schenectady, N. Y. 222 pp. square 12mo. Developing the beauty and force of many emblems employed in Scripture, such as the Higher Rock, the Sun in his strength, the Altar of Incense, the Rainbow and the Dove, and applying them to our daily life. The sketches are graphic and rich in instruction. "Its style is almost perfect. It is a beautiful book, and must attract devout readers, old and young."

"Jesus Christ's Alluring Love." 158 pp., 18mo, in fine binding. A rich and attractive devotional manual. "Charles Scott, or, There's Time Enough." 147 pp., square 16mo. 60 cents; postage 12 cents. Life on the sea-shore; the history of an orphan boy, and his battle with a bad habit. "Nuts for Boys to Crack." By Rev. John Todd, D. D. 267 pp., 18mo. Treating a variety of distinct topics in the pointed, shrewd and racystyle which makes this author's writings so popular and impressive. He hits the nail on the head, drives it home, and clinches it.

"In the World, not of the World:" being Thoughts on Christian Casuistry, by William Adams, D. D., Pastor of Madison Square Prebyterian Church, New York; a most practical christian book and well worthy of being made a standard publication among all christian people; with such men as Secretaries and Managers as Hallock and Eastman and Stephenson the public have a guarantee that every book issued will be of sterling value and suitable for christians of every name and country.

Messrs. Broughton & Wyman of 13 Bible House, Astor Place, New York, have on hand all the publications of the American Tract Society, Boston; — Uncle Downie's Home; There's Time Enough; Winnie and her Grandfather; The Little Gold Keys; — each 50 cents; Grace's Visit, 75 cents; Madge Graves, \$1; Story of Zadoc Hull, 80 cents; Frank's Search for Shells, \$1 25; Nellie Newton, 45; Lift a Little, 35; Pleasant Grove, 60.

The Messrs. B. & W. are also the sole Agents in New York City, for the sale of "Massachusetts in the Rebellion," by P. C. Headley, author of "Josephine," &c., containing eight steel plates besides many likenesses of distinguished men, including Gov. Andrews, Senators Wilson and Sumner, Edward Everett, Generals Banks, Butler, Stevenson, &c. Price \$4 50 to \$6 50. They have also issued a book which, in these times of a growing skepticism, is peculiarly timely, entitled "Tests of Truth," being replies to letters of a skeptical friend, on the Teachings of Nature and Revealed Religion, by David Dyer. If any one sees in himself the slightest indication of a questioning of the Divinity of the Bible, let him, for his own soul's safety, buy this valuable book.

Among the Holiday issues of the American Tract Society a 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, gilt-edged and bound in elegant style, are "Snow Flakes," which surprises the reader, not only with the religious sentiment of the volume, but with the scientific wonders which are brought to light respecting the nature, the forms, and the beauties of the beautiful snow. It will give every attentive reader a new idea of the wonderful wisdom and workmanship of the Great Maker of us all. Its cost is about two dollars, with beautiful illuminated and colored illustrations. Also, the Christian Armor of shield and buckler and breastplate, with their various meanings and uses; also, the Cup Bearer and its fellow, the Standard Bearer. Let all who think that the best knowledge is that which leads to the accurate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures purchase these books for themselves and their friends and children, and it will be a good investment.

SEVENTEEN Editions! — in French, several in London, and one in New York, 12mo, 399 pages, published by the American News Company 121 Nassau Street, New York, price \$2; sent by mail for same. We do not believe that a more deeply interesting and practical book, adapted to the capacity of all, and useful to every human being, has been published in many years, in reference to human health and life. A man took it up carelessly not long ago, and read it through without stopping, except to eat and drink. Its title is "The History of a Monthful of Bread." It takes in the whole subject of nutrition, from the taking of the food into the fingers until it has answered the great object of sustaining life and health and vigor; it shows in an enticing manner the whole workings of the human machine; we bespeak for it an extraordinary demand, all over the nation. To thoughtful, progressive minds, its perusal will be a delight; but as most persons of this class are in moderate circumstances and may not be able to purchase it, we will send it post-paid to any one sending four new subscribers for 1867.

ROBERT CARTER AND BROTHERS, 530 Broadway, New York, have the most extensive stock of standard religious and theological books in the United States, and have unusual facilities for procuring promptly, the new publications abroad. The publications of this house are invariably of sterling and substantial value, not only for the present time, but for future years; among the issues suitable for holiday presents and for family reading are: "Binding the Sheaves," by the author of "Win and Wear" series; 416 pp., 12mo. "The Story of Martin Luther," edited

by Dr. Whately ; 354 pp., 12mo. "The Great Pilot and his Lessons," by Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., author of 'Rills from the Fountain of Life,' 'The Best Things,' 'Bible Lessons,' &c. 309 pp., 12mo. "Cripple Dan," by Andrew Whitgift ; 330 pp. "A Ray of Light," by the author of 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam ;' 158 pp. "The School Girl in France," by Miss R. Mc Crindell, author of 'The Converted.' 248 pp. "Win and Wear," a Story for Boys, and a well-told story, too, of youthful struggles and triumphs. "Tony Stars Legacy," a veritable boy, neither worse nor better than others, and well-nigh spoiled for a time, but at length develops into an upright and generous manhood. "Faithful and true," being the history of a family, reduced in circumstances, retiring to a deserted farm, standing by itself on the Green Mountains. The experiences of this sort of frontier life are depicted with a skilful pen. "Ned's Motto ; or, Little by Little." Ned's father having fallen in battle Ned worked his way up to usefulness and respectability ; "it is a tale of uncommon excellence." "My New Home," being the diary of a maiden aunt living in a pastor's family in the mountains of Vermont. A critic says : "We have not read a book in which the lights and shadows of such a life are given, with so much truth and vigor." "Turning a New Leaf," being a picture of School Life, with its temptations and social influences, its duties and its dangers.

The spoiled child turns over a new leaf, and in the end commands the reader's sympathy and respect.

FOWLER & WELLS have published a useful almanac for 1867, price twenty cents, being an illustrated annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, with a multitude of illustrations. The same house has issued one of the most beautiful editions of Æsop's Fables, on tinted paper, gilt-edged, &c., we have yet seen. We do not know of any book, as a present for children, which is better calculated to impress wise lessons of life on the minds of the young—lessons of human nature, which, if early learned, will have a saving influence on all the after life.

A NEW MONTHLY,

published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, being an illustrated religious magazine for the family ; — Vol. 1, No. 1, Jan., 1867, \$2 a year, 67 pages. The nature and character of this new candidate for public favor will be best known by the subjects treated, and their authors : "The Sabbath at Home," by Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D. The new "Morning Star," with four illustrations. "Mary Lyon"

First School Teaching," by Fidelia Fisk. "The Catacombs of Rome," with ten illustrations. "The Battle of Ristori," by Mrs. Helen E. Brown. "The Electric Telegraph," from the British Workingman. "Welcome to a Young Pastor" by S. F. Smith, D. D. "The Parable of the Good Samaritan," by Dr. Guthrie. "George N. Briggs," with a portrait. "The One Thing Needful," from the Sunday Magazine. "The Glory in the Cloud," by Rev. H. M. Dexter, D. D. "The Old English of our Bible," by A. E. "An Appeal in behalf of the Little Ones," by a Mother, etc., etc. No doubt this magazine will contain safe and instructive reading, always, for christian families; and as far as it tends to exclude secular newspapers and secular monthlies from families on the Sabbath, without diminishing the interest and practice of Bible Reading, we certainly wish for it the most abundant success; and trust it will grow in public christian favor with each issue, because of its substantial value.

A woman who is a soldier, as to battling bravely with life's difficulties, writes, Dec. 11, 1866, supposing she was becoming dropsical from the extraordinary bloating of the skin, and fearing it might result in dropsy of the lungs, "The bloating is very little, sometimes none at all, which has not been the case for a whole year, while the regularity of the system is better than it has been for two years; daily improving and growing stronger; it seems perfectly delightful, scarcely natural after so long a time of disturbance. There is a marked change since I applied to you six weeks ago; I think that but for you I should not have lived five months. Others notice the change in me; I am so happy. I find such a quantity of concentrated food for the mind in the volume of Health Tracts; it is not to be digested in a hurry; since reading it I have been astonished and chagrined at my ignorance of so much which is of such vital importance for every person to know."

It is to be regretted that so much indifference exists among all classes as to the means of preserving health and maintaining a good constitution. But as the multitude pay no efficient attention to religion till death is threatened, so but few, here and there one or two in a hundred, feel the inestimable value of health till it is lost, and a once noble constitution is irrevocably shattered. This Journal is devoted to one object, and that is, to show the people how to keep well; how to preserve the body in the enjoyment of glorious good health. If you are sick go to an educated physician in your own community and do not make fools of yourselves by sending money to strangers, who will engage to cure you of everything but the malady of a "soft head;" it wouldn't be profitable for them to undertake that, it is because of that they find their enormous gains, by means of which they live in the finest houses on 'The Avenue.'

TO PHYSICIANS.—The entire profession will be glad to learn that Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, will resuscitate the republication of "Rankin's Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences," during 1867, discontinued six years since by Lindsey & Blakinston. It will be, as before, a synopsis of Medical Progress throughout the world for each preceeding six months. It will be sent to subscribers, free of postage, for \$2 50 a year; the Medical News and Library, \$1 a year; The American Journal of Medical Sciences, \$4 a year. But the three publications, the Journal, News and Abstract, will be sent to one address, post-paid, for \$6 00, in advance.

SKATING.

Private ponds were opened for skaters Dec. 12, 1866; that on the corner of 5th Avenue and 59th St.—A. McMillan, the Prince of Skaters, Manager—is the largest in the city and is accessible by almost every line of cars, and from all parts of the island; it possesses one very great advantage and comfort—you reach comfortably warmed rooms in three or four steps above the ice; and music and mirth are promised every evening that the ponds are open for skating. Up to this present writing it is the best, smoothest and strongest ice in the city, and every pains will be taken to make every day of the winter a skating day.

A Season Ticket for a gentleman is eight dollars; for ladies, five dollars; children, four dollars. Tickets for a single admission, fifty cents.

MacMillan is the sole agent for New York Club Skates, at 575 Broadway, New York, where will also be found a general assortment of fine skates, and Brook's skating boots.

No receipt is given for the Journal, as it is only sent to those who have paid for it; its regular receipt is proof of payment.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

New Physiognomy, with 1,000 illustrations, \$5, \$8 or \$10. It is a beautiful book.

Æsop's Fables, People's pictorial edition, tinted paper, only \$1.

Illustrated Family Gymnasium. \$1 75.

How to Write, How to Talk, How to Behave, and How to Do Business, in one volume, \$2 25.

The Phrenological Journal for 1867, only \$2.

Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

A brother doctor writes, "I find it an exceedingly easy matter to get subscribers to Hall's Journal of Health, and had I more time to devote to it, I could double the number of names I send you (24) in our village, in a short time."

A correspondent says: "The Journal of Health I must have, if I have to go into the harvest field to work to earn the money. I wish every family in the land had it and would put its teachings into practice; it has been of great value to us. I have tried the receipts in the December number on Winter Diseases, &c., for preserving shoes, giving them a gloss, keeping the feet warm, and it gave great satisfaction, and so with the others."

—VALUABLE information is found in the number for December, 1866, in relation to the preservation of the health in winter-time—Pneumonia, lung fever, inflammation of the lungs; death-in-Doors; how Clergymen lose their voice; airing chambers; temperature of rooms; value of complaining, and crying; getting chilly; having nothing to do: its pernicious effect on health; the bad effects on mind, morals and body of boarding-house and hotel life; how the young should go to housekeeping; getting married; why young men don't propose now-a-days; helping parents; how to make new shoes fit; how to prevent squeaking shoes; how to make shoes impervious to water; varnish for shoes; to prevent cold feet when traveling; to prevent burning feet; tight shoes; cleaning shoes; fruitful source of colds during winter; — sent post-paid for fifteen cents. Address "Hall's Journal of Health, No. 2 West 43d St., New York."

The most generally valuable book we have published is "Health and Disease," \$1 60, showing how to avoid sickness and how to cure it in many cases by diet, exercise, etc.

INVALIDS GOING SOUTH.

"AIKIN HOTEL," having been recently renovated and refurnished, is now open for the reception of visitors. Guests can rely on every exertion being made to render them comfortable and make them feel at home. The elevated situation of Aikin, with its dry, equable and genial climate, is peculiarly adapted to invalids affected with pulmonary diseases, and is highly recommended by eminent physicians, North and South.

HENRY SMEYER, Proprietor.

AIKIN, South Carolina, Dec. 1, 1866.

CAUSE OF AGUE.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says that he was prevented for ten years from emigrating to Illinois by the apprehension of suffering from the prevalent sickness of the country; and expressed the opinion that thousands of others spend year after year in listless inactivity, or in the comparatively profitless cultivation of the stoney soil of the East, when they might soon become independent, thriving farmers in the boundless West, where there is a fine, rich soil, a mild climate and a plenty of room. He observes that the people were sickly where he was "raised," until they derived their family supplies of water from well cemented cisterns; by which he probably meant, that if rain-water was used for all cooking and drinking purposes, fever and ague, with many kindred ailments would disappear.

There is fever and ague in the South, and plenty of it, in its most aggravated form; and yet, in cities, villages and on the plantations, cistern-water, obtained from the roofs of buildings, is very generally used. There is more or less of chill and fever in the torrid and temperate zones, whether in the old world or the new. The presumption is, that as people live to a good old age in all latitudes, the water of each country is adapted to the health of that country. The earth was certainly intended to be cultivated and replenished; to be filled with thriving people.

Wrong practices follow wrong theories; hence it is important to understand the true cause of fever and ague. As the malady prevails only in warm weather, and does so within the antarctic circles, it must arise from something invariably connected with these latitudes; and that thing seems to be, as far as our present knowledge extends, the combination of three elements, heat, moisture and vegetable product. These three ensure one result, vegetable decomposition, giving rise to a constituent of the atmosphere of that locality, which originates that disease known as fever and ague and its kindred maladies, epidemic diarrhea and fevers. Whether this constituent is inert matter, or possesses vegetable life, or is of a breathing animal nature, the laws by which it is generated are one and the same; and there are two ways of successfully contending with it:—to prevent its formation by proper drainage of the face of the country, or to resist its pernicious influences by keeping fires in our sitting-apartments for the hour including sunrise and sunset, these being the times when the atmosphere is known to be most loaded with the offending ingredient, which is thoroughly expurged by a sufficient amount of heat.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

INTEMPERATE WOMEN.

"GIVE me some brandy," said she, as she seemed to be slowly recovering from a swoon in a bookstore. She conversed fluently, was highly educated and wrote a beautiful hand. Her husband was a merchant, worth nearly half a million of dollars, and connected with some of the best families of New York. Her love of liquor was so great that every member of the household was trained to keep such a watch that it was next to impossible to obtain it under her own roof. Friends and relatives knew her failing so well that they habitually acted in concert with the unfortunate husband, to save his name, and their own. But now and then the fiend of drink would come upon her with such a frenzy that all the powers of her gifted mind were at such times, bent upon obtaining the means of ministering to the insatiable appetite for brandy; and one of her plans was to step into a store where she was unknown, enter into conversation with all the grace and culture of a refined woman, and in the midst of it to feign a swoon and a slow recovery; and then, to call for brandy, as stated at first, with the perfect certainty, under the circumstances of the case, of having her wishes gratified. At times she would go to some village near New York, go from store to store, and in a short time would be carried from the street in a state of beastly intoxication. Rumor has it that a number of ladies, the daughters and wives of men of position in trade and finance and family in New York, have made application for admission into the institution at Binghamton, New York, the object of which is to make a scientific attempt to cure those who are the victims of intemperance and are willing to make an effort for their own reclamation. It is known that the wife of one of the most honored men in the nation, lately deceased, was a habitual and unreclaimable drunkard, and died such.

The early use of tea and coffee by our daughters is the first step in this direction. It is surprising how often at public and private tables when young ladies are asked how they will take their tea, "strong," is replied. Then again it is the habit of New Yorkers to have tea and coffee at luncheon; thus it is served three times a day, for it is never absent from the 5 o'clock dinner table. Another cause is that in any attack of indigestion, or the over fulness of a hearty meal, or other derangement of the stomach or bowels, brandy has become the panacea, and mothers and fathers have it at their tongues' end for all such occasions, but more especially the mothers, for they are always at home. Then again, beautiful women, women of known conversational powers, who sing well, or dance divinely, or have the reputation of being "good company," find themselves at times unfitted for the occasion, and would willingly remain at home; but from the 'must' of propriety or courtesy there is no appeal and something is taken to aid them in being 'up to the occasion.' It is on the same principle precisely that so many politicians and public speakers, and wits and poets are led into habits of intoxication. The woman of any age who finds herself drinking cold tea or coffee between meals, or of taking a glass of wine or other stimulant before 'going out,' is not far from a drunkard's grave. Nor is the politician or orator who takes a glass of brandy and water before speaking; nor the minister who before he goes into the sacred desk, feels the need of a cup of tea or coffee, or a glass of wine or a brandy toddy. The wise will be warned. He who says, "There is no danger for me," is already lost! — *Watchman and Reflector*.

SKATING

Is one of the most exhilarating of all pastimes, whether on the ice, or over our parlor or hall floors, with roller-skates. In the days of "Queen Bess," some three hundred years ago, it was a favorite amusement with the Londoners, whose facilities for the same were limited to pieces of bone attached to the shoes. As lives have been lost in connection with skating, the following suggestions are made :

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping benumbs the foot and deprives it of feeling. A young lady at Boston lost a foot in this way; another in New-York, her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water, after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the fore-part of the foot in a kind of toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.

2. It is not the object so much to skate fast, as to skate gracefully ; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation ; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterward.

3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least of ladies and children ; otherwise, fatal inflammation of the lungs, " pneumonia," may take place.

4. Do not sit down to rest a single half-minute ; nor stand still, if there is any wind ; nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off ; but walk about, so as to restore the circulation about the feet and toes, and to prevent being chilled.

5. It is safer to walk home than to ride ; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.

6. Never carry any thing in the mouth while skating, nor any hard substance in the hand ; nor throw any thing on the ice ; none but a careless, reckless ignoramus, would thus endanger a *fellow-skater a fall*.

7. If the thermometer is below thirty, and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.

8. Always keep your eyes about you, looking ahead and upward, not on the ice, that you may not run against some lady, child, or learner.

9. Arrange to have an extra garment, thick and heavy, to throw over your shoulders, the moment you cease skating, and then walk home, or at least half a mile, with your mouth closed, so that the lungs may not be quickly chilled, by the cold air dashing upon them, through the open mouth ; if it passes through the nose and head, it is warmed before it gets to the lungs.

10. It would be a safe rule for no child or lady to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.

11. The grace, exercise, and healthfulness of skating on the ice, can be had, without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached, on common floors ; better if covered with oil-cloth.

ILLOGICAL SEQUENCES.

"A boy died lately in Chicago from the effects of swimming in a pond where the carcasses of animals had been deposited."

Such is the assertion of a scientific publication. A simple statement of facts, without inductions, or inferences, or mere opinion is an invaluable faculty possessed by perhaps one in a thousand. Multitudes of fatal errors in relation to health and life are thrown upon the world from time to time by thoughtless or ignorant writers. Only men of thought, of high mental discipline are really capable of a safe use of facts; it requires a logical mind and great powers of close and accurate observation.

The reader may owe his life to the proper interpretation and practical use of the idea of this article.

The best way of stating the fact above would have been: "A boy died after swimming in a pond where animal carcasses had been deposited." — That is the bald statement. No one knows from this single instance whether he died from staying in too long, or from over-exertion in the water; or from remaining in until he was chilled; or from having gone in while heated; or from going in after a hearty meal. Death has frequently followed from each one of these causes. There are five chances to one that death did not result from decaying carcasses in the water. The daily papers announced yesterday that a woman "caught the cholera" from handling the clothing in which a cholera patient had died. Here is a fact and a theory so intimately conjoined that thousands of indiscriminating minds and other thousands who are too inert to investigate, would lay down the paper and adopt as a life-long sentiment, that "cholera was catching" from handling the clothing of the diseased, while the whole medical world are divided point-blank on that subject. The facts of the case were, an old woman was made drunk and persuaded by the wife of the deceased to go by night and dig up the clothing which had been buried by order of the Board of Health, to prevent a supposed cause of spreading the disease. The age of the woman, the fatigue, the drunkenness, the unusual exposure or exercise, were each a possible cause of death.

It was lately stated that a mad-stone* had been applied to a mad dog's bite in eighteen cases, and not one had been attacked with hydrophobia. The conclusion of nine minds out of ten would be that the mad-stone cured hydrophobia, but neither case was attacked, and the greatest surgeon of his age, John Hunter, stated that out of twenty-one persons bitten by a dog known to be mad, only one became hydrophobic; and it is not stated that anything was done for either of them. If to a man suffering from actual hydrophobia, the mad-stone was applied and nothing else was done, and he got perfectly well, that would be a practical fact of great value. We have never seen any such case recorded. Persons may lose life by losing time in the employment of an inefficient remedy, to the neglect of those of known value.

*The Mad-Stone is said to be obtained from the part of the deer called the rennet, and is larger in the older animals.

DIPHTHERIA is a Greek word signifying skin. Diphtherite, as the French call it, or Diphtheritis, means an inflammation of the skin, as the word "itis" at the end of the name of any part of the body, signifies inflammation, "flaming" of the part. But we have an outside skin and an inside skin, which latter is only a continuation of the former, and covers the internal portion of the body as the true skin covers the outside; this internal skin is called the mucous membrane. Hence inflammation of the mucous membrane of the eyelids, of the nose, of the bowels, or of the lungs, is as much diphtheria as the inflammation of the throat or windpipe; but in common speech, it is confined to a peculiar affection of the throat. A thin substance sometimes exudes from trees and hardens on the bark. Diphtheria is an exudation from the inner skin of the throat, the mucous membrane; this appears in patches, which spread, and harden, and thicken, until the windpipe is perfectly closed, and death is inevitable; closes as does the spout of a tea-kettle in limestone countries, by continual accretions. In croup, a less solid substance forms, a kind of phlegm, which is more or less tough, but not solid and compact; it also closes the windpipe completely sometimes, and death ensues; but it is not so leathery in its nature, and is not so difficult of removal. Diphtheria is the more dangerous also, because of the great debility which seizes the patient, and the tendency to destructive ulceration of the parts, a kind of rotting or mortification. The thing then which requires the most instant attention, is the softening of this exuding hardening substance; and next, the prevention of continued exudation; doing something to dissolve and bring away the hardening exudation, and then to close the pores or little mouths of vessels which supply the fluid.

The most efficient and unexceptionable method of softening, and dissolving, and loosening this hardening and dangerous exudation, is that devised by Dr. L. A. Sayre, a distinguished surgeon and physician of New-York City, who puts the patient in a small, close room, makes a flat-iron white hot, suspends it over a pail, pours water on it just fast enough to have every particle evaporated, and before it is cold enough to allow a drop of water to fall into the pail, it is replaced by another hot iron, thus keeping the room full of steam at a temperature of eighty degrees Fahrenheit, for several hours; meanwhile the membrane

softens, becomes more liquid, and is cast off; but all this time the patient's strength must be kept up by the most nourishing yet the mildest articles of food, as beef-tea, soup, jellies, ice-cream, etc., allowing bits of ice to melt in the mouth as long as agreeable. Meanwhile, the interior of the fauces, throat, larynx, etc., as far down as can be reached, should be painted with a camel's hair pencil, or soft mop dipped in a solution of twenty to forty grains of nitrate of silver, dissolved in one ounce, that is, two tablespoons of pure water; repeat this painting as often as is necessary to unclog the throat. Where the patient is old enough to use a gargle, employ a tablespoon of powdered alum in a quart of water; Prof. Meredith Reese, of this city, prefers a gargle of two ounces of honey mixed with one ounce each of tincture of capsicum and tincture of myrrh. These are the unmedicinal means to be employed by the family, until a physician arrives, when the case should be placed implicitly in his hands, especially as convalescence is painfully slow and precarious. The terms diphtheria and diphtheritis were introduced by M. Bretonneau, in 1826, to indicate a class of diseases, the distinguishing feature of which was the tendency towards the formation of a false membrane, either on the external or internal skin. He noticed this, says Prof. Reese, of the New-York College and Charity Hospital, as an epidemic in France in 1818, 1825, and 1826. It was observed as an epidemic in 1850 in Haverford West, England. It is clearly a constitutional disease, namely, one in which the whole mass of blood is implicated, caused by a peculiar condition or constituent in the atmosphere; this has led to a general but erroneous impression that "diphtheria is catching." It prevails in families, not because it is communicable under any ordinary circumstances, but because members of the same household breathe a common air. But if that air is made more foul by emanations from diphtheritic patients, those who are well, and who otherwise would have kept well, will have their vitality lowered by breathing this vitiated air, and hence become proportionably liable to disease of any kind, and which would assume this form in preference, just as in any epidemic, most forms of disease run into that which is prevalent. Hence it is best when diphtheria appears in a family, either to keep up a thorough ventilation, or, which is easier, safer, and better, send the children to a place several miles distant.

Diphtheria is essentially a low form of fever, a fever in which the patient rapidly fails in strength, and the whole system is oppressed. Generally it appears in a mild form, now and then it is exceedingly malignant and fatal, and these few latter cases have thrown around the name a terror which shakes the stoutest hearts, just as there are a thousand cases of scarlet fever which recover of themselves, while now and then there occurs one which is suddenly and fearfully fatal.

Croup and scarlet fever and putrid sore throat are uniformly the result of the application of cold, of a cold taken in one of three ways.

First. An only child of sixteen, spent several hours in a dancing-school; the room was warm and she danced a great deal, causing free perspiration over the whole body; at the close, which was about dark of a cold, raw, windy November day, she ran down-stairs and stood on the sidewalk waiting for a companion. She was suddenly chilled, and died in forty-eight hours of malignant, putrid sore throat.

Second. Getting chilled by sitting in a cold, damp room, or at an open window.

Third. Allowing a wet garment to dry on the person, while being still.

The same causes induce diphtheria in a diphtheritic condition of the atmosphere; hence in winter, spring, and autumn, keep little children in-doors the whole of all rainy, thawy, raw, windy days; and of all days, until after breakfast, and from and after one hour before sun-down; give them their supper before dark, and send them to bed as soon as the candles are lighted. Next in importance to prevention, is the premonition of diphtheria, the set of signs which indicate its on-coming, and which are peculiar to itself, premising that when scarlet fever is most prevalent, diphtheria most abounds, as in England in 1858, and in New-York City in 1860, where twice as many persons died of scarlet fever in 1860 as in 1859, and never were so many diphtheritic cases reported here as for 1860.

Sore throat, swelling outside, and an exceedingly offensive breath, are among the very first and most distinctive indications; on opening the mouth, there will be seen on the back part of the throat and tonsils spots of a whitish or grayish white color, with fever and general depression and debility. In the

earliest stages, a gargle of salt water should be freely used every fifteen minutes; a tablespoon of tincture of capsicum to a pint, would be a good addition, as it will be found efficient in rapidly clearing away the accumulations; at the same time, bind flannels around the neck, dipped in salt water, as hot as the patient can bear, renewing every five minutes. The very best advice we can give is simply this, whether diphtheria is in the neighborhood or not, if a child from two to twelve years old complains of a sore throat and has a most offensive breath, send instantly for a physician.

PRIVATE THINGS.—A person called some time ago, who in addition to a throat difficulty, complained that the urine had been coming away in a dribble for years, drop by drop, day and night. There was no remedy. No one can think of being in such a condition for a week without the most decided aversion, but to remain so, hopelessly, for all the long years of life yet to come and go in their weariness, is horrible to think of! The immediate cause of this distressing malady was a paralysis of the bladder, brought on by resisting the calls of nature to urination from early morning until business hours were over, and making it a habit day after day, on the ground that it interfered with business to give the requisite attention, and not knowing that any harm could come from it.

By retaining the urine too long, the bladder sometimes becomes so distended as to burst, and death is inevitable. When the membrane is not ruptured, it is, in a sense, like a bow bent to breaking, and loses all power of action; the urine can not be discharged; terrible pains ensue, and death is a speedy result. At other times persons get into the habit of resisting urination; this induces inflammation, reabsorption into the circulation, and is a frequent cause of stone in the bladder, one of the most fearfully painful of human maladies, and when not fatal, requires a dangerous operation, at a cost of several hundred or a thousand dollars. This inability to urinate, brought on by deferring the calls, is, under all circumstances, a most distressing, dangerous, and alarming malady, and demands the most prompt and energetic treatment. The object of this article is not to propose a remedy, for but too often it proves fatal in two or three days; it is rather intended as a warning

to all to avoid the cause by the easy means of yielding to nature's calls habitually and on the instant, however frequent. Medical books give a variety of fatal cases, where the patient was riding in a stage-coach, particularly in cold weather, and resisted nature for a whole day. Parents should teach their children that it is a false modesty and a false politeness to put off these calls under any circumstances whatever. It is a thing which should invariably be attended to the last thing at night, and the last thing previous to going to any public assembly, and as nothing can excuse an unnecessary risk of life, so nothing can excuse resistance to a call for urination.

While on the subject, it is well to state that the more a person exercises, the less will be the amount urinated, because the water of the system then passes through the pores of the skin. But when the weather is cold, these pores are to a certain extent closed; the water is then driven to the interior, and has to be passed off through the kidneys.

Ordinarily, the urine is high-colored and scant in warm weather, or when from exercise or other cause there is free perspiration; in cold weather it is abundant and clear. It is a practice hurtful and unwise to inspect the urine; its color, consistence, and quantity are modified by such a variety of circumstances of heat and cold, chill and fever, food and drink, and even by the emotions of the mind, that only a thoughtful physician can put a proper estimate on appearances, and even then it must be in connection with all the facts of the case, bodily, mental, and moral.

Persons suffer a great deal in large cities from the want of public urinals. Scarcely a reader but may remember the time when he would have freely given a dollar for the use of such an institution. These establishments were formerly in Paris, but it was found impossible to keep them clean, and they were declared a nuisance. Hotels are scattered all through our cities, and while no proprietor of respectability would refuse an accommodation, yet if it could be brought about, that a tax of half a dime or a penny would secure it as a matter of bargain and sale, leaving both parties independent and free from obligation, much relief would be afforded and a great deal of suffering prevented. The whole subject merits the mature attention of every reader.

A very hasty and forcible attempt to urinate, especially when the parts are turgid, has resulted in a rupture of the membrane and subsequent stricture, and strictures tend to become more and more aggravated until urination can only be performed by introducing a tube into the bladder, the very thought of which, both as to the trouble and danger of it, well inspires dread. A patient once had practiced this for sixteen years, but on one occasion introducing the instrument carelessly, an artery was ruptured, causing death in a few hours. And yet not one reader in a hundred but thinks it a small matter, and without possible harm to resist the desire to urinate for hours together.

STOOLING.—By remaining too long at stool habitually, or by a sudden straining effort, with a view to expedition, the bowels have sometimes fallen down, at others, piles are engendered, as well as by the neglect to have one action of the bowels every twenty-four hours. Ailments of this sort aggravate themselves until it comes about that whenever the bowels act, their inner coating protrudes and the patient has to go to bed and remain there in literal agonies—"worse than death" is a common expression; sometimes these tortures last for two or three hours, to be repeated every day of the world, and yet between these sufferings the patient often appears in the enjoyment of perfect health. And how is such a terrible calamity induced? In one of three ways; remaining at stool over eight or ten minutes; straining rapidly; or third, by deferring the calls of nature until the body gets into the habit of calling every two or three days, instead of regularly every twenty-four hours, and that soon after breakfast. The practice of that

"Linked sweetness long drawn out,"

of which poets have sung, is competent to cause a life-long disablement. The lesson of the article is, a call of nature as to urination or stooling or the "delays" in the other regard, can never be resisted with impunity in any one single instance, and many a life has been embittered in consequence of ignorance of these things, a life which otherwise would have been one of sunshine and usefulness.

CROUPY SEASON.—In the early part of spring many children die of croup, which is simply a common cold settling itself in the windpipe and spending all its force there. Why it should tend to the throat in them, rather than to the lungs as in some grown persons, and to the head of others, giving one man influenza, another pleurisy, a third inflammation of the lungs, and a fourth some low form of fever, is not so important as to know the causes of croup and the means of avoiding it. The very sound of a croupy cough is perfectly terrible to any mother who has ever heard it once. In any forty-eight hours, it may carry a child from perfect health to the grave. Croup always originates in a cold, and in nine cases out of ten this cold is the result of exposure to dampness, either of the clothing or of the atmosphere, most generally the latter, and particularly that form of it which prevails in thawy weather, when snow is on the ground, or about sun-down in the early spring season. At mid-day the bright sun lures the children out of doors, and having been pent up all winter, a hilarity and a vigor of exercise are induced, much beyond what they have been accustomed to recently. They do not feel either tired or cold; but evening approaches, the cool of which condenses the moisture contained in the air, this rapidly abstracts the heat from the body of the child, and with a doubly deleterious impression; for not only is the body cooled too quickly, but by reason of the previous exercise, it has been wearied and has lost a great deal of its power to resist cold, hence the child is chilled. Exercise has given it an unusual appetite, a hearty supper is taken, and in the course of the night the reaction of the chill of the evening before sets in, and gives fever; the general system is oppressed, not only by the hearty meal, but by the inability of the stomach to digest it, and fever, oppression, and exhaustion all combined, very easily sap away the life of the child. In fact, it may yet be found, when the nature of diphtheria is better known, that it is a typhoid croup, malignant croup.

Children should be kept as warmly clad, at least until May, as in the depth of winter; they should not be allowed to remain out of doors later than sun-down, when they should be brought into a warm room, their feet examined and made dry and warm, their suppers taken, and then sent to bed, not to go outside the doors until next morning after breakfast. All through Febru-

ary, March, and until the middle of April, especially when snow is on the ground, children under eight years of age should not be allowed to be out of doors at all, later than four o'clock in the afternoon, unless the sun is shining, or unless they are kept in bodily motion so as to keep off a feeling of chilliness. We have never lost a child, but feel that it must be a terrible calamity. Young mothers seldom get over the loss of a first born. Surely, then, it is worth all the care suggested in this article, to avert a calamity which is to be felt until we die. The commonest sense dictates the instant sending for a physician in case of an attack of croup, but the moment a messenger is dispatched, have three or four flannels, dip them in water as hot as your hand can bear, and apply them successively to the throat of the child, so as to keep the throat hot all the time, so as to evaporate the matters, which if retained, cause the clogging up inside which soon stops the breath. Hot water should be constantly added to that in which the flannels are thrown, so as to keep it all the time hot. Keep the water from dribbling on the clothing of the child, and see to it that the feet are dry and warm. Most likely the child will be out of danger before the physician arrives, and it is pleasant to be able to turn over the responsibility on him. Loose cough, freer breathing, and a copious discharge of phlegm indicate relief and safety.

Croup seldom comes on suddenly. Generally it has at first no other symptoms than those of a common cold, but the very moment the child is seen to carry his hand towards the throat, indicating discomfort there, it should be considered an attack of croup, and should be treated accordingly. When a child is sick of any thing, no physician can tell where that sickness will end. So it is with a cold, it may appear to be a very slight one indeed, still it may end fatally in croup, putrid sore throat, or diphtheria. The moment a mother observes croupy symptoms in a child from two to eight years, the specially croupy age, arranges to keep it in her own room, by her own side, day and night, not allowing it for a moment to go outside the door, keeping the child comfortably warm, so that no chilliness nor draft of air shall come over it. Light food should be eaten, no meats or hot bread, or pastries. The whole body, the feet especially, should be kept warm all the time. Rubbing twenty drops of sweet oil into the skin over the breast, patiently with

the hand, two or three or more times a day, often gives the most marked relief in a cold, thus preventing croup from supervening on an attack of common cold. Such a course promptly pursued will promptly cure almost any cold a child will take, and will seldom fail to ward off effectually, in a day or two, what would otherwise have been a fatal attack of croup, with its ringing, hissing, barking sound, and its uneasy, oppressive, and labored breathing, none of which can ever be mistaken when once heard. Many a sweet child is lost thus, the parents are aroused at dead of night with a cough that suggests croup; but it seems to pass off, and in the morning they wake up with a feeling of thankful deliverance from a boding ill. The child runs about all day as if perfectly well; but the next night the symptoms are more decided, and on the third night the child dies; but this would have been averted with great certainty, if from the first night, the child had been kept in a warm room, warmly clad, the bowels had been kept free; and nothing had been eaten but toast with tea, or gruel or stewed fruits.

SPI-ROM-E-TRY,

PRONOUNCED with the accent on the ante-penult, or second syllable, teaches the measurement of the breath, and, by a little license, the lungs themselves, as the breath is contained in the lungs. If a man has all his lungs within him, in full operation, it is impossible for him to have consumption, whatever may be his symptoms, because consumption is a destruction of a portion of the lungs, and when that is the case they can no more have the full amount of breath or air than a gallon measure can hold a gallon after its size has been diminished by having a portion of the top off or removed.

It becomes, then, of great importance to accomplish two things:—

First, to measure accurately, and with as much certainty as you would measure wheat by a standard and authentic bushel measure, the amount of air contained in the lungs.

Second, to ascertain what amount of air the lungs ought to contain in full and perfect health.

The chemist has no difficulty in measuring out to you a cubic foot of gas. The gas which lights our dwellings and which burns in the streets of cities, when the moon don't shine, is *capable* of being accurately measured, and so is the air we breathe, with equal simplicity and certainty, even to the fraction of a cubic inch.

Take a common tub or barrel, of any height, say two feet, and fill it with water; get a tin cup of equal length, and of such a circumference that each inch in length should contain ten cubic inches of air or water, turn this tin cup bottom upward in the barrel of water, make a hole in the bottom of the tin cup, insert a quill or other tube into this hole, take a full breath, and then blow out all the breath you can at a single

expiration through this quill; the air thus expired gets between the surface of the water and the bottom of the tin cup, and causes the tin cup to rise; if it rises an inch then you have emptied from your lungs into the cup ten cubic inches of air; if you cause the cup to rise twenty inches, then your lungs have measured out two hundred cubic inches of air, and by dividing the cup into tenths of inches, you will be able to ascertain the contents of the lungs to a single cubic inch.

This is a lung measure of the simplest form; it must be so arranged with a pulley on each side of the cup, each pulley having a weight of half the weight of the cup, so as to steady the cup when it rises, and keep it at any point, as lamps are sometimes suspended in public buildings.

Being able then to measure the amount of air the lungs do hold, down to an inch or even a fraction of an inch if desired, the next point to know is how much air ought a man's lungs contain when he is in perfect health; for if a man in sound health can expire or measure out two hundred cubic inches of air, it is easy to see that if his lungs are half gone he can give out but one hundred cubic inches, and so of any other proportion large or small, and the grand practical conclusion is that when a man can breathe out the full quantity, all his lungs must be within him, and the presence of consumption is an utter impossibility in that man; and even if this was the only point to be learned, what a glorious truth it must be to the man who was apprehensive of his being consumptive, that such a thing is simply an impossibility, demonstrably so by figures and by sight. He can see it for himself without the necessity of leaning doubtfully, *so doubtfully*, sometimes, on the judgment, or expressed opinion of his physician.

To find out how much air a healthy man's lungs should hold, we must act precisely as we would in determining the quantity of anything else; we must experiment, observe, and judge. We have decided long ago on the average weight of men, their average amount of blood, the average weight of the brain; and surely there ought to be some method of determining the average amount of a man's lungs. But this last would not be sufficiently accurate, to make it safely practical, we must be able to say to this man, your lungs, if sound and well, will hold so much; and to another, so much, for the amount of breath is as

various as the amount of brain. A large head has a large amount of brain of some kind or other, and so a large chest must have a large quantity of lungs to fill it; these are general truths only. If a man six foot high, and known to be in perfect health, will give out from his lungs at one expiration two hundred and sixty-two cubic inches of air, that is a fact to begin with.

If a thousand healthy six-footers, or ten thousand, do not fail in one single instance to give out as much, then we may conclude that any other man as tall, who gives out as much, is also healthy *as to his lungs*, and at length the facts become so cumulative that we feel safe in saying that any man, six feet high, who can breathe out at one single effort two hundred and sixty-two cubic inches of air, that man must have all his lungs within him, and that they are working fully and well.

But if in pursuing these investigations, in the same manner, as to healthful men five feet high, we observe that in any number of thousands, not one single one ever fails to give one less than one hundred and sixty-six inches, and that any other number of thousands, five feet seven inches high, and in acknowledged perfect health, never fail in one solitary instance to give out two hundred and twenty-two cubic inches of air, then a thinking man begins to surmise that the amount of lungs a man in health has, bears some proportion to his height; this is found to be the actual fact of the case. And without being tedious I will give the result, that for every inch that a man is taller, above a certain height, he gives out eight more cubic inches of air, if he is in sound health, as to his lungs.

Let the reader bear in mind that these are the general principles—circumstances modify them. But I do not want to complicate the subject by stating those modifications at present. I wish the reader first to make one clear simple truth his own, by thinking of it, and talking about it, when occasion offers, for a month—then I may say more.

But, for the sake of making a clear, distinct impression, let us recapitulate:—

1. The amount of air which a man's lungs can expire at one effort can be accurately and uniformly measured, down to the fraction of a cubic inch.
2. The amount of air which a healthy man's lungs hold is ascertained by cumulative observations.

3. That the amount thus contained is proportioned to the man's height.

4. That that proportion is eight cubic inches of air for every additional inch of height above a certain standard.

With these four facts, now admitted as such, inferences may be drawn of great interest in connection with other observations, which any reader who takes the trouble may verify.

Observation 1st.—I have never known a man who was in admitted consumption, and whose subsequent death and *post-mortem* confirmed the fact, capable of measuring his full standard.

Observation 2d.—In numerous repeated instances, persons have been pronounced to have undisputed consumption, and as such were abandoned to die, but on measurement they have reached their full standard, enabling me to say that they had not consumption, and their return to good health, and their continuance in it for years after, and to this day, is an abiding proof of the correctness of my decision.

Observation 3d.—No persons have come under my care, who died of consumption within a year, who, at the time of examination reached their full lung measurement.

Observation 4th.—Therefore, any man who reaches his standard, has reason to believe that he cannot die of consumption within a year, an assurance which, in many cases, may be of exceeding value.

Observation 5th.—As a man with healthy lungs always reaches his full standard, and as it is impossible for a consumptive man to measure his full standard, then it may be safely concluded that a man cannot die of consumption while he gives his healthy measure, and also that he who cannot measure full, is in danger, and should not rest a single day, until he can measure to the full.

When persons are under medical treatment for deficient lung measurement, accompanied with the ordinary symptoms of common consumption, they improve from week to week in proportion as they measure out more and more air from the lungs: on the other hand, when they measure less and less from time to time, they inevitably die. With this view of the case, the reader will perceive that as a general rule a man can tell for himself, as well as his physician, whether he is getting well or not, and, as an illustration, an article is copied verbatim from the eighth

edition of "Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases," Redfield publisher, page 361, on

"THE MATHEMATICAL MEASUREMENT OF THE LUNGS AS A
SIGN OF CONSUMPTION.

"The lungs contain air; and their object is to receive, hold, and expel air; a certain amount of this air is necessary to the health of any individual, but that amount must vary in proportion to the size and age of a person, as much as the healthful amount of blood is proportionate to the size and age.

"It is known how much air a man's lungs, in perfect and full healthful operation, should hold, by measuring it as we would measure water, by transferring it from a vessel whose capacity was not known into one whose capacity was known. If, then, I find that every man of thousands, who is in perfect health, emits a certain amount of air from his lungs, I conclude that any other man, *under similar circumstances*, who gives from his lungs an equal amount of air, must be in good health, as far as his lungs are concerned, and every year accumulates its additional proofs of the same great fact, and when it is known that the lungs work *fully* and well, an immense burthen is at once removed from the mind of the physician, as well as patient, for he has less to do—the patient has less to dread.

"All that the *Spirometer* does, (or *Breath-Measurer*, which is its literal signification,) is to measure the amount of air contained in any man's lungs with mathematical certainty and precision, down to the fraction of a single cubic inch. Thus far the patient can see, as well as the physician, what is his actual measure; and by comparing it with what it ought to be in health, he can have some idea of what he has to do, and of his present condition.

"We all must know that if a man's lungs in health should hold three hundred cubic inches, they would, if half gone, certainly not measure over one hundred and fifty, *and so of any other proportion*, down to an inch.

"The two important uses to be made of this most invaluable principal are—

First. If a man can only expire his full healthful quota of air, he most assuredly cannot have actual consumption, what

ever else may be the matter with him, and the knowledge of this one fact alone, arrived at by such unmistakable evidence, is of incomputable worth to any invalid, not only relieving him of the weight of a million mill-stones, but in affording him an important means of restoration—*hopefulness*, for we almost all instinctively feel, if it is not consumption there is at least a chance of life; but if it is consumption there is no hope.

“*Second.* The next important practical deduction is of a two-fold character.

“If the lungs do not give out their full healthful amount of air, it is because they are actually affected or are threatened. The instrument does not tell this, it must be determined by the mature judgment of the experienced physician.

“If the lungs be in a consumptive decay, the pulse and auscultation, with the data already afforded by measurement, will detect this state of things, with a degree of certainty which is most admirable; and this certainty is made doubly sure, if being under treatment a short time, his lungs measure *less* week after week, for then he is certainly dying by inches.

“But it does not follow, because a man does not measure to his full standard, that he is consumptive; it only shows the one thing—that he is defective as to the action and capacity of his lungs; that deficiency may be the result of decay, or debility, or from the lungs being crowded with phlegm or other fluids; if the deficiency is not from decay, proper treatment will diminish that deficiency from week to week, because the treatment invites back the action of the lungs. Thus it is that the gradual *increase* in the capacity of the lungs to hold air, when that capacity, by any cause, has been diminished, is demonstrative of a return towards health.

“On the other hand, as persons are declining, the measurement decreases week by week, until there is scarce breath enough to enable them to cross the room, and soon they step into the grave.

“A WEIGHTY CONSIDERATION.

“Common consumption comes on by slow degrees, and I have never known a case that was not preceded, for months, by an

inability of the lungs to measure their full standard. I consider it wholly impossible for a man to have actual consumption, until he has not been able for months to measure the full amount of air. This deficit in the measurement of the lungs *never fails* to exist in any case of clearly defined consumption, and inasmuch as it *always* precedes consumption, its existence for some months in succession ought to be considered a symptom of consumption in its early stages, and a course of treatment should be adopted which would annihilate that deficit at the earliest possible moment.

"To show how certainly this deficit of lung capacity, or lung action, is removed, when it exists not as an effect of a decay of the lungs, but as an effect of imperfect action, I give here a few cases.

"C. W. F., aged 17, an only son of a wealthy family, was placed under my care May 26, 1852. Thin in flesh, pain in side, sore throat, tightness across the breast, short breath, difficult to fetch a long breath, troublesome running and sniffing of the nose, a weak back, with other indications of a weakly constitution. The measurement of his lungs should have been two hundred and twenty-five cubic inches; their actual capacity was two hundred.

	Date.	Pulse.	Weight.	Breathing.	Lung Measure.
" May, 1852,	26,	. 72	. 103	. . 16	. . 200
June	2,	. 72	. 103	. . 16	. . 206
	9,	. 72	. 103½	. . 16	. . 216
	24,	. 72	. 107	. . 16	. . 238
July	19,	. 88	. 104	. . 20	. . 216
	23,	. 82	. 103	. . 18	. . 216
August	7,	. 78	. 105	. . 15	. . 230
	24,	. 76	. 107½	. . 16	. . 238
Sept.	29,	. 72	. 111½	. . 16	. . 250
Nov., 1853,	8,	. 72	. 121½	. . 16	. . 252

"The parents of this case, particularly the mother, visited me at different times, expressing the deepest solicitude, and exhibiting an abiding impression that their child, upon whom so many hopes were hung, was certainly going into a decline, especially as he had grown up rapidly, and was a slim, narrow-breasted child.

"The reader will perceive with what admirable promptness the lungs answered to the means used for their development, in the very first fortnight, and with that increase of action a corresponding increase in flesh, so that in four months, and they embracing the hottest of the year, when most persons lose both flesh and strength, he had gained eight and a half pounds, while the capacity of his lungs for receiving air had increased one fifth, that is, fifty cubic inches, and at the end of a year, when he called as a friend, was still gaining in flesh, and strength, and vigor, with no indication, apparent or covert, of any disease whatever.

"What untold treasure would these parents have given, when their child was first brought to me for examination, to have known that the very next year their son would have been one of the most hearty, healthy, manly-looking young men of his age in New York; and yet there can be no doubt that he would have dwindled away, like a flower prematurely withered, had his case been neglected, in the vain hope of his '*growing out of it!*'

"The reader will notice, that on the 13th of July, every symptom became unfavorable; his weight diminished, his breathing was more rapid, and his lung-measurement declined largely. The reason is, that he left the city in June, and spent some weeks at Newport and Saratoga, with his parents, intermitting all remedial means; but, as soon as he returned to New York, and gave diligent attention to what was required of him, his symptoms began at once to abate, and he steadily improved to his recovery. '*The Springs*' have proved the grave of many young people with consumptive symptoms, and older consumptives generally get worse there. The high feeding, or *get what you can* system of diet at watering-places, fashionable hotels, and boarding-houses, their Lilliputian, one-windowed rooms, from one to 'five pair back,' the midnight clatter along interminable passages, the tardy, or no answer, to bell-call, the look-out from your chamber window over some stable, side-alley, or neighbor's back yard; these, with the coldness, and utter want of sympathy at such places, would soon make a well man sick, and will kill instead of cure the consumptive. They want, instead of these, the free, fresh mountain air, the plain substantial food of the country farm-house, the gallop along the

highways, the climbing over the hills by day, and the nightly reunions with family and kindred and friends. And yet the *million stereotype this mistake* against all reason and common sense. Only now and then one is found to choose the better way against troops of remonstrants and opposers, who never had experience, who never think for themselves,—and that is the brave man who gets well, especially when he is determined to do so.

"Some years ago I published a compact octavo of a hundred pages, on 'Throat Ail, Bronchitis and Consumption, their Causes, Symptoms and Cure,' giving various illustrations in both cases, with the treatment adopted, but like pretty much all who publish on their own account, copies enough were not sold to pay for the paper, consequently they are yet to be had, mailed *post-paid* to any part of the United States, for one dollar, sent to the Editor's address."

BODILY STRENGTH.

Every grain of bodily power, ability of motion, or effort, is derived from the food we eat; stimulants, spirits, and mental excitement call out that power in unnatural quantities, but the power itself is derived from the food, through the agency, the medium of the nerves and muscles. The food does three things before power is produced. It warms, it builds up, it repairs; and ability to work is the result. This process of repair and building may be called nourishing. In general, the elements of all power proper for animal life contain both warmth and nourishment, such as meat and bread: but fruits impart no warmth; while oils, sugar, and starch contain little else than the articles of warmth.

The first necessity for infants is warmth; the milk on which they feed contains both an oil and a sugar. They would die without sweets. The body is warmed by process of combustion, a burning up of the carbon of the system. Sugars, oils, and starches, are almost entirely carbon. This burning of carbon is kindled and carried on by means of the air which is breathed into the lungs.

The more we exercise, the faster or deeper we breathe, and the more air we take into the lungs; hence exercise is said to "warm us up." The product of combustion is carbonic acid, which is exhaled from the lungs. The amount of this acid exhaled during sleep is represented by nineteen; while lying down awake, twenty-three; while walking at the rate of two miles per hour, seventy-three; three miles per hour, one hundred and seventy-five.

Now, as the quantity of carbonic acid gas passing out of the system represents the amount of impurities carried from it, it is seen at once, the powerful agency which exercise has in rendering the blood pure, and keeping it so; for this carbonic acid is taken out of the blood in the lungs by the process of breathing.

When sitting in a room, this carbonic acid gas which comes from the lungs, hovers around the head and face to some extent, and is, with all its impurities, rebreathed; but when working, riding, or walking out of doors, it is carried immediately away by the wind; hence, every breath of out-door air is a pure breath; hence, too, the great superiority of out-door exercise as a means of health, above indoor quiet.

Different kinds of food have various proportions of the elements of power; that is, we can work longer on a pound of bread than on a pound of cabbage.

Scientific men have arrived at the following proportions. The table should be read thus: One pound of cabbage gives two degrees of strength,

Milk 2,	Lean Beef, 6,	Flour, 18,
Cabbage, 2,	Mackerel, 7 1-2,	Lump Sugar, 18,
Carrots 2 1-2,	Hard boiled egg, 10,	Cheshire cheese, 19
White of egg, 2 1-2,	Bread, 12	Arrowroot, 19,
Apples, 3,	Isinglass, 17,	Cocoa Nibs, 32,
Butter, 3 1-2,	Rice, 17 1-2,	Fat Beef, 41,
Potatoes, 5,	Oatmeal, 18,	Cod Liver Oil, 41.

DENTISTRY.

Good teeth, good looks and good health are inseparable. Ill health destroys the teeth; unless food is chewed well the horrors of a life-long dyspeptic are inevitable. The handsomest face in the world is marred, fatally marred by a snagged tooth. The time to lay the foundation for a set of sound, solid teeth is when the child first begins to eat bread.—The finest set of teeth I ever saw in mortal man, induced me to stop the stranger and ask him if they were natural and how he accounted for their perfection of beauty; he was forty-five years of age, not one missing—not one irregular—not one discolored, and so beautifully white that the sight was charming. He said he had thought on the subject a great deal, especially as all the younger members of the family had very poor teeth; and he had settled it in his own mind that it was the secret of his father being so very poor when first married and for several years afterwards that, living in an out-of-a-way place they used a bread of corn or wheat or rye, as they could get it, rudely pounded into a very coarse meal. At the end of the first few years his father got a little ahead in the world and the younger children were all brought up as he was, except that they had the regular bread made of the common flour and meal; hence he could come to no other conclusion than that the beauty of his teeth was owing to the quality of bread eaten.

Scientific men within the last few years have come to a similar conclusion, and have solved the mystery with as much clearness, perhaps, as can be vouchsafed to questions of that kind.

Of the body of a tooth, seventy-one parts, nearly three-fourths are composed of lime, while of the enamel, upon the perfection of which depends the safety and durability of the teeth, ninety-four parts out of a hundred are lime. Hence the tooth is mainly made of lime. We get almost our entire supplies of lime for the teeth and bones from the bread we eat; but observe, the bran, the outer covering of corn and wheat, is separated from the flour and meal and thrown away; but fine flour contains only thirty-five parts of elements of bone out of five hundred while bran contains one hundred and twenty five parts of the element of bone out of every five hundred. If, then, you want strong boned and perfect toothed children feed them on bread made from the whole product of the grain, from the time they begin to eat bread, beginning too, with the mother, to make assurance doubly sure, a year before they are born.

Many Dentists inculcate two most mischievous errors. Threads should never be drawn between the teeth. A permanent tooth ought never to be extracted to make room for others; Nature knows what she is about; every tooth is needed to develop the jaw, and that is of more importance than regularity. Soft brushes only should be used for the teeth and no wash except soap-suds twice a week, and every night and morning the following: Dissolve two-ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; then add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor; keep it well bottled. A tablespoonful in as much warm water at a time. Or dip a brush in water and rub it on the teeth until the accumulation of saliva is sufficient.—This makes the softest, safest and most cleansing tooth wash known.

TWO PICTURES.

"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do," said the Saviour of Mankind, just before he was "carried up into heaven." The legitimate inference is that every man has his allotted task to perform, and that as soon as it is done he passes on to the Judgement. Some have more assigned to them than others, according to their station, their capacities and their opportunities. How much some do, how little others, is amazing. But no one can doubt that the actual amount of good-doing of any individual would in any given case, be increased, or done better, or in a shorter time, if the body was in vigorous health. Hence every christian man whose heart is full of a desire to do as much as he can for HIM who has done so much for him, should study and practice the means of keeping himself well.

One man is born to poverty and obscurity, yet rises to benefit and bless multitudes; another born to large wealth, or good family and an honorable name, a child of "great expectations," lives and dies, but 'leaves no sign,' that he ever existed for any good. The reason is, the poor boy is obliged to exert himself early for a living; this exercise calls out his energies; these grow by use; he sees it, feels it, and forthwith becomes conscious of a power within him which it is a pleasure to wield; then comes self-reliance and an ambition for greater things; and he wins. But in the prosecution of these things both mind and body have been exercised steadily, and the result is vigorous, manly health, which by this time has become a power for 'greater things than these,' and a power, too, which "lives to a good old age."

The petted child of family and fortune, having bread supplied to his hand, and soon learning that enough has been provided to last him a lifetime, very naturally yields to a lazy, self-indulgent life; his study is not how he may get, but how he may enjoy. At first he runs the rounds of superficial pleasures, sipping from each flower of passion as he passes along; now yielding to one self-indulgence, then another; next come the more positive animal appetites, then the cigar, the glass; gaming and gluttony follow in the train, and before he knows it he is regarded as a gourmand, a rouse and a sot; money spent, position sacrificed, character stained, health ruined, life blasted, he lays himself down to die, forsaken of friends, left to remorseful memories of opportunities lost and talents desecrated; meanwhile disease preys on his vitals, darting its fierce and fiery pains through every limb, stretching, tearing, crushing every nerve; no moment of repose; no drop of water; no smile from other face; no touch from other fingers; no kindly word from other lips; he writhes in wretchedness, a ruined wretch—a wasted life, a lost soul. Two pictures, young man; it is in your power to choose which you will sit to! What is your election?

MADNESS.

"We thank Thee for the privileges of the holy Sabbath-day, for the health we enjoy, and for the proper use of our reason," were the first words of an introductory prayer, uttered by Dr. James Alexander not long before he died. It struck us at the time as one of the most comprehensive utterances we ever heard of that nature; and that the obligations to gratitude for the last item were infinite. The mind went over in an instant to the lunatic asylums which we had visited in different and distant countries.

"And for the proper use of our reason!" Without that what of worth is glorious bodily health! and vain the blessed privileges and the sweet rest of the Sabbath!

We have no recollection of another syllable that followed, of prayer or sermon; but countless times has memory recalled the words, "and the proper use of our reason;" first to the words and then to the speaker; so like a 'man of God' in all things, as they most felt, he was who were nearest to him and seen him oftenest.

Madness, not hereditary, nearly always comes from some sudden shock, or from thinking too much on one thing. The former may not be provided against; the latter can be, because we are warned of its approach by an inability to sleep, which grows as the weary weeks pass on, until mind and body are hopelessly wrecked. The moment we find that troubled thoughts prevent our sleeping, a prompt and desperate effort should be made to divert the thoughts into another channel, by breaking off from all business, and in exciting adventures, or dangerous or laborous travel, wake up the nervous energies to new lines of action.

It was a dark, drizzly, cheerless November day. A furious storm was sweeping over Lake Michigan, and an old man, bare-headed, his long, lank grey hairs streaming in the wind, stood on the beach, convulsively waving a white handkerchief as if warning some one to hurry to the shore; and so he had once done in reality, when his three manly boys were out upon the waters in an open boat and he seeing the storm approach before they did, hurried to the shore to give the timely warning; they recognised him, knew what the signal meant and pulled away with all the energy of endangered men, but perished in his sight; and ever after when he saw a storm gathering he repaired to the beach, as if he still saw them, and they might be saved.

Reader! be thankful always, that no terrible calamity has ever hurried you into madness.

The first thought which presents itself to the mind in this connection is, that all persons do not require the same amount of lungs, the same "vital capacity." Children need less than grown persons; women than men; and the requirements of different classes must vary according to size, age, etc. But whatever may be thought in this direction, must give way to hard fact, to actual observation, made thousands of times by educated men of both hemispheres, who could neither have temptation nor object nor inclination to pervert palpable truths; and the great, all-controlling fact, which runs through every experiment and every observation, by whomsoever made, is simply this, that the "vital capacity," the amount of air required by each individual, depends more on the height of the person than on all things else. There are some slightly modifying circumstances, but they all together amount to nothing worth consideration against the great, fundamental, practical truth, that *the height of a man determines*

VITAL CAPACITY

Is the ability which the lungs have for receiving a sufficient amount of common atmospheric air, for all healthful purposes. The amount which they can receive is measured with mathematical accuracy, to the fraction of a cubic inch; and that measure is as infallibly correct as would be that of any fluid, with any known measuring-vessel; in short, there can be no mistake about it, so that neither the physician nor the patient can be deceived.

It is not of less importance, in a practical point of view, to know how much air a man ought to receive into the lungs habitually, in order to maintain a healthful condition of the system.

The first thought which presents itself to the mind in this connection is, that all persons do not require the same amount of lungs, the same "vital capacity." Children need less than grown persons; women than men; and the requirements of different classes must vary according to size, age, etc. But whatever may be thought in this direction, must give way to hard fact, to actual observation, made thousands of times by educated men of both hemispheres, who could neither have temptation nor object nor inclination to pervert palpable truths; and the great, all-controlling fact, which runs through every experiment and every observation, by whomsoever made, is simply this, that the "vital capacity," the amount of air required by each individual, depends more on the height of the person than on all things else. There are some slightly modifying circumstances, but they all together amount to nothing worth consideration against the great, fundamental, practical truth, that *the height of a man determines*

what shall be his "vital capacity," and not only so — there is a uniform proportion between the different heights; uniform enough to warrant the statement, that for every additional inch in stature, eight more cubic inches of "vital capacity" are required. To illustrate: if a man is five feet seven inches high, his healthful "vital capacity" is two hundred and twenty-two cubic inches; (three 2's, easy of remembrance;) if he measures five feet eight inches, then his "vital capacity" must be eight cubic inches of air more; that is, two hundred and thirty. Some of these statements were made in the October number, under the head of "Spirometry," the spirometer being the instrument for "measuring the breath," that is, the "vital capacity" of any individual; and they are here repeated, in order to make a connected but more practical application of this doctrine of "vital capacity." It would seem, that the amount of a man's lungs was determined by the development of his chest, by the girth around it; but the hard fact is, that it is not the case. Of two men of equal age and height, one measuring two feet and a half, and the other three feet and a half or four feet, the large chest will not have a greater "vital capacity," will not deliver, at one full expiration, one cubic inch more of air than the smaller-waisted man. This fact is repeated, is constantly coming under the writer's observation.

When it is said that a man five feet seven inches high will, if his lungs are sound and are working fully and well, deliver two hundred and twenty-two cubic inches of air at one full expiration, or take in that amount at one full inspiration, it is not meant to say that he takes that much air into the lungs at each ordinary inspiration, for he really takes in much less, probably a pint, or some forty cubic inches; but the proportions are the same between a full breath, whatever that may be, and the ordinary inspiration of each.

In connection with that wide-spreading malady, "Consumption," and the great fact that as that disease progresses the breath becomes shorter — that is, the "vital capacity" becomes less; taking into account, also, that consumption never begins its actual inroads on the lungs until the "vital capacity" has for weeks and months been less than the healthful standard, and that consumption can not exist without a large diminution of the "vital capacity," the great practical fact comes up before the

mind with striking importance, that the very first thing to be determined, in any case of existing or apprehended consumption, is, "What is the vital capacity?" or, "What is the actual capacity of the lungs for receiving air?" Then, if it is found to be below the healthful standard, there is cause for alarm, and measures should be taken to increase this "actual" capacity of the lungs; and those measures should not be intermitted for a single day, until the desired end is attained, *with a margin*.

It is certainly gratifying to know that the decaying power of the lungs can be re-developed; physicians of various schools have succeeded in devising means, according to the principles of their particular creed. Each one may think his own the best. Our method has advantages not to be lightly valued; it does not cost a dollar of money, and consequently is available to every sufferer, however poor; it does not confine to the house; it is practicable to all; it is attended with no pain; it is combined with no mystery; it is plain to the commonest understanding; and the improvement of the patient, or the fatal progress of the disease, is so certainly marked, that neither the patient nor the physician can be deceived under any ordinary circumstances. But there is an objection to it, which is fatal as to its good effects in perhaps nine cases out of ten. Not one person in ten has the moral power, has force of character enough to carry it out. It would do more or less good in every stage of consumptive disease; can never do any injury whatever; but it is so much easier to drink whisky; to swallow cod-liver oil; to swill porter, ale and beer; to purchase cough-drops and expectorants; there is such a preference for alleviants over eradicators, that it is hardly worth the trouble to explain the philosophy of it to one in ten. Yet, by it, or its substitutes, *as a main means*, persons have attained better health, and lived in considerable comfort for two, ten, and twenty years afterward; and the same results must occur in all time to come, for *nature's agencies never lose their power*. It is by the aid of the foregoing principles, together with observations made daily on that class of diseases to which spirometry, or the doctrine of "vital capacity," is applicable, that the following results have been attained:

1st. Persons who have been abandoned to die of consumption have been ascertained not to have that disease, and, as a consequence, are living at this day.

2d. Others who were not considered to have had that malady, have nevertheless applied for an examination and opinion, and have been found to be in the last stages of that dreaded ailment.

3d. The first spirometer ever made for sale in this country was made to the order of the writer some fifteen years ago, and *no case has ever come to his knowledge which, having been pronounced hopeless by him, has ever recovered.*

There are too many who claim to have special experience and ability in diseases of the air-passages, who pronounce of every man who calls, without exception, "Yours is a very bad case;" and on being appealed to, to know to what extent restoration can be reasonably expected, they reply almost invariably, and in the most decided and confident terms: "I have cured worse cases than yours, and can cure you, with the utmost certainty." The course of the true physician is widely different; both his honor and a common humanity imperatively call upon him to pronounce a plain, candid, and unequivocal opinion. If a hopeless case is recklessly declared "curable," time will prove the falsehood. If a man is laboring under the impression that he has an incurable disease, when on examination it is clear there is no approach to it, it is a cruelty and a robbery to keep him under the false impression, for the purpose of working on his fears, and detaining him from home, under heavy expenses, for the alone object of making a heavy bill.

On the other hand, the cruelty and the robbery are equally vile, if, when the patient is known to be in a hopeless condition, he is detained with promises of cure week after week, and at a heavy, or to him and his, a ruinous expense, until return to home and friends is impossible.

If a man is not consumptive, and is plainly told so, such a burden is sometimes taken from his mind, that a new life is infused into him; he rises above the depressions which were crushing him into the grave, throws off disease, and goes forth in a few days a new being and a well man.

On the other hand, if the symptoms are really grave, it is better that the patient should know it, than be allowed to consider them slight; for then he will be prevented from making those exertions for recovery which are indispensable to his safety. No man will work for life if he is assured that life is not in danger.

Last year I was called to see the wife of a New-York merchant. The husband had been informed by his family physician that he had no hope of her recovery; that she was in a decline. No one but a physician can know how closely he is watched, from the instant of his entering a house in which a patient lies, on whom he is expected to look, and to decide the momentous question of life or death. How the servants usher him into the bed-chamber with noiseless step and deferential speech! How the children, with mouth agape and open eyes, look into the very soul of the medical man, so loudly mute, so beseechingly, as if the power of life and death over their mother was in his keeping! How the husband, with compressed lips and concealed emotion, stands on one side, and under the guise of no observation, reads every gesture made, every look given, weighs every word uttered; determines the bearing of every inquiry made and question answered! These are ordeals through which the city physician is constantly called to pass; and fortunate is he who has perfect control over the expressions of the usually tell-tale countenance, and withal has the grand, supporting influence afforded by a consciousness of the ability to stand in his situation and fill it; and also that other consciousness of an ability of truthfulness under the conviction that deception can be of no permanent or ultimate good. After examining the merchant's wife, with the care which it seemed to merit, and with the earnest desire to make no mistake, it was concluded to say, in the very face of the opinion of the attendant physician: "I really do not think much is the matter with you." In ten days she had made a journey to the National Capital, and spent a fortnight thereafter in seeing its sights. When she returned home, she had no special need of any medical advice.

In passing an opinion as to the nature of any given case of consumptive disease, it is so much less troublesome to speak truly; is such a relief to be free from the incubus of a falsehood; the incubus of always being on guard against belying one's self, that it is wonderful that any man can be found who is willing to set himself deliberately to the task of uttering an untruth and sustaining it afterward for weeks and even months. Nothing can be adequate to such an attempt, but a greed of gold so desperate and mean, as to have eaten out every exalted principle of our nature.

Not long ago an only son was brought for an examination.

It was clear that the youth must die within a month, and that nothing could be done which would be equal to the advantages of being at home in his father's house, and under a mother's care. Any reasonable and even an unreasonable weekly charge would have been more than willingly paid, if even an implied promise of material benefit could have been extracted; but one always sleeps better under a consciousness of truthfulness, with ten dollars in his pocket, than with the conviction that he is a mean misleader, with fifty dollars in his "bag."

Then, again, there is a perfectly delightful feeling which comes over a man (every time he thinks of it) in the felt conviction that he is believed in. It is always a sad thing, and a hard, hard task, to be compelled to say to a doting parent: "Your child can not recover under any conceivable circumstances." But pay comes afterward; when the child has been dead for years, and time has soothed the sorrow over his death, the compensation comes in the saying to this neighbor and that friend and the other acquaintance: "The Doctor did not deceive me." In the case above, the parents were advised to return home without delay, as it was probable their child would not live over a month. The family physician pronounced the opinion incredible, and gave strong assurances of his conviction that he would be well in a month. He was well—in the grave!

It is reasonable to suppose, when a physician is called upon to give his candid opinion of a case, that the family and friends would feel themselves under considerable obligations when such an opinion was given, although unfavorable, especially when that opinion was subsequently found to have been literally correct. But this is not always the case.

I was called last year to see a lady of about sixty years of age. All the appointments of the mansion indicated wealth, position, and culture. After the examination, and retiring from the sick chamber, I intimated to the friends that the case was a very grave one; that I did not think it was worth while for me to prescribe for her, and that she had better remain under the care of the family physician. I was then pressed to know how long I thought she might live. They seemed incredulous at my reply, not having regarded her case so serious as I seemed to do. As she possessed considerable property, and I considered it of importance so to express myself as not to be misun-

derstood, I said to them: "Nothing short of the power that made her can keep her alive ten days." She died within the time. The family have shown their non-appreciation of a candid opinion ever since.

The intelligent reader will want to know how is it that a physician can tell with such certainty what will be the result in cases like the above. In the first place, over twenty years' special attention to these ailments would give the dulllest man facilities of discrimination.

Again, sometimes men can do things without being able to tell how—Barnum's lightning arithmetical calculator for example, and others of that class. I have many times formed an opinion of the case of a stranger entering my office, before he has had time to take his seat, and a painfully minute examination has but confirmed the original opinion. When a man is in the last stages of consumption, there is an indefinable something pervading the whole person, combined in action, speech, gesture, intonation, and expression of countenance, which, although hard to be put in words, tells an "o'er true tale."

A man who is in the decided stages of consumption has not one but several symptoms, each one of which is in itself alarming, but all combined, make an erroneous opinion in a measure impossible.

A certain set of symptoms may exist without the physician being able to say positively, "You have consumption;" if such an one has a healthful "vital capacity," it is certain that it can not be consumption. Another man may not have as many of these bad symptoms, or none of them may be so aggravated, by reason of constitution, temperament, duration, etc., yet, if the spirometer shows that he is deficient in "vital capacity," then the existence of consumptive disease becomes a demonstration.

When I have ascertained that a man has diminished "vital capacity;" that his pulse is much too fast at any and all hours; that he has been losing in flesh and strength and breath, expressed by the complaint of "great shortness of breath;" that, on placing the ear on the chest under the collar-bone, it gives no more sound than if it were laid upon a dead wall; or that it gives such a sound as is made by blowing into a large-mouthed vial; or that there is the sound of blowing through a tube into a vessel of thick soap-suds, I know that consumption is present

in the form of the presence of tubercles, fatal in their numbers; or in the form of a dry cavity in the lungs, showing that they have been eaten away; or a partially filled cavity, indicating that the lungs are in an actual state of decay; of consuming, or consumption; and when such is the case, no honest physician can hesitate to declare that death will most likely be the result; for when the lungs once begin to decay, giving wasting of flesh, strength, and health, the issue is fatal in almost every one of a thousand cases.

But suppose all the above symptoms exist, except that the sound given out is like the twittering of many little birds, then it is not only not consumption, but it is next to impossible, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that the person will ever have consumption. And why? simply because the bird-like twittering heard, when the ear is laid flat on the chest, was never known to be given out by a consumptive patient, but is always given out by an asthmatic; and asthmatics seldom die of consumption, or of any thing else except of old age; in a sense, they die daily; suffer a thousand deaths, but wheeze on, until they dry up to skin and bone, or become dropsical.

But suppose all the symptoms enumerated awhile ago were present, except the twittering sound and a quick pulse, with a "tremendous cough" added, liable to come on any hour of the night or day, then it is clear that it is neither consumption nor asthma, but common chronic bronchitis, and the man has a good chance of living to the age of sixty or seventy years.

It will be observed that I have not enumerated cough and night-sweats as symptoms of consumption; this is simply because they are not always present. "The books" give cases where persons were never observed to have had any cough; and yet, when examined after death, the condition of the lungs showed that consumption was the sole cause of death. "Night-sweats" are always alarming; this has arisen from the fact that persons in the last stages of consumption frequently have them. But this is not always the case; and, again, "night-sweats" are common to several debilitating diseases; sometimes they arise from an anxious state of the mind; at others from accidental circumstances, such as a great change to warmer weather; an over-amount of bed-clothing, or an over-heated room. It always leads to false views and false practices, to make any symp-

tom as an infallible sign of a specific disease, when it belongs to several others. Neither night-sweats, cough, nor spitting blood are any signs of consumptive disease, in and of themselves; nor can they be signs of consumption, even if all were present in the same individual, if the "vital capacity" is at the same time up to the natural healthful standard, and the pulse is in a satisfactory condition.

The practical conclusion of the whole matter is simply this: every man, sick or well, owes it to his safety against consumptive disease, to know what his vital capacity is, and to take proper measures for keeping it up to his healthful standard; and to maintain that healthful vital capacity by such means as do not involve the taking of medicine, a change of climate, change of business, a ruinous expenditure, or a dangerous experiment.

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EXPERIMENTING.

THE man's horse is said to have died on the very day the owner had come to the conclusion that he had succeeded in the experiment of teaching him how to live without eating.

Mr. William Buston of Wisconsin, a bachelor of forty-five, had been experimenting for some time in subjecting himself to great heat as a means of rejuvenation and of bringing back that suppleness of limb, that fullness of flesh, that buoyancy of spirits which he remembered to have possessed a quarter of a century earlier. One morning he was found in his room perfectly lifeless, the heat he had subjected himself to having been too intense for mere flesh and blood.

Some girls have induced fatal ailments by drinking large quantities of vinegar under the supposition that it would diminish the quantity of superfluous flesh, which seemed to be their affliction. Others have taken large quantities of tea, by chewing it.

City physicians are very frequently brought in communication with persons who, from some whim or caprice, have adopted modes of life the very reverse of what an intelligent judgement would have dictated.

Citizens in imperfect health often go to the country with extravagant anticipations of amendment—that living on pure milk and fresh eggs will accomplish wonders, not knowing that milk is the natural food of babies, kittens, and the like. Grown persons who use sweet milk largely every day, invariably become bilious or constipated, unless steady, hard labor in the open air every day, allows its use with impunity.

A lawyer—a man of family, then a candidate for legislative honors—was suffering greatly from constipated habits and had been experimenting on the theory for sometime that the best way of effecting an ejectment was to eat heartily and push it out! He was evidently sincere in his representations to us.

Most men would hesitate to attempt the repair of a watch or even an old shoe, and yet not a few are found to experiment in the repair of the most intricate yet beautiful machinery of human life without apparent fear of harm. Those who plead their own cases in court and those who attempt to tinker up their own constitutions are equally unwise.

If your pants need a patch, send for a tailor; if your body is out of order, consult a physician.

CLEANLINESS AND CHARACTER.

In the year 1840 a youth entered Milwaukie to make his fortune in the world, with five dollars and a quarter in his pocket, and a thousand miles from home, without a friend or even an acquaintance near him. He was a young lawyer and as it was two months before the opening of the court, and sooner than that he had no means of replenishing his purse, he frankly stated to his landlord his financial situation and asked credit for his board, which was granted him. He then spent his five dollars in having his clothing washed, and one or two other items, and entered upon the great work of life. But finding his money all gone, and hearing that an old schoolmate of his lived in that part of the country, he walked fifty-six miles to borrow from him ten dollars. He returned to town, was admitted to the bar on the opening of the court and soon fought his way into an excellent practice, in the prosecution of which he traveled over a great portion of the states on foot and on horseback.

There was something in that young man, who among perfect strangers in the far West, would expend nearly all of the last five dollars he had in the world, in having his stock of clothing washed and repaired. There, too, was self-respect and a consciousness of personal elevation. But the next step was akin to it; the frankness and honesty of making a plain statement to his landlord at the onset, of his means, his plans and his hopes. Nine men out of ten perhaps, would have worn the soiled clothing longer and would have kept the scantiness of funds a profound secret, hoping that before they were exhausted something would turn up to improve the finances, shutting the eyes to the fact that in the event of a failure in this direction, a confiding landlord would be the loser. This is the very rock on which thousands founder every year, risking the money of the friends who have reposed confidence in them. The man who ever does that is always a scoundrel at the core. You may risk what really belongs to you but the means of another, never.

That tidy, self-respecting, honorable young lawyer, has, at the end of a quarter of a century, become one of the constitutional advisors of the President of the United States. Physical cleanliness and moral purity and elevation of character have a close connection; while tidiness in dress has a strong alliance to strict justness and fitness of action. The accomplished Bostonian, Washington Alston, suddenly remembering that he had a hole in his stocking, declined entering a private mansion where there was a party. "They don't know it," said his friend. "But I do," said the great artist and turned away. Cleanliness of person promotes health of body and this in turn naturally begets purity of mind and moral elevation. Such persons are quite as much concerned in having the inner and unseen as tidy and as clean as the outer and the visible; they are pure from principle, not policy; pure from the love of it, not from man, for it is "the pure in heart" who "shall see God." All are robed in spotless white who stand before the "Great King."

ADULTERATIONS.

THE times and principles of men are so out of joint that when we sit down to a table and suppose we are eating a particular dish the chances are ten to one that we are not eating that at all but are eating something else, unless we are partaking of some native product of which we know everything; such as our own vegetables, fruits and fresh meats. Eggs have not yet been counterfeited, but as to milk where is any in our large cities that is not a mixture? A hundred mixtures make our ground coffee, and our tea is made over after it has been used at the tables of hotels. There is a substance called terra alba, or white earth, brought from Ireland for two and a half cents a pound which enters largely into many of our confections; and when sugar costs from fifteen to twenty cents a pound, the temptation to adulterate is scarcely to be resisted by unprincipled shopkeepers. The body of candies and the coating of lozenges and almonds are made of this in many cases, as it is whiter than plaster, and is largely used in the adulteration of flour. In one ounce of lozenges two-thirds of the weight, when dissolved in water, was nothing but this white earth, and the lozenge did not contain an atom of sugar of any kind. Gum Arabic is too costly for pure gum drops to be made to advantage, so a substitute is made, which, although it is beautiful to look at, is very poisonous.

Liquorice drops are made for the trade of the poorest kind of sugar and lamp-black, and merely flavored with liquorice. Twenty parts of liquorice and eighty per cent. of white earth is dextrously mixed and sent to the South and West as pure liquorice. Traders do not hesitate to use the most virulent poisons to make pickles appear fresh and green; while it is a notorious fact that skilled persons can by a combination of drugs make almost any liquor known, and which will so nearly resemble the taste of the true article that experts are deceived. To escape the impositions, it is not sufficient that a man have the utmost confidence in his grocer for he, too, may be profoundly deceived. Let every family have the courage to make its own bread, to prepare its vinegar, to brew its own beer and express its own wines, if they must be had; to buy its own coffee in its green state; to put away its own pickles; to prepare its own sweetmeats, and as to every compound article of food which comes to the table, let it do its own mixing.

THE TOMATOE

Is, perhaps, liked more than any other vegetable.

It is remarkably productive.

It is uncommonly nutritious.

It is indisputably healthful.

It is equally advantageous to the system raw or cooked ; whether cold or hot ; whether eaten alone, or with salt, or sugar, or vinegar.

Its proper season is until the fore part of Autumn, but if shortly before that, the vines are hung up in a well ventilated cellar not too warm or too dry, the tomatoe will continue to ripen until christmas. This important fact ought to be made known to the widest extent.

The reason of the unusual healthfulness of the "Love Apple" of olden time, when in our easy recollection it was cultivated only as an ornament for the garden and the mantle-piece, is worthy of being explained.

Chemical Physiology has demonstrated that all acids have the effect to clear the bile out of the system by stimulating the liver to increased activity. It is this excess of bile in the blood in the Spring of the year which makes it impure or as some call it, "bad blood," or thick blood, and which our grand-dames used to seek to "thin" or purify, by drenching us with sassafras tea or choking us with powdered brimstone in molasses. Hence it is that by an unappeasable instinct, nature yearns for something sour in the Spring, and we are impatient for the early fruits, and berries and first spinnach, not because of the spinnach itself, but because it is known to be eaten with vinegar, and it is the acid that is craved. So also do persons crave something sour when they are getting bilious ; or are recovering from a bilious attack, or are simply a little feverish, which means that a bilious attack is impending, and which acids taken freely, will avert with great certainty. It is the pleasant acid in the tomatoe which makes it healthful as a blood purifier ; so pleasant it is, that large quantities can be taken without oppressing the system.

But in another important direction is the friendly tomatoe peculiarly promotive of a healthful condition of the body ; the seed, like those of the white mustard, pass through the alimentary canal unchanged and tend to promote that daily regularity of the system, without which good health is not possible of continuance for forty-eight hours ahead. These seed act mechanically on the mucous membrane of the alimentary apparatus, causing it to cast off and wash out those waste matters, the retention of which is the prolific cause of not only the ordinary diseases but of some of the most dangerous and speedily fatal maladies. If women, children, sedentary men and invalids, and persons in poor health generally, could be induced during the warm weather to live almost wholly on coarse bread, sump, hominy, wheaten grits, with fruits, berries and tomatoes, an incalculatable amount of Summer and Autumnal diseases would be avoided.

HEALTH HODGE PODGE.

INTERMARRIAGE.—Official documents show that seventeen families who married cousins had ninety-five children, forty-four of whom were idiots; twelve others were scrofulous or puny; another was a dwarf; another was deaf; so that more than one-half were deformed. Surely they can not be wise who in marrying cousins deliberately run such fearful risks. The very sight of a deformed child is a living torture to any mother's heart, and only the grave of one of them can end it.

RECREATION AND RENOVATION.—The body is recruited by a change in the form of its exercise; the mind is renovated by sleep, by profound rest; hence the best way of reinvigorating the whole man whether of the laborer or the literateur, is not to go to the springs or some country house and lounge, and loiter, and eat, and dose away the tardy hours, but to secure employment which will bring into requisition those muscles of the body which have, in a measure, been lying dormant, and to keep up that exercise in the open air day after day to an extent that the body shall be so fatigued that deep sleep comes within five minutes after the head has reached the pillow, that gives natural rest to the brain which, for the whole day following will thrill the whole body with the electrical influences which it distributes through it by means of the nervous system; and if this process is repeated day by day, it will not be a week before a new spring will be added to the step, a new fire will sparkle in the eye, a new energy will be infused into the mental faculties, and the whole physical man will be rejuvenated, while heart and soul will respond to the general invigoration.

SLEEPING ROOMS should always face the south so as to secure all that is possible of the drying, life-giving and purifying influences of the sun's rays. In modern Rome this is perfectly understood by the citizens and just double is asked for a room, or a parlor or lodging-place which faces the sun that is asked for one of a Northern exposure into which a sun's ray never enters. With us, many a man builds a house so that the halls or passages are between the sun and their chambers.

THE SECRETS OF HEALTH are six:

First, Keep warm. Second, Eat regularly and slow. Third, Maintain regular daily bodily habits. Fourth, Take early and very light suppers. Fifth, Keep a clean skin. Sixth, Get a plenty of sleep at night.

PASSING AWAY.

Beautiful and bright are the mornings which come to the young, and hours of gladness follow, and thus for successive years, until at length a day comes, the rising of whose sun was as bright as any that ever preceded it, and yet, before its close, an incident has occurred, almost as unlooked for as a gleam of lightning in a cloudless sky. The unexpected crease has been for the first time noticed in the hitherto polished forehead so faultlessly smooth, and the unwelcome conviction flits across the mind that youth is "passing away." Awhile later, and the cords and veins begin to stand out on the back of the hand, and we instinctively draw it in, as if afraid our friend might also notice that we were "passing away."

Next, the hateful crow-feet disfigure the corners of the eyes; we walk around an obstacle rather than clear it at a bound; we let down the bars rather than scale the fence; we are not so hot for argument as we once were; we rather sit in silence than contend; we become less uncompromising in our opinions; our assertions are less dogmatic; our invectives less sweeping; we become more considerate; more disposed to "make allowances" for the faults and foibles, and even the crimes of others, as if growing more in unison with the sentiment:

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me!"

and as if we felt that to the "judgement" we were "passing away." Then again, a tooth or two has fallen out, and we instinctively take a seat at the window, when about to read the morning paper; we look more for facts, less for opinions; men's characters are measured by their conduct rather than by their professions; we are more anxious to learn what men do, than what they say; and we consider what is in the heart of greater importance than what is in the head. In all our judgements we are more deliberate as we become more sensible that there is less ability and less time to correct mistakes, for that we are "passing away."

The streets are now less full, and so are the churches, of the friends of our school-boy days; of whom in the whirl of business we have regretful thoughts, and feel of some one more distinctly remembered, "O, how I would like to see him again;" or, as to some other one, known to be living, we determine we will write a letter and talk of old times, and make a thousand inquiries about mutual class-mates and friends; but in another hour business engagements crowd in, the letter is never written; and the next we hear—"he is dead." Then comes the feeling, with an overwhelming force, that we also are "passing away!" And so we are, dear reader, but be it our care, that while the physical man is letting go its hold on this mortal life, the spiritual shall grow stronger day by day, rising above the clogs and shackles of the mortal frame preparatory to being disengaged from it altogether; and at the instant of its complete disentanglement, the vision of "the substance of things hoped for" so long, breaks in upon the ravished sight, and we have "passed away"—to Heaven!

CONSUMPTIVE LOCALITIES

Not those which cause consumption, but which prevent or tend to cure it. Whatever represses the action of the lungs, as grief, or binding clothing, tends to develop Phthisis; whatever expands them, wards it off, on the principle that the larger the lungs are, the better is the blood purified, because more air is consumed—that is, more oxygen is conveyed to the blood, and oxygen is its life. All know that the narrow chested are more liable to the disease than those who have well developed lungs—not so much that the latter had more lungs originally, but that from habits of life the now good pair of lungs were exercised, more developed, were brought to their full capacity, thus enabling them to receive a much larger amount of air at each breath than would have been the case otherwise.

A bladder partly filled with air, will soon distend to bursting if held near the fire, because the heat rarifies the air, and makes a given amount occupy a larger space. The higher we ascend above the level of the sea, the more rarified the air becomes, and distends the lungs more fully; but this given quantity being less nutritious than an equal bulk of common air, the lungs make instinctive efforts to take in more, and this has the effect to give the lungs a permanently fuller development. If half an hour daily is expended in taking in forcible, full and deep inspirations, the circumference of the chest is perceptibly increased. Besides, the air of elevated situations being purer, is more nutritious, gives more life and vigor to the system. All know that mountain air is purer than that of the plain, and that mountaineers are more healthy than those who live on flat lands. About one person in six dies of consumption in England and the United States. In the City of Mexico, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, about one person in every hundred dies of consumption. In the higher Alps it is almost absent. It is a rare occurrence among the Priests on the great St. Bernard, and is scarcely ever observed amongst the inhabitants of the upper Alps and when they do become consumptive away from home, and return to their native mountains before the disease has made great progress, they are generally cured. The further we go north, the less elevation is required to almost banish consumption. In the tropics, it is rare above seven thousand feet; in the temperate zone, it is rare above four thousand feet; in Switzerland, between forty-six and forty-eight degrees, North Latitude, its frequency diminishes above three thousand feet; in the Black Forest, between forty-seven and forty-nine degrees, North Latitude, above two thousand five hundred feet; in the Hazy Mountains, and those of Thuringen and Selicia, between fifty and fifty-two degrees, North Latitude, at an elevation of one thousand five hundred feet, consumption is almost unknown.

Brehmer assures us that he has never seen tubercular consumption in the Görbersdorf at one thousand seven hundred feet. Birds which live most in the higher regions have the largest lungs. The great practical inference is, whatever promotes a full and deep breathing, tends to the arrest and cure of consumption, whether it be by breathing a rarified air in elevated localities, or to promote deep breathing by artificial means; and these have been our principles of treating consumption for more than twenty-five years.

THE LAST HOPE.

HENRY CLAY and Andrew Jackson, and a long list of the celebrities of a former generation, after they had attained the highest positions possible to them, seem to have found that they did not bring that quiet, enduring and satisfying happiness which they were supposed to have possessed, and turned their disappointed eyes and hopes at last to membership in the Christian Church and the communion with saints, as the only pillow of repose on which to rest their weary heads, after the stormy conflicts of life had ended.

Within a few months, two ex-presidents and several military and veteran public servants, have sought by obtaining admission to the communion table to soothe life's sorrows and disappointments in the contemplation of the eternal mysteries which lie beyond the boundaries of Time; for as men grow old they find themselves more and more inclined to look to the religion of the Bible as the only thing not entitled to be numbered among the vanities of the world. With still greater interest do those who have been cradled in the Church from early youth, desire to look for happiness in the hopes, and comforts, and promises of the Bible, as they near the confines of eternity; as they grow older, and their steps become more tottering, and their vision dims, and their memory fails, and they are more and more left alone in the world, by the steady and rapid inroads which death makes in the list of early friends, associates and kindred, they turn their failing spirits to the Bible, and more eagerly bend their weary steps to the sanctuary, to have their hopes brightened and their faith stayed in the expositions of the scriptures. To them the "Law of the Lord" is an increasing delight, and every Sabbath they learn more and more of the truthfulness of the sentiment enunciated by the sweet singer of Israel, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand anywhere else; and that to be a doorkeeper in the house of God where one can at least stand on the outside and be in hearing of the songs of the saints is better than to serve in the palaces of Kings."

Many old persons go to church who cannot hear a word, as if they wished at least to be found in the way of duty, and be in the Savior's shadow, should he chance to pass along. It is sad, but in a sense a pleasant sight sometimes, to watch deaf persons in church, how earnestly they look at the minister, and with spread palm behind the ear, they seem to want to catch at least a falling crumb to appropriate to their christian needs, for aliment to the hungry soul; and we can not think of any sweeter charity, next to that of making up a fund, the interest of which would generously provide for the reasonable wants of worn out and invalid ministers, and their helpless widows and orphan children, than to have all the seats in our churches just fronting the pulpit, free to the old; and furnished with an apparatus now enjoyed only by the wealthy few, which would enable the deaf to hear every word uttered by the minister; then, indeed, would "The deaf hear, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

ARMY DISEASE AND DEATH.

There was enlisted during the great Rebellion, on the Union side, —	2,688,523
Regulars already in the army,	14,000
Total,	2,702,523
The number who left the army alive was	2,408,103

So there died of battle and disease 280,420

The total number of colored troops was 180,005

The total number of deaths among the whites was one out of every ten ; while one out of every six of the colored troops perished.

Out of every eight deaths among the whites, three died on the field and five from disease. Of every nine deaths among the colored, one died on the field and eight from disease ; this shows that greater intelligence enables a man to endure more, and that this intelligence tends to exempt from disease. Many cases are recorded where captains of companies and commanders of vessels have endured the sufferings and exposures under which the common men perished. On one occasion the superior intelligence and moral courage of Dr. Kane, a small and feeble man, by sustaining the spirits of the crew, saved them from perishing with cold ; for the same reason, an intelligent man will perform more labor under given circumstances than an uneducated workman. Hence an educated mechanic will always do his work better, faster and easier than the uneducated ;—thus, whatever pursuit a child may be intended to follow, a good education is a very important element of success.

Not only is intelligence an element of health in the pursuits and occupations of life, but experience is another ; the regular soldiers in the Union Army had a mortality of fifteen per cent. less than the volunteers ; it was observed in all parts of the country, that in the commencement of a march the volunteer would encumber himself with this, that and the other supposed indispensable article, amounting in all to half as much again in weight as would the experienced soldier ; but after the first few miles, first one thing would be thrown aside, then another, until at the close of the very first day's travel, the roadway of the line of march would be fairly covered with every variety of articles of supposed comfort that a person could think of, and many a man who could in the morning have set up a young hotel or clothing store, would at the close of the second or third day's march find that his entire stock in trade amounted to a tin cup and a blanket. Two important facts stand out in bold relief in these army returns : First, two died of disease where one died in battle. Second, Two colored troops were lost to one of white, in proportion. Third—Intelligence is a great help to a man in bearing the difficulties and exposures of life, enabling him to survive hardships under which the uncultivated soon sink into the grave.

DRINK A DESPOTISM.

In February, 1866, a lady sent for a physician to see her husband, who was laboring under symptoms which she could not comprehend. He was a man with over three hundred thousand dollars, was highly esteemed, and had a most interesting family. To an ordinary eye, there was no special disease; there was no pain, there was no strength, no appetite, no enjoyment; but the physician, in the peculiar condition, discovered that the patient was laboring under the influence of long continued and incessant stimulation. He communicated his views to the wife as soon as an opportunity offered, and retired. The husband naturally desired to know the physician's opinion: "He said, my dear husband, that you were under the influence of constant stimulation, and that unless you renounce the habit, you cannot live three months." "I can't do it," said he, and within the time he was buried. Every earthly consideration of family, fortune and friends appealed to him in vain, and failed to drag him away from his suicidal habits; to all their calling him from despotic indulgences, he could only respond:

"I can't do it!"

and yielding himself hopelessly to his captor, he perished in his prime.

It is related that a man, addicted to drink, was sent to the penitentiary for some crime; no liquor was allowed convicts, except by special medical direction, and every possible device having failed to secure him a supply, he came running to the keeper one day, holding out the bleeding stump of his arm, calling loudly for brandy to staunch the blood; in the flurry of the moment, a bowl was handed him, into which was thrust the gory stump, and the next instant he gulped the contents at a draught. Such are some of the despotisms of drink, and the only certain method of preventing one from falling under the influence of a tyranny so terrible, is never to take a drop—such only are safe.

In 1852, when the yellow fever raged so furiously in New Orleans, nearly five thousand of the supporters of grog shops died before a single temperate man was attacked by the disease. In the very same year, when nine hundred died of cholera, only three were tetotallars; and when the pestilence swept off one in sixty of the entire population, of Albany, N. Y., only one in twenty-five hundred of the strictly temperate were seized with the malady. Yet, with these facts before the people, and the disease at our very doors, a very large number of our merchants and multitudes of mechanics find it impossible to leave off the use of spirituous drinks, even for a season; with so terrible malady staring them in the face, intelligent MEN WILL DRINK AND DIE!

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XIV.]

APRIL, 1867.

[No. 4.

CONSUMPTION OR NOT.

The following letter received within a week, from a medical gentleman, who has written much, and wisely and well, is corroborative in part, of what has appeared in these pages within the last three months; and if it shall aid in persuading the reading public to give their confidence and patronage to men who are known of all, and who have a reputation to sustain in giving true opinions as to health and disease, a great good will be gained. It would seem that any man of common sense ought to have learned before he was thirty, that the most positive people are the most ignorant, both as to matters of law and medicine. The lawyer who will tell you that you will certainly gain your case, wants a fee badly, and so does the physician. Medical men of eminence and skill and long experience can seldom be induced to say more, in reference to any ordinary case of sickness. "I think you can get well." "There is encouragement to believe that you will recover." Inexperience only, is positive. It is the charlatan who lies remorselessly, and he lives by it, and yet in four cases out of five, the patient will intrust his health and life to the keeping of the man who is most profuse and brazen and self-confident in his promises of amendment. There are cases occurring every day, in which the experienced physician can say with certainty, it is not this disease, it is not that. It is this, it is that, and cannot be otherwise, it is as to the results of treatment that all should speak with great hesitation; first, be-

cause it cannot be told whether the patient has moral courage and force of character enough to carry out the instructions. Second, it cannot be told, until the trial is made, in some cases, whether there is vitality enough to recover from the disease even after it is cured; very many persons, for example, have died, after they were cured of the cholera. Fevers are often subdued, but at so late a date in the progress of the disease, that there was not enough recuperative power left to rally. Third, a medicine may do all that is wished and all that is needed for nine times, yes, for ninety-nine times, and yet at the hundredth it will fail, because of some peculiarity in the constitution of the patient called "Idiosynchasy," by which it fails to have any power of action on any bodily organism. Tartar Emetic will not vomit everybody. The sea will not sicken all who sail upon it.

"I little thought ten years ago," wrote a gentleman of high culture and social position, "that I would ever have any interest in a book of yours, which I saw announced in the public papers, and turned over its leaves with almost indifference, but now alas things have changed, and I have greedily read every line you have written, for I fear consumption is upon me." Hence the reader is counselled to preserve with great care the January, February and March numbers for 1867, now bound in one cover, and sent, post-paid, for fifty cents, as they give a very full and truthful view of the principal diseases of the throat and lungs, and how to distinguish them, for either in your own person or in that of some member of your family, or your friends, you will certainly feel the need of the information desired. Meanwhile, the letter referred to, is appended.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 26, 1867.

W. W. HALL, M.D.:

DEAR SIR—Though I have never seen you, yet, for many years, I have seen and known of you and yours, on *health*. I have just read your article, entitled, "Vital Capacity," in the number of your *Journal of Health*, for March; and, you will pardon me for troubling you with a few words on the same subject. Like yourself, for a quarter of a century, I have given special attention to diseases of the *Throat* and *Lungs*,

first led to this practice by some family traits. During this period, many cases have come under my observation, and I have seen so much of what you have so graphically and justly described, that I cannot refrain from confirming your statements by relating some of them to you.

“—it is so much less troublesome to speak the truth ; is such a relief to be free from the incubus of a falsehood,” &c. I like all you have said in this connection. Twenty years ago this winter, I had a young lady patient, in consumption. There could not be a doubt in her case. I stated, frankly, to her parents that her case was a *critical* one ; and, if they wished for further counsel, I should like to have them secure it. They had full confidence in me and said, they wanted none other. I then told them, “they must not feel disappointed if their child did not live. In a word, that I thought she could not.” At my next visit, the father said, “though we have full confidence in you, yet we have heard of a young woman, in another part of this town, who was very much as our daughter is, and she has been cured by Dr.—of Boston. Would you have any objection to his seeing her?” By no means, said I, he is a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society ; will you ask him to see her *with* you ? I will. I did so. He came, examined the case, prescribed. The mother followed him into an adjoining room and asked him “can our daughter get well ?” Oh ! yes, said he, she will be better soon. Thus he left her with the impression that she would recover.

We entered the car together to return to the city. I said, Dr. do you think there is any chance for that girl to recover ? “Oh ! I don't know,” said he, “you know, we never tell the family what we think.” In four weeks she died. For twenty years that mother, who still lives, with gratitude, has said, “you told us the truth.”

“If a man is not consumptive, and is plainly told so, such a burthen is sometimes taken from his mind, that a new life is infused into him” &c. Words fitly spoken, Doctor, and for them you deserve the praise of all good men.

Fifteen years ago a young man belonging in the western part of this State, called on me, and asked me to examine his lungs. He said, “they had been examined three days before

by a physician in New York, who had told him they were badly diseased; and in answer to the question, how long could he live, the Doctor replied not more than three months."

I examined him carefully, and told him, he had not consumption, and that I thought he would recover. Your words were verified, "new life was infused into him." He went home, and I have now in my possession a letter, written one year after this examination, in which he says, "my health is now good."

While I was in Philadelphia, a near relative came from near Boston, to stop with us, expecting to die of consumption. He came with his wife, and bed-blankets to wrap himself in, bringing his *hypophosphites* and other medicines, which I still have. I examined him and told him, he had no disease of the lungs. I found an enlarged liver, and a sympathetic cough, and considerable debility. I put him upon the old remedy of nitromuriatic acid, and never changed it, and in four months he was well, and has been so ever since,—now four years.

Thus, Dear Sir, I have verified your statements on *both* sides, and can pronounce them *true*.

One other remark of yours I have found equally true—"it is reasonable to suppose, when a physician is called upon to give his candid opinion of a case, that the family and friends would feel themselves under considerable obligations, when such an opinion was given, although unfavourable, especially when that opinion was subsequently found to have been literally correct. But this is not always the case."

This, also, I have seen verified; unaccountable as it may seem, it is too often *true*.

I pretend to no infallibility, or knowledge above that of my brother doctors. But, I can say, I have very rarely been mistaken in these cases, and I have always given my opinion frankly when asked to do so, and I do not think any physician can be justified in pursuing a different course.

In conclusion let me thank you for your views on these important points, so candidly and honestly expressed. And, also, for the great amount which you have written so well, that none could have done it better, upon the means of preserving

health, you *have* your reward in an appreciating public, and the universal esteem of all your readers.

The next time I visit New York, (*Deo Volente*) I purpose to see your face.

In the meantime, I remain very truly yours, &c.

"*Cacoethes Scribendi*," an itch for writing, an avalanche of wordiness. Some persons in writing for a book or magazine, will spoil a double page of good paper, when the whole letter, including place, name, date and all, ought to come within twenty words; a good way to acquire succinctness, is to take the reverse of an old envelope, and compel yourself to say all you want, on the unused side of it. Time is money in New York, and editors, lawyers, doctors and clergymen are obliged to busband every moment of day light, for every day in the year. The fact is, no public man in this city, can do anything which he is not obliged to do, as a very general rule. If a physician is called to see a sick friend, he does it on the instant; but if he purposes making that friend a social visit of half an hour, the time does not come, sometimes in years, when every thing suits to make that visit; and often, very often, while he is waiting for the opportunity, he reads in the morning paper, "died yesterday," then, regrets and self-reproaches come on apace, and he exclaims, "why didn't I go and see him." Yet, notwithstanding this great busyness of those who live in large cities, they are constantly called upon by friends in the country to perform various little offices, as they seem to be to outsiders, which will take half a day's time to attend to. One wishes you to subscribe for some publication, another to purchase him a book, another to call and pay a little bill, or some other of a multitude of "trifles" in their way; but small as they are, they consume time. If a friend writes to us to step down town and subscribe for his favorite paper or purchase him a new book, it requires a journey of seven miles to do this same, and two hours of precious daylight, and in attending to such things, our absence from our office, has frequently cost us the loss of a liberal fee. The fact is, we have been a pack-horse for others from our earliest remembrance, and have come at last to adopt the conclusion, that the better half of mankind were destined to be ridden by the trifling, lazy, loafing half.

Not long since a "relation," yes how "relations," specially the poor ones, hang on to a fellow, "like grim death to a" cullud pusson, wrote to us, requesting that we would call and get a valuable family painting, and forward it to him. Well we called, seven miles off, and it was not there, sent a letter eight hundred miles to find out where it was, then made a journey of six miles more; while we were gone, we lost a good round fee, from a man who called with a hemorrhage, of course couldn't wait, and he went elsewhere: A fortnight ago, a pretty country cousin wrote in a way perfectly undeniable, to know if we wouldn't call on Broadway, and get her dress, which had been left for some fixing. We called, of course we called, how could we help calling, when the handsomest woman we knew had given her commands; the people couldn't find the article, wanted to know if we knew it, then after waiting an interminable time, sitting on a stool, twirling it round, the little French gipsy came to ask, if the owner of the dress was a relation of ours; we didn't see the point, but promptly and succinctly answered, "Yes," then there was a pause, both parties seeming to wait for something else, but we were exhausted of all our talk, the little gipsy had such pretty curls, and such a sweet lisp and Frenchy way of talking English, we forgot all about the dress, for present beauty outvies the absent. At length we were requested to please ask our relation to step down, and perhaps she could recognise her own dress; but we had to inform our little witch that the step would be rather a longer one than a lady usually takes, as she was just a thousand miles out of town. We were then inquired of, if we wouldn't have the kindness to call next "evening." We couldn't exactly tell what was the necessity of the "evening" part of the business, married men have no business out of evenings, besides we get sleepy as soon as dark comes, and are in bed at nine o'clock; so we simply said, "will call again." In a few days we did call, to be informed of their sorrow in not having found the dress, and that if we would call in a few days we would then be informed when to call again. Now as we never like to give up what we set out for, we intend to keep on visiting the little French girl until our cousin's dress turns up, or some other dress turns up. By all of which we mean to say that we don't like to be unaccommodating, but at the same time ask our friends to consider that an editor has no spare time from one end of the year to another, and that if they want any little jobs done, the best plan would be to write to P. C. Godfrey or Henry B. Price, New York, who will do anything faithfully and promptly, from the purchase of a dollar book to a steam engine, or a Fifth avenue house, for a very moderate consideration.

BREAD MAKING.

Bread is the staff of life literally. The French make the best in the world, one secret being that the dough is put into the oven at a high temperature, at which it is kept, marked by a thermometer, until it is done. It is however known, that other things being equal, the more thoroughly the dough is kneaded, the better will be the bread. Bad Bread puts nameless thousands of gold into the doctors pockets every year, and hurries multitudes into an untimely grave. The following method, from that excellent and popular paper, at Albany, New York, *The Country Gentleman*, is one of the very best.

"Take six good-sized potatoes, wash and pare them, and boil in two quarts of water, and with them a handful of hops, in a small bag kept for the purpose. When quite soft take them out, mash fine, and pour upon them the water in which they were boiled, adding a little water to make up for what may have boiled away, and also half a cup of salt and same of white sugar. When cooled down to a lukewarm temperature, add one cup of yeast to ferment it with. I do not say raise, for it does not rise; it works like beer, and having been covered closely and kept in a warm place, in the course of five or six hours the entire surface will be covered with fine bubbles, which indicates that it is ready for use. It should now be bottled and put in the cellar, where it will keep a long time. The bottles must not be corked tight at first, or they will be liable to burst. If the theory be true that some of the same kind must be used to start with, some difficulty may be encountered in introducing it where it is not used. I was furnished with some of the right sort in the beginning, and therefore had no occasion to experiment; and, though I have been gravely assured by those who have done so that no other would answer, still I would do so if occasion required. One cup of yeast is sufficient for three common-sized loaves, the requisite quantity of flour for which every cook knows. I usually mix my bread with milk, because I like the taste better, although I have made lighter, nicer looking bread with water than with milk.

"Very good cooks say they would prefer water to milk for the purpose even at the same cost; that is a matter merely of taste. I prefer to mix it up at night in order to bake it in the early part of the day, stirring it until it is as stiff as it can be stirred with a spoon, liking this method better than setting a soft sponge, as some cooks do. In the morning, the temperature having been favorable, my pan is filled. I then take it out upon a board, and knead it thoroughly, alternately chopping it with a chopping-knife, and working on more flour as long, I had almost said, as I can get any in. If made with water, I work in a little shortening; if with new milk, none is necessary. In this thorough kneading process lies one secret in bread making, the advantages of which some cooks do not know, or knowing, do not care to profit by. Some prefer to dip their dough into the tins with a spoon. Well, let them do so, but the sequel does not show such bread as is needed (kneaded,) spell the word as you will.

"Having accomplished this part of the process, I return it to the pan and let it rise the second time. I then take it out, form it into smooth loaves, let them rise until the tins are rounding full, and bake. 'For the length of time required for baking,' I have no rule; that of some is just, one hour. I bake my bread until it is 'done,' let the time required be shorter or longer."

SPRING DANGERS.

Thousands of families are every year bereaved of the light and joy of the household, in the person of the little first-born especially, before the young mother has had experience to guide her in the preservation of the health and lives of children, but it is an easily avoided bereavement. Croup, Diphtheria and Putrid Sore Throat have their fruitful cause in allowing little children to become chilled in the harsh, raw, penetrating damp atmosphere of sunset in spring time. Out-door air is certainly beneficial, but not always so. Children under twelve years of age ought to be studiously kept within doors after half an hour before sun-down until the first week in May at least. There is a chilliness in the air about sun-down in Spring which often makes, even grown persons in good health, uncomfortable in mind and body, penetrating and chilling the whole frame, and much more pernicious will it be to the tender constitutions of childhood.

In the afternoons of balmy Spring days children engage in their plays and pastimes out of doors with great energy, the novelty of it inducing them to exercise beyond their strength, and as sun-down approaches, it finds them over-heated, weary in body and with a mind robbed of all its exhilaration; in this condition, the only safety is in bringing them into a warm room the very moment they cease their exercise, for if allowed to stand or sit, or loiter about in the cool of the evening, when more or less of a chill wind is always stirring, it requires but a very few minutes of such exposure to chill the whole body, which, falling on the throat or lungs, may prove fatal in any twenty-four hours.

Another fruitful source of these fatal diseases in children is in allowing them to get their feet wet in stormy, thawy or muddy weather; hence, the moment a child comes in-doors from play in Spring time, the feet should be examined by drawing off shoes and stockings, so as to be able to see and feel if attention is needed.

A third cause of death by the above-named diseases in Spring time is over haste in removing winter clothing; the thickest flannel of mid-winter should be worn by all, without any change to a thinner material until the middle of May. This applies to old and young, and it is safest not to wear thinner outer clothing, because any given degree of temperature in Spring is really colder by 15 or 20 degrees than in the Fall, because the atmosphere is saturated with dampness which carries the heat from the body with great rapidity; besides this, the changes in Spring are more sudden and violent than in Autumn. There should be a bright, cheerful fire kept burning every day in the family room of every household until the middle of May north of 30 degrees north latitude. This one precaution alone would save multitudes of lives every year. The following tracts are republished to amplify the subject.

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

EDWARD EVERETT, the finished scholar, the accomplished diplomatist, the orator, the statesman, the patriot, became overheated in testifying in a court-room, on Monday morning, went to Faneuil Hall, which was cold, sat in a draft of air until his turn came to speak; "but my hands and feet were ice, my lungs on fire. In this condition I had to go and spend three hours in the court-room." He died in less than a week from this checking of the perspiration. It was enough to kill any man.

PROFESSOR MITCHEL, the gallant soldier, and the most eloquent astronomical lecturer that has ever lived, while in a state of perspiration in yellow-fever, the certain sign of recovery, left his bed, went into another room, became chilled in a moment, and died the same night!

If while perspiring, or while something warmer than usual, from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure in stillness to a still, cold air, or to a raw, damp atmosphere, or to a draft, whether at an open window or door or street-corner, an inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which waste and impure matters, which were making their way out of the system, are compelled to seek an exit through some other channel, and break through some weaker part, not the natural one, and harm to that part is the result. The idea is presented by saying that the cold has settled in that part. To illustrate:

A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit-stand, she ran up the bank of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer, but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her; the next morning she had a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A stout, strong man was working in a garden in May; feeling a little tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house and fell asleep; he waked up chilly; inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest, there was such an extensive decay, that the yellow matter was scooped out by the cupful.

A Boston ship-owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would "lend a hand" in some emergency; and pulling off his coat, worked with a will, until he perspired freely, when he sat down to rest a while, enjoying the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting to rise, he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints, that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two years, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

A lady, after being unusually busy all day, found herself heated and tired toward sundown of a summer's day. She concluded she would rest herself by taking a drive to town in an open vehicle. The ride made her uncomfortably cool, but she warmed herself up by an hour's shopping, when she turned homeward; it being late in the evening, she found herself more decidedly chilly than before. At midnight she had *pneumonia*, (inflammation of the lungs), and in three months had the ordinary symptoms of confirmed consumption.

A lady of great energy of character lost her cook, and had to take her place for four days; the kitchen was warm, and there was a draft of air through it. When the work was done, warm and weary, she went to her chamber, and laid down on the bed to rest herself. This operation was repeated several times a day. On the fifth day she had an attack of lung fever; at the end of six months she was barely able to leave her chamber, only to find herself suffering with all the more prominent symptoms of confirmed consumption; such as quick pulse, night and morning cough, night-sweats, debility, short breath, and falling away.

A young lady rose from her bed on a November night, and leaned her arm on the cold window-sill to listen to a serenade. Next morning she had *pneumonia*, and suffered the horrors of asthma for the remainder of a long life.

Multitudes of women lose health and life every year, in one of two ways; by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps changing the dress for a more common one, as soon as they enter the house after a walk or a shopping. The rule should be invariable to go at once to a warm room and keep on all the clothing at least for five or ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk and ride on any occasion, do the riding first.

BILLIOUSNESS.

Is a greater amount of bile in the blood, than is natural; the result of which is, the eyes and the skin begin to wear a yellow appearance, while various other symptoms manifest themselves according to the temperament, habits and peculiarities of the individual; one has sick headache; another complains of a want of appetite, sometimes loathing the very appearance of food; a third has cold feet and hands; a fourth has chilly sensations, involving the whole body, or running up and down the back; a fifth is costive, women become hysterical and laugh, cry, or talk, while men are moody, peevish, or morose. Bile is naturally of a bright yellow color, but as a man becomes more bilious, it grows darker and is at length as black as tar, causing a state of mind, which the old Romans called *atrabilitas*, "*atra*" meaning "black"; a scowl is on the countenance, and the person is ill-natured and fretful, finding fault with everybody and everything; hence when a man is cross, he is bilious, and ought to be pitied, and at the same time, be made to take an emetic. The ill-natured are never well, they are "bilious," the system is clogged, the machinery does not work well, and both mind and body are disordered. The safest and best method of getting rid of biliousness is steady work in the open air, for six or eight hours every day, working or exercising to the extent of keeping up a gentle moisture on the skin, this moisture conveys the bile away out of the system, the same result will be accomplished, but not so well, by a good steam bath, or by wrapping up in bed, drinking hot teas, thus "getting up a perspiration," but the atmosphere of the room should be pure, and the diet for several days should consist of coarse bread and fruits. Medicines which "act on the liver" will do the same thing, but they should be advised by the physician, when other means have failed.

The office of the liver is to withdraw the bile from the blood; it is the largest workshop of the body, and is at the right side, about the lower edge of the ribs. When it does not do its work, it is said to be "torpid," asleep, and medicines are given to stimulate it, wake it up, make it act, work faster than common, so as to throw off the excess of bile. When it does not withdraw or separate the bile from the blood, the skin grows yellow, also the whites of the eyes, and the man has the "Yellow Jaundice." When it separates the bile from the blood, but retains it within itself, constipation ensues, appetite is lost, spirits become despondent, and the person is languid, lazy, fretful, and irritable. The liver is in a sense like a sponge, and the bile may be pressed out of it, as water out of a sponge, by pressing the ball of the hand over the region of the liver downwards, from hip to "pit of stomach," two or three minutes at a time, several times a day; this is a good remedy in dyspepsia, and also relieves the stomach of wind, giving immediate and grateful relief sometimes.

SPRING-TIME.

In the early part of May, very many persons begin to feel that they are not as well as they have been. There is a degree of languor and lassitude, an indisposition to exercise, or even to read or think much, which makes life almost a drag. This ought not to be. There is no good and sufficient reason why man should not wake up to a newness of life, and embark in its business with a new energy and a new enterprise. The grass shoots up in its greenness so delightfully refreshing, that we love to look upon it; the buds swell on the trees, and the beautiful flowers unfold themselves; while the birds of the wood fill the sweet air with their rich and gladsome diapasons! And why should man alone, of all the creation, look with a languid eye upon the spring-time? It is unnatural, it is wicked, it is absurd; and it comes about in this plain matter-of-fact way. Man alive! do you see that pig yonder, lying in the corner of the fence, or at the foot of the wall, his eye half-closed, and so lazy that he can't summon up courage enough to wag his tail? An hour sooner he was not so, but was running toward the corn-crib, at the farmer's cry of "pee-gy," with the same agility that a little beggar-boy will run from you, these times, on the discovery that you have in mistake given him a dime instead of a nickel. The pig has eaten so much that he can scarcely grunt. The lassitude which comes over multitudes of humanity with the beautiful spring, is the result of eating too much. There is nothing in the spring air to cause this; for it is soft and balmy and blissful, and brings animation and a newness of life to every living thing; man only excepted!

The "modus operandi" is worthy of being studied, and well matured, by every intelligent reader. We are all kept from freezing by an internal furnace; the fuel for which is the food we eat; the living furnace, like that of our dwellings, requires more fuel in winter than in summer. Who has not, in considerable anger, abused Bridget for roasting them, by keeping up a greater fire in April than in mid-winter? and we call it perversity. But the maid does in the cellar what the mistress does in the dining-room, she simply puts the same amount of fuel in the grate or furnace daily. The maid roasts the outside of her mistress, while the mistress herself roasts her inner-man; thus she is literally between two fires. Is it any wonder that people complain of spring fever? As a remedy, Bridget opens the doors and windows and diminishes the heat, while the mistress resorts to tonics, and the master to "bitters," ~~also~~ brandy-and-water, to whet up the appetite, to make the stomach call for more fuel, instead of attending to the stomach's instinct, in calling for less food. In all nature man is the biggest fool.

In spring be a strict vegetarian, be a strict cold-water man, keep clean, keep cheerful, keep out of doors, and your spring-time will not be the sleepiness of the pig, but it will be as gleeful and as gladsome as that of the sweetest birds of May.

Changing Clothing.

It has come within the observation of many a reader that serious and severe illness has been induced, and even fatal sickness caused, by a change of clothing. Injury never comes, perhaps, by putting on more or warmer clothing, but by diminishing the amount inconsiderately. The first great general rule, and always the safest, is to make the change when you first dress in the morning; if you wait until you are uncomfortably warm during the day, it is most likely to be in the early part of the afternoon; in making the change then there are two or three causes of disease in operation; the fact of undressing endangers a check of perspiration; the garments about to be put on may not be perfectly dry, there may be no opportunity, even if they are dry, to warm them up to the heat of the body; and further, just about the time you have changed, the cool and damps of the afternoon and evening begin to come on, increasing until dark, while having been thrown off your guard by the warmth of the morning, you may not feel the necessity of a fire, and by tea-time you are surprised with a disagreeable chilliness running over you; then the cold has been taken, to settle in the eyes, causing weakness and watering; or in the head, giving a running at the nose, soiling a handkerchief in an hour; or in the throat, creating a raw or burning sensation at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck and top of the breast-bone; or on the covering of the lungs, to give the painful pleurisy; or in the lungs themselves, in the shape of a troublesome bronchitis, or a dangerous pneumonia; or in the bowels, causing weakening diarrhea; or on the covering of the bowels, inducing peritoneal inflammation, to end probably in death, in a few days.

It is very unsafe to lessen the amount of clothing sooner than the first of May, and then not in quality, but in less thickness of the same material; from yarn socks to worsted; from a thick, knitted flannel shirt to one of common woolen flannel; then, about the first of June, to a gauze flannel; if this is oppressive to some, then employ canton flannel. But it is certainly a great mistake for any body to wear any thing else next the skin, even in the hottest summer weather, than woolen flannel. Silk shirts next the skin can not be advocated on any tangible grounds; the moment a man begins to twaddle with you about "electrical influences," turn your heel upon him, and set him down as a presumptive and impudent ignoramus.

HEALTH TRACTS.

We have written a volume of Health Tracts, some three hundred in number on a great variety of subjects. Sent post-paid for \$2.50, by addressing "The publisher of Hall's Journal of Health, No. 2 West 43d Street, New York;" it is full of such instructions as all households need and no young person can fail to obtain from it most valuable information as to the preservation of health and the prevention of disease, but there are many who do not feel able to purchase the entire volume, but yet would like to possess some special tract, for the convenience of such the following contents of each month are appended; any number is sent post-paid, for fifteen cents, by addressing as above; any two numbers sent for twenty-five cents.

JANUARY.—Inconsiderations; Summer Fruits; How to Cure a Cold; Burying Alive; Care of Eyes; Traveling Hints; Young Old People; Drunkenness and Dyspeptia; Uses of Ice; Winter Rules; Walk Erect; How to Wash; How to sit; Winter Shoes; Growing Beautiful; Measles.

FEBRUARY.—Sabbath Physiology; Hair Treatment; Wearing Flannel; Health without Medicine; Cold Feet; Costiveness; Bites and Burns; Sour Stomach; Sleeping; Eating, Bites, Corns and Odors. Advertising Disease; Neglected Colds; Bathing; Colds Avoided; Eating Wisely; Dyspeptia; How to Eat; Drinking; "Nothing but a Cold;" Precautions; Healthful Observances.

MARCH.—Presence of Mind; Sick Head Ache; Health's Three Essentials; Premonitions; Neuralgia; Private Things; Coffee Drinking; Success in Life; A Warning to Youth; Hydrophobia; Rheumatism; Sunshine; Catarrh; 15 Follies; Diet for Invalids; Poisons and Antidotes; Erysipelas; Nursing Hints; Apples Healthful.

APRIL.—CHECKING PERSPIRATION (the most important tract of the 300;) Taking Medicine; Failing Eyesight; Head Ache; Skating; Inverted Toe-Nail. Physiological; Urination; Pain; The Teeth; Read and Heed; Deafness; Nervous Sufferers; Coffee Substitutes; Best Supper; Beards; Housekeeping; How to Live Long; Health Theories; Vaccination.

SUMMERINGS.

MAY.—Scalds and Burns; Music Healthful; Milk; Getting a Living; Corn Bread; Sabbath Rest; Dieting; Woman's True Beauty; Debt a Death; Law of Love; Soldiers Remembered; Spinal Disease; Rearing Children; Child Bearing; Housekeeping Hints; Duration of Life; Serenity; Diarrhoea; Miasm and Fever and Ague.

JUNE.—Habit; Soldiers Cared For; Sores; Greed of Gold;

Preserving Fruits; Sunday Dinners; Marriage; Beauty a Medicine; Small Pox; Parental Training; Whitlow or Felon; Sleep and Death; Soldier Health; Soldier Items; Morning Prayer; Fire-places; Apples Kept; Consumption; Soldiers All; Children's Eating.

JULY.—THAT BEST DAY; Coal Fires; Deafness; Housewifery Potatoes; Badness; Ventilating Theories; Cute Things; The One Spot; Coffee Poisons; Burning to Death; Woolen Clothing; Whitewashes; School Children.

AUGUST.—Life Wasted; Poisons and Antidotes; Cures; Household Vermin; Philosophy; Specifics; One Acre; Spring Time; Changing Clothing; Eating Habits; Dying Easily; Catching Cold; Resignation; Growing; Dieting not Starvation; Summer Drinks; Diptheria; Diarrhoea; Cholera; Dysentery.

SEPTEMBER.—Bilious Diarrhoea is Curative; Disinfectants; Physiological Items; Sabbath Observance Healthful; Five Escapes; Saving Ministers; Death Rate; One by one, our friends pass away; Vices of Genius; Leaving Home; Fifth Avenue Sights; Sickness not Causeless; Obscure Diseases; The Benevolent Banker; Worth Remembering; Physiology of Public Worship; Medical Items; The Month Malign; Great Eaters; Logic Run Mad; Insanity; Philosophy of Exercise; Summer Mortality; Posture in Worship.

OCTOBER.—Cancer; Weather Signs; Stammering; Children's Feet; Gruels and Soups, how made; Medical Melange; Sick School Girl; Kindness Rewarded; Mush and Milk; Deranged correcting Children; Convenient Knowledge in the Mind; Charms; Curiosities of Eating; Mind and Body, their mutual influences; Bread; Memories; Emenations; Eating Economically; Effects of Liquor; Balm of Gilead.

NOVEMBER.—Where to Study; Weather and Wealth; Apoplexy; Stomach's Appeal; Household Knowledge; Who are Happiest; Cooking Meats; Food and Health; Inheritances; Restless Nights; Summer Recreations; Cheap Bread; Nutrimment in Food; Facts about Eating; Object of Eating; Growing Potatoes; Value of different kinds of Food; Horse Rations; Hunger; Digestibility of various kinds of Food; Warmth and Strength, where desired.

DECEMBER.—Ill-Smelling Feet; Mind Lost; Elements of various kinds of Food; Worth Knowing; "Dirty" Children don't live Long; Salt Rheum; Medical Science; Popular Fallacies; Church Ventilation; Cough; Druggery; Sordid; Restlessness; Punctuality; Providence; Ever Thankful.

One number, sent free for 15c., any two for 25c., by addressing "The Publisher of Hall's Journal of Health," No. 2 West 43d street, New York, or the whole volume, containing 285 tracts, and a steel engraving, is sent, post-paid, for \$2.50.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

SPRING WATER.—The waters of the Excelsior Spring, at Saratoga, may be had at 47 Warren street, New York, at a moderate cost from the agent, Mr. William D. Forster, whose courtesy to all who call upon him personally, and whose promptitude and fidelity in the fulfilment of orders from abroad, are well known. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "I find it possessing in a marked degree, all the medicinal qualities mentioned by Professor Smith, of Baltimore, and Professor Dickson, and exceedingly gentle and uniform in its effects." Dr. Casper Morris says, emphatically, that "it possesses all the merits of all the other Saratoga waters." It is tonic, alterative, diuretic and cathartic, according to the proportions used.

"Cerebro Spinal Meningitis," being a report made to the Illinois State Medical Society, at Decatur, by J. S. Jewell, M. D., Professor of Anatomy, Chicago Medical College. This is by far the most complete, full and scientific paper we have yet seen on the malady in question, and every educated physician who has not seen it, should send at once for this valuable monogram, to George H. Fergus, 14 Clark street, Chicago, Illinois; sent, post-paid, for 25c.

Feeble Minded Children are educated at Barre, Mass. George Brown, M. D., Superintendent, to whom persons interested can write for a report on the condition, prospects and success of this admirable Institution.

The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York, have published "The Day Dawn," by the author of "Memoirs of Capt. Hedley Vicars," and "English Hearts and English Hands," also "Thy Day," a word to all, by S.M. Haughton, author of "A Saviour for You," &c., &c., "Faith," What it is, and What it Does, by same. "The Reign of Grace," by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Also a catalogue of volumes and libraries, adapted to the use of Pastors, Families, Bible Classes and Sabbath Schools, this last sent, post-paid, for six cent stamp, the other four, all sent by mail, post-paid, for 25c.

"The Story of a Stomach," an Egotism, by a Reformed Dyspeptic, published and sent, post-paid, for 30c. by Fowler & Wells, 339 Broadway, New York. Also for 25c.

"Thoughts on Domestic Life," or Marriage Vindicated and Free Love Exposed, by Nelson Sizer. "Let every man have his own wife, and let every woman have her own husband," 1 Corinthians, 7 : 2.

"Temperance." Rev. James B. Dunn has prepared a Temperance Catechism, for the use of temperance societies and private persons, containing a great deal of very interesting, striking and useful information. 6c. Address, J. N. Stearns, 172 William street, New York.

"UNITY," and its restoration, addressed to all Christians, by a Presbyterian of the Diocese of Illinois, dedicated to C. B. T., "greatly beloved," by whose sick bed, in the night watches of sanctified pain, the pages were written, in the cause of the unity of that church, in whose communion he died." We do not believe in the sentiments of the author of this pamphlet; like every other writer we have seen on this subject, our author makes the chief stone of the corner, his own infallibility, which expresses itself thus, "if all Christians every where believe as I do, there will be a good time coming soon." A one sided church like a one sided government, where there is but one political party, would become corrupt and be disorganized; it is the friction of thought with thought, that brings out the sparkles of truth in sentiment and practice. The Christian Church in its present organization, numerous like the billows, but as the ocean one, has made a good fight thus far, under its different banners, and no doubt will continue to do so, until its influence will "cover the earth, as the waters do the face of the great deep."

The Messrs. Broughton & Tuyman, 13 Bible House, New York, and 28 Cornhill, Boston, have sent us three pretty little books for children, "Lucy and Bell," and how they over came, 35c., "Christmas at the Beeches," 50c., and "The Blue Book Stories," by Harriet F. Woods, 203 pages, 80c.; all calculated to entertain the mind, instruct the head, and improve the heart. All sent, post-paid, for prices named.

"The Beacon," by Dr. Wm. M. Cornell, No. 7 Maynard Place, Boston, Mass., a conscientious physician and well known writer, has published a book with this title, which will be read with peculiar interest by those who are troubled with erysipelas and other ailments affecting the mind; it is sent, post-paid, for 50c. and may be profitably read by old and young. He has also written a practical work of great value, entitled, "How to enjoy life, or physical and mental Hygiene." The very large number of commendations bestowed on this publication by the press, without any known exception, are indications of the real value of the book.

"Phillip the II of Spain," by Charles Gayerre, author of the "History of Louisiana," with an introductory letter by George Bancroft, is just published by W. J. Widdleton, 17 Mercer street, New York. Mr. B. says that this book, "like that of Mr. Rives, has an important connection with the great questions which the mind of America is now engaged in solving. Both of them are indirectly the highest tributes to the incomparable excellency of our institutions, and are the most earnest admonitions in favor of their perpetuity." This valuable work is in a measure the continuation of Prescott's unfinished history of this stern son of Charles the Fifth, styled, "The Demon of the South."

"Conservative Surgery," as exhibited in surveying some of the mechanical causes which operate injuriously both in health and disease, with illustrations, by Henry G. Davis, Member of the American Medical Association, &c. &c., is published by D. Appleton & Co., 445 Broadway, New York. These records are a present to the Medical Profession of the gradual accumulations of over thirty years investigation. This is an endeavor to discover and elucidate principles, and is the only method of making true progress, and the work is confidently commended to the notice of practitioners in medicine and surgery. The subjects treated are fractures, dislocations, joints, muscles, tendons, deformities, spinal curvatures, symvites, morbus ceravicus, joint diseases, &c., &c.

"GAY COTTAGE," by Glance Gaylord, a beautiful little vol. of 144 pages of the American Tract Society 13 Bible House, New York, being a beautiful story beginning with "Going after a City Boy;" also "Steps in the Upward Way" or the Story of Fanny Bell by Mary Barrett, author of "Shooting at a Mark," etc. It contains 279 pages of profitable reading matter, to old and young, for parents and children, giving some boarding school revelations, from the interior—The first deception—The Telegram—Homeward—On Jordan's strand—&c., 24 chapters in all, and all very interesting. Any of our readers who will send their orders to Messrs. Broughton & Tuyman No. 13 Bible House, New York, will have them promptly and justly attended to.

HORACE GREELEY has offered a large premium in money to the township which shall first have two grape vines growing on every homestead; ten years ago, we suggested in this Journal, and that even in towns and cities, every owner of a lot should have a few vines growing as a means of profitable exercise, recreation and botanical study in the cultivation, and of enjoyment in the fruitage, the shade of the leaves and the ornamentation. The Iona and Israella Vines seem to have a multitude of admirers, these may be had by addressing C. W. Grant, Iona, near Peekskill, Westchester county, New York, who "offers choice buds of Iona and Israella for propagation, at the following cash rates, namely. In lots of 20 and upward, post-paid, by mail, ten cents each. Per 100, post-paid, by mail, \$7.50. Per 1000, delivered to the Express, \$50 to \$60. A still greater reduction on large lots.

"Those who consult the Price-List will find the prices very low for the present cost of production, while the quality of the plants is very high; and I do not hesitate to claim for them not only unequaled quality, but unequaled cheapness, when quality is considered. The constant testimony of the results of former years coming to me from all quarters affirms their excellence in all localities, and my present stock is of quality that challenges competition. Sample vines of Iona and Israella will be sent in lots of six, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price at dozen rate.

"I especially desire all large purchasers to visit and carefully inspect the vines, and note their quality and manner of production. I have many thousands of them grown in open ground, the soil being of only fair vineyard fertility. The plants were grown at such large distances apart that the roots and leaves were allowed abundant room for full development, "stocky growth," and hardy ripening.

"My stock also comprises many thousands grown in large pots, which are worth much more for hardy vigor and abundant early bearing. For relative value of plants, see Pamphlet and Manuel, where the subject is thoroughly treated.

"Remittances by check or draft are preferred. Small amounts may be sent by money orders on New York post-office. Where these are not obtainable, national currency may be sent at my risk, if inclosed in presence of postmaster where mailed. To collections C. O. D. of less than \$50, will be added return charges. All vines sold for cash. By the new Postage law, vine packages of less than four pounds are admitted by the mail. Ten cents per single vine, or sixty cents per dozen, in addition to price for one year old vines, will secure them to the purchaser by mail post-paid. *Manual of the Vine*, comprising Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogues, sent for 50c.

“Catching Cold.”

A LARGE number of fatal diseases result from taking cold, and often from such slight causes, apparently, as to appear incredible to many. But, although the causes are various, the result is the same, and arises from the violation of a single principle, to wit, cooling off too soon after exercise. Perhaps this may be more practically instructive if individual instances are named, which, in the opinion of those subsequently seeking advice in the various stages of consumption, were the causes of the great misfortune, premising that when a cold is once taken, marvelously slight causes serve to increase it for the first few days—causes which, under ordinary circumstances, even a moderately healthful system would have easily warded off.

Rachel, the tragedienne, increased the cold which ended her life, by insufficient clothing in the cars, in traveling from New-York to Boston; such was her own statement.

The immediate cause of the last illness of Abbott Lawrence, the financier and the philanthropist, was an injudicious change of clothing.

An eminent clergyman got into a cold bed in mid-winter, within fifteen minutes after preaching an earnest discourse; he was instantly chilled, and died within forty-eight hours.

A promising young teacher walked two miles for exercise, and on returning to his room, it being considered too late to light a fire, sat for half an hour reading a book, and before he knew it a chill passed over him. The next day he had spitting of blood, which was the beginning of the end.

A mother sat sewing for her children to a late hour in the night, and noticing that the fire had gone out, she concluded to retire to bed at once; but thinking that she could “finish” in a few minutes, she forgot the passing time, until an hour more had passed, and she found herself “thoroughly chilled,” and a month’s illness followed to pay for that one hour.

A little cold taken after a public speech in Chicago, so “little” that no attention was paid to it for several days, culminated in the fatal illness of Stephen A. Douglas. It was a slight cold taken in midsummer, resulting in congestion of the lungs, that hurried Eliza Feth Barrett Browning to the grave within a week. A vigorous young man laid down on an ice-chest on a warm summer’s day, fell asleep, waked up in a chill, which ended in confirmed consumption, of which he died three years later. A man in robust health and in the prime of life began the practice of a cold bath every morning, getting out of bed and standing with his bare feet on a zinc floor during the whole operation; his health soon declined, and ultimately his constitution was entirely undermined.

Many a cold, cough, and consumption are excited into action by pulling off the hat or overcoat as to men, and the bonnet and shawl as to women, immediately on entering the house in winter, after a walk. An interval of at least five or ten minutes should be allowed, for however warm or “close” the apartment may appear on first entering, it will seem much less so at the end of five minutes, if the outer garments remain as they were before entering. Any one who judiciously uses this observation, will find a multifold reward in the course of a lifetime.

DIARRHEA.

This word means, literally, a "*running through*," and as applied to the human body, in connection with a diseased condition, its expressiveness is easily seen. Whatever a person eats or drinks seems to pass through the system very soon, and with comparatively little change.

Simple diarrhea is the passing from the bowels of a watery, lightish-colored substance, in considerable quantities, at several times during the twenty-four hours, sometimes with pain; always leaving a sense of weakness, which makes sitting still a deliciousness, as if it would be a happiness to know that there would be no occasion ever to get up again.

If blood is passed instead of a thin, light-colored liquid, it is then *Dysentery*, or "Bloody Flux," accompanied with a frequent desire to stool, without being able to pass any thing, with a sensation so distressing, that the Latins called it *Tormina*, literally a "torment." If, on the other hand, the discharges are frequent, imperative, in immense quantities, thin as water almost, and of a lightish color, without any pain whatever; that is genuine cholera—Asiatic cholera. It is quite sufficient for all common, practical purposes, to say that diarrhea, dysentery, and Asiatic cholera are one and the same disease, differing only in intensity. Diarrhea is a watery looseness; dysentery is a bloody looseness; cholera is an immense watery looseness.

In diarrhea, there is not much pain, necessarily. In dysentery, there is a great deal of pain inevitably. In cholera, there is *never* any at all as to the bowels. In diarrhea discharges always succeed inclination. In dysentery there is a most distressing inclination, with no satisfactory, no relieving discharge.

In cholera, desire is followed always by immense and relieving discharges. In all these, there is one never-failing circumstance always and inevitably present, and never can be absent, under any conceivable circumstances—it is the quenchless instinct of nature calling for absolute rest, bodily quietude, and without that rest, a cure is always impossible, and death an inevitable event.

There is in all these a remorseless thirst. Nature then calls for two things, to satisfy her longings for rest and drink, and if these two things are done *with sufficient promptness*, there is a perfect cure in nine cases out of ten. Perfect quietude on a bed, and chewing ice, swallowing as large pieces as possible, until the thirst is perfectly satisfied, is all that is necessary in any ordinary attack of either of these three diseases. To make assurance doubly sure, keep the abdomen tightly bound around with two thicknesses of woollen flannel, eating nothing but boiled rice, with boiled milk, in ordinary cases; if more violent, let the rice be parched black as coffee usually is, then boil and eat it; or what is still more efficient, put a pound or more of flour in a linen bag, boil it two hours in milk, take off the skin, dry it, grate it into boiled milk, and eat it freely, and nothing else, until the disease is checked. If these bowel-complaints are checked too promptly with laudanum, paregoric, or opium, fatal convulsions take place in a few hours, as to children, and incurable congestion or inflammation of the brain in grown persons. As bowel diseases are the scourge of all armies in the fall of the year, these suggestions should be widely circulated.

HABIT.

BURKE relates that for a long time he had been under the necessity of frequenting a certain place every day, and that, so far from finding a pleasure in it, he was affected with a sort of uneasiness and disgust; and yet, if by any means he passed by the usual time of going thither, he felt remarkably uneasy, and was not quieted until he was in his usual track.

Persons who use snuff soon deaden the sensibility of smell, so that a pinch is taken unconsciously, and without any sensation being exerted thereby, sharp though the stimulus may be.

After a series of years winding up a watch at a certain hour, it becomes so much a routine as to be done in utter unconsciousness; meanwhile the mind and body are engaged in something entirely different.

An old man is reported to have scolded his maid-servant very severely for not having placed his glass in the proper position for shaving. "Why, sir," replied the girl, "I have omitted it for months, and I thought you could shave just as well without it."

We are all creatures of habit, and the doing of disagreeable things may become more pleasant than omissions; showing to the young the importance of forming correct habits in early life, to the end that they may be carried out without an effort, even although at first it may have required some self-denial, some considerable resolution to have fallen into them.

But if doing disagreeable things does by custom become more pleasurable than their omission, then the doing right, because we love to do what is right, becomes a double pleasure to the performer in the consciousness that, while he is yielding allegiance to his Maker, he benefits his fellow-man, and can not get out of the habit of well-doing without an effort and a pang. Thus are the truly good hedged round about, and are more confirmed in their good doing, and its practice becomes easier and more delightful the longer they live, helping them to go down to the grave "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

But if there is something in the fixedness of good habits that binds us to them, there is the same thing as to the evil. Thus it is that when a man has arrived at the age of forty-five years, he seldom changes his opinions or his practices, which, if they are evil, become more and more fixed. Thus, what a man believes and practices at forty-five, he is likely to believe and practice till he dies; and there is small hope of his conversion to different views and different deeds, and the Ethiopian's skin, or the leopard's spots are his forever. The man, therefore, who is not a Christian — by principle, and profession, and practice — at that age, should regard his condition "with fear and trembling," for it is most likely that he never will be one.

These principles are equally applicable to our physical nature—to bodily health. Habits of regularity, temperance, cleanliness, and exercise become a second nature in the course of years; their performance a pleasure, their infraction a discomfort; while the use of beverages of ale, beer, cordials, cider, and other drinks containing alcohol, or the employment of tobacco in chewing, smoking, or snuffing, and the over-indulgence of the propensities, becomes a slavery, an iron despotism, which in the end debases the heart, undermines the health, and destroys life, making a miserable wreck of soul, body and estate together.

WORCESTER'S HINGED-PLATE PIANO-FORTES.

WAREROOMS AND MANUFACTORY,

Corner of Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, N. Y.

THESE instruments are made in accordance with a principle recently developed and patented by HORATIO WORCESTER, which consists in the use of a divided iron plate instead of the solid one heretofore in vogue. The detached piece is coupled with the inner plate by means of a link at the base end, and is sustained in its proper position by the tension of the strings, which are attached to it in the usual manner. This gives to the strings a greatly increased power of vibration, and frees the sounding-board so as to allow it to reverberate throughout its whole extent. The increase obtained in volume and musical quality of tone is carefully estimated to be full ONE HUNDRED PER CENT, as stated upon the authority of Louis M. Gottschalk, William Mason, William Berge, E. Muzio, Theodore Thomas, David R. Harrison, Charles Fradel, Christian Berge, and many other distinguished artists. Attention is respectfully invited to the following opinions of the improvement from leading journals:

From the New-York World.

A discovery worthy the attention of every one interested in music has been made by an old-established piano-forte maker, Mr. Horatio Worcester, whose warerooms and factory have for years formed a landmark on the corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue. Mr. Worcester has succeeded in doubling the volume of sound belonging to the piano, and at the same time improving in a great degree its quality. This has been effected by merely using a plate made in two pieces instead of the common solid one. A portion is firmly fixed in the case in the usual manner, and to this the second piece is attached by means of a coupling at the base end. This coupling on one side and the tension of the strings on the other, hold it in its proper position, and allow it to move freely with the strings while they are in operation, the effect of which is to give double their former vibratory power to both the strings and sounding-board. The plate thus made is termed a hinged-plate. A few days since Mr. Gottschalk examined this novel feature and found it a worthy subject of approval, as appears by the subjoined extract from an autograph note of his to the inventor, under date of the 17th instant: "I estimate the volume of tone (in the improved pianos) to be increased about one hundred per cent. . . . Their singing quality is excellent. The upper part of the key-board is exceedingly brilliant, while the base is of a rich and powerful sonorousness." Other esteemed artists have also cordially indorsed the use of a hinged-plate. Among them are the names of William and Christian Berge, Charles Fradel, David R. Harrison, and William Mason. Had the Worcester improvement been sent to the London Exhibition, American pianos would have stood even a better chance than they do of winning valuable laurels as model instruments.

From the New-York Evening Post.

HINGED-PLATE PIANO-FORTES.—A piano-forte manufacturer of this city has perfected a genuine improvement in the method of constructing and bracing the iron plate to which the strings are attached. The iron is divided and a portion of it left free to yield with the vibration of the strings and sounding-board. It is thought that pianos so fashioned will stand in tune better than others, from the fact that the strain of the strings centers at one point only, (the hinge,) and also because they are less liable to injury resulting from the swelling or shrinking of the sounding-board. The substantial character of the improvement is vouched for by many leading musicians, artists, and critics, by whom it has been well tested at the warerooms of the inventor, Mr. H. Worcester, corner of Third avenue and Fourteenth street.

From the New-York Musical Review and World.

One of our oldest-established piano-forte makers, Mr. Horatio Worcester, has just received letters patent for an improvement in the construction of that favorite instrument. The advantage consists in the use of a hinged plate, which gives to the sounding-board a freedom similar to that found in the violin. Mr. Worcester uses a plate cast in two pieces, one of which is fixed in the case after the usual manner, and with which the second or inner portion is connected by a coupling or hinge. To this second piece the strings are attached in the ordinary way, and by exerting a strain in opposition to that of the hinge, the piece is held in position. The effect of this is to give increased power of vibration throughout the whole extent of the sounding-board. This produces a singing quality of tone unusually powerful and agreeable, while for general volume, durability, and richness of tone, the instruments are decidedly superior. As the tension of the strings centers at the hinge, instead of being felt around the entire edge of the plate, there is a greater chance of these pianos standing longer in tune than those having a solid plate. The strings are also relieved of considerable pressure arising from the swelling or shrinking of the sounding-board. It is the opinion of nearly all the skilled musicians and artists who have compared the Hinged-Plate Pianos with others of the same scale and make, that the increase in volume and beauty of sound is quite equal to fifty per cent. The principle is certainly a correct one, and having worked in a most satisfactory manner so far, after ample testing during nearly a year past, we see no reason to doubt its efficacy as claimed by the inventor. Being simple and substantial, it needs only to be known thoroughly to create for itself favor with the musical community. Mr. Worcester has received autograph testimonials from many of our most esteemed and influential resident musicians and critics, to which they express their entire confidence in the genuine character of the improvement.

Complimentary notices have also appeared in the *New-York Evening Express*, *Commercial Advertiser*, *Scientific American*, *Brooklyn City News*, *Brooklyn Weekly Standard*, *New-York Leader*, *Saturday Evening Courier*, *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and other standard journals, all of which indorse the Worcester modification in the strongest terms.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol.

MAY, 1867.

[No. 5.]

HOW TO SIT.

ALL consumptive people, and all afflicted with spinal deformities, sit habitually crooked, in one or more curves of the body. There was a time in all these when the body had its natural erectness, when there was the first departure on the road to death. The make of our chairs, especially that great barbarism, the unwieldy and disease-engendering rocking chair, favors these diseases, and undoubtedly, in some instances, leads to bodily habits which originate the ailments just named, to say nothing of piles, fistula, and the like. The painful or sore feeling which many are troubled with incessantly for years, at the extremity of the backbone, is the result of sitting in such a position that it rests upon the seat of the chair, at a point several inches forward of the chair back. A physiological chair, one which shall promote the health and preserve the human form erect and manly as our Maker made it, should have the back straight, at right-angles with the seat, the seat itself not being over eight inches deep. A chair of this kind will do more towards correcting the lounging habits of our youth than multitudes of parental lecturings, for then if they are seated at all they must sit erect, otherwise there is no seat-hold.

In partial connection with this subject, Dr. Potter said, in a recent address at Albany, on

AMERICAN MANNERS.

"I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather too prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for anything finical or affected in manners. We do not want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, genteel manners, ease, modesty and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value. When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our sitting with our feet higher than our heads? During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home, and on the continent in every situation. I never saw one spit. I cannot remember that I ever saw any one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in any unbecoming manner. So long as the State shall feel itself obliged to provide "spittoons" for its legislative halls—so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to put inside of their carriages printed requests to the passengers to "use the spittoons and not the floor, and not to put their feet upon the seats"—so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised, nor angry, if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense. And in the mean time let all those who are intrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation after a model more elevated and more refined."

HOW TO GET UP EARLY.—Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning, dip your hands in the basin and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace.

This is the advice given by an aged man, who had been in the habit of rising early during a long life. By attending to this advice, you may learn to rise every morning at *five o'clock*. The Editor has found it to be a better plan to go to bed at one regular hour. Leave your bed the moment you awake of yourself, after daylight; nature will thus regulate the sleep to the exact amount required by the system.

LETTER FROM A SICK ROOM.

"WHEN I tell you, gentlemen, that I am a poor sick girl, propped up in my easy chair, scribbling to you, no doubt you will marvel that I make this exertion, when I can probably say so little to interest either you or your readers. True enough! But as I declare my object to be a simple desire to thank you for that *Budget of Goodies*, received weekly, I trust you will pardon my boldness. No matter what the weather may be! Does the wind blow? Or the storm come pelting upon my casement? Does my ninth bottle of "Cod Liver Oil" stand staring me in the face? Does "Croton" and "Mustard" nip and bite? Or do sad thoughts steal into my heart, and my little chamber seem dark and solitary? All these evils are forgotten when I hear a light tap upon the door, and "Josey" enters bearing the *Home Journal*, and the "Dr.'s compliments, Miss," and "hopes you are quite comfortable." Down goes the "oil!" and away scamper "dark clouds" and "sad thoughts!" while my soul enjoys refreshing draughts from your columns. I like everything you say, but especially the hints you drop now and then about those young city ladies who frequent gay scenes, dressing in the most extravagant and ridiculous manner imaginable! Poor silly creatures! But who can blame them, while their simple old "mamas" encourage them in such foolishness! *They* surely ought to know better; for were they *honestly* to consult their own situation, physically and mentally, they could but acknowledge that an aching heart and body must be the result, if not premature death. But where, in the name of health and common sense, are the fathers and brothers of these little simpletons? If their mothers are not to be depended upon, why do not those who secretly confess the revolting impression a half-dressed, dissipated, sickly female produces upon their minds,—I say, why do *they* not forbid such wickedness? Why do they not refuse to accompany, or permit them to go to scenes of amusements or elsewhere, unless comfortably and decently attired? Ah! Echo answers—"Why"!!! You will, perhaps, deem my remarks somewhat severe, but as I sit here in my "easy-chair," my thoughts wander back to past follies and imprudencies, which I would give worlds to recall! "Thin shoes,"

and "damp feet," repeated "coughs" and "colds," flit before me! Warnings came, and passed unheeded, and in *bitterness* am I reaping the reward of such negligence! Excluded from the world, and often even from personal interviews with dear friends, as excitement and over-talking soon place me upon my sofa, and I lose all I seemed to have gained. "Consumption!" (that fell destroyer,) seems hovering near, and I may well fear him, for already has he robbed us of many dear ones. Once we numbered seven, but now, alas! *three* are resting in yonder little enclosure. While the dark-eyed "Lizzie" reposes in her native New England, the "first-born" loving and true-hearted "Mary," sleeps far away in the "sunny South." But Death did not stop ~~here~~! One other! noble and near of kin! bound to our affections by cords that never can be broken, left our home one bright summer day, full of hope, and promising speedy return. But the faithful "Missionary" in a far-distant island of the Pacific, soothed his dying couch, and received his parting sigh! Never shall I forget that morning the sad news reached us that another loved one had gone down to the grave! By the last steamer, had been received letters of happy anticipations, bidding us look forward a few short months, when he would return, and with him a fair bride, whose happiness it should be to supply, as far as possible, the blank left in our hearts by past sorrow. With joy we penned answers full of love and welcome! A few hours later, a black-sealed missive was handed us, and we learned that a "miniature," a "lock of hair," and a few "withered flowers" plucked from his grave, were all we had to look upon of my once-loved brother. A year has passed since then, and now *my* turn has come to suffer, and perhaps *die*, ere the rose shall blossom again. One object binds me strongly to earth! A dear old *father* still lingers with me, trembling upon the verge of *eternity*, as though unwilling to leave me *quite alone*! He is *so* gentle, *so* kind; and his eye follows me as tenderly as that of a fond mother, and seems to say, "I live but for you," while my poor heart echoes back, "*I* but for *you*, dear father!" And now, dear sirs, I must close this "epistle from my easy-chair." Once more let me thank you for your delightful paper, and through you, my good physician, by whose politeness I receive it, and who displays not a little shrewdness in his prescription

of the *Home Journal*, in place of useless concoctions and disgustingly crammed *pill boxes* ! Yours, truly,

LOUISE.

The above letter is taken from the "*Home Journal*," printed weekly in New York, for three dollars a year, a paper which few subscribers cease to take, as long as it is possible to spare the subscription price, beautiful in its mechanical execution, regular in its appearance, sparkling, varied, and always interesting.

Was that "poor sick girl's" condition a necessity, or the result of a neglected physical education ?

Louise ! is your mother's bible near ? *it* will give enduring comfort.

THE JOKING CLERGYMAN.

REV. DR. BYLES was the most original compound of religion and mirth, conspicuous in the latter part of the last century in New England. With a good heart, a mind of stable principles, and a decent reverence for his holy office, he nevertheless possessed a buoyant and genial flow of spirits, constantly running over with puns or witty conceits. He maintained his connection with the Hollis street church for forty-three years. He was a hale yet aged man when the Revolutionary war began, and in his political predilections leaned towards the royal side.

In May, 1777, it was deemed necessary to arrest him as a Tory. He was condemned to be placed on board a guard ship and sent to England. Subsequently the sentence was changed to confinement in his house. A sentinel was kept before his door day and night, whom he was wont to call his *observ-a-tory*. At the last, the vigilance of the board of war relaxed, and the sentinel disappeared ; after a while he was replaced, and after a little removed altogether. The Doctor used pleasantly to remark that he had been "guarded, regarded and disregarded." Once the Doctor tried to have the sentinel let him go after some milk for his family ; but he was firm, and would not ; he then argued the case with the honest but simple fellow, and actually induced him to go after the milk while he, the Doctor, kept guard over himself ! The neighbors were filled with wonderment to see their pastor walking in measured strides before his

own door with the sentinel's gun at his shoulder, and when the story got abroad, it furnished food for town gossip and merriment for several days.

The Doctor had rather a shrewish wife ; so one day he called at the old distillery that used to stand on Lincoln street, and accosted the proprietor thus :

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," replied Mr. Hill, the proprietor.

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "I should like to have you go and still my wife."

He served rather an ungallant trick upon this same good lady at another time. He had some curiosities, which people occasionally called to see. One day two ladies called. Mrs. B. was "in the suds," and begged her husband to shut her in a closet while he exhibited his curiosities. He did so. After exhibiting everything else he said, "Now, ladies, I have reserved my greatest curiosity to the last," and opening the door he exhibited Mrs. B. to the ladies.

There was an unseemly "slough of despond" before his door, in the shape of a quagmire, which he had repeatedly urged the town authorities to remove. At last two of the town officers in a carriage got fairly stuck in it. They whipped the horse, they hawed and geed, but they could not get out. Dr. Byles saw them from his window. He stepped out in the street—"I am delighted, gentlemen," said he rubbing his hands with glee, "to see you *stirring in this matter* at last!" The sore in the ground was healed soon after.

Going along the street one day he found himself in a great crowd near the old North Church.

"What is the matter?" inquired he of a bystander.

"Why, sir, there is a man going to fly from the steeple."

"Poh! poh!" said he, "do you all come here to see a man fly? Why, I have seen a horse-fly."

A learned lady of Boston despatched a note to him on the Great Dark Day, (May 19, 1780,) in the following style :

"Dear Doctor,—How do you account for this darkness?"

His reply was—

"Dear Madam,—I am *as much in the dark* as you are."

Reader! study now, to have a healthful old age, and then, if good, you can afford to be mirthful, like the brave old Dominie.

THE AMERICAN CLIMATE.

"To the Editor of the New York 'Tribune.'

"SIR :—Having read an article in 'THE TRIBUNE' on the American climate, in which it is stated that an English Review and M. Deser have pronounced our climate unfavorable to physical vigor, I must beg permission to say a word on the subject.

"All portions of the earth have their own climate, made from a combination of causes, of which the proximity of water is one of the chief. In Western Europe the climate is what we see from its vicinity to the ocean on the frequency of westerly winds, in carrying the moisture landward; for it is a fact well known to seamen that westerly winds prevail on the ocean, especially on the Pacific, from its greater extent probably, all but constantly above the region of the trade winds say from 25 to 30 deg., as easterly winds do within those parallels. These westerly winds carry evaporation from our Atlantic coast, instead of bringing it to us, as in Europe. The fact that different countries fall on the same isothermal lines has little to do with their humidity. Ireland and England lie over against Labrador; France corresponds with Canada and New England; Spain and Morocco with our Middle and Southern States. Just go over the Pacific, and you will find at Vancouver's Island, and the country about Nootka Sound the same climate as in England and Holland, except what may be occasioned by the country back being high land, instead of low, like Holland. And is not the climate of Californi much like that of Spain? It is, or should by this time be known, that these prevalent west winds north of 30 deg., give mildness of climate to the west sides of both continents, and that in the Eastern part of Europe the air is dry, and the summer and winter temperature more variable. Why, even here in Michigan, the open waters of Lake Michigan, in extreme winter weather, when westerly winds prevail, as they usually do, give us 10 deg. over Wisconsin and Northern Illinois.

"I was raised in New Hampshire, but have resided in Oregon, and have observed that the moisture naturally de-

pend on the proximity of water, the course of the winds and the extent and elevation of the land, varying according as the thousands of locations vary as to surrounding objects, In Tartary and other parts of Central Asia, you find the climate of Utah, Nebraska and New Mexico, while the United States are not unlike China. All these circumstances modify the human and other animals the world over. The extremes of our winters and summers I suppose have more to do in forming the American character, than the dryness of the air; for in New England, with the sterile soil and severe winters, activity is necessary to existence, as it were, and the activity and industry thus induced have become habitual and constitutional. It may be with our extreme activity we may not last so long or be so fat as the more phlegmatic Europeans, though we should be compared with the French and Spaniards as to location, and not with the inhabitants of the British Islands and Northern Germany.

"Your obedient servant,

"Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 20,

"J. B."

PITCHING INTO NICODEMUS.

A CELEBRATED character of the State of New York, holding a high post in the law, was lately taken ill and confined to his bed for several days. His wife proposed to read for him to which he readily assented.

"My dear, what shall I read?"

"Oh, I don't care much what, anything you please."

"But have you no choice?"

"None in the world, love; please yourself."

"Shall I read a chapter or two out of the Scriptures?"

"Oh, yes, that'll do very well."

"But what part of the Scripture shall I read?"

"Any part you like, love."

"But, you must have some choice, some little preference; we all have that."

"No, I have none in the world; read any part you like best."

"But I would rather please you, dear, and you surely have a preference."

"Well, well, dear; if you will please me, then, *pitch into Nicodemus.*"

SUSPICIOUSNESS.

ONE of the most laughable and amusing occupations of a publisher is reading letters from country folk in reference to orders for books, magazines, newspapers, &c. The extreme readiness to jump at the idea that somebody wants to cheat them out of the worth of two cents is amazing. They hear so much of the rascalities of large cities that they become afraid of their own shadow; being entirely oblivious of the fact that four times out of five the thousand and one little meannesses of which they read have been perpetrated by their own friends and neighbors and relations, who have come to New York to try their hands at all sorts of ill doings, but have'nt sense enough to keep themselves from being found out. If a New Yorker commits a lapse it is either a "big thing," or there is so much daring about it that more or less of admiration is felt for the fellow in the very few cases in which he is found out. Not long ago we knew of one whose best suit of clothes had gone to seed and who wanted to replenish. He came to New York with a young cart load of recommendations from dead editors and newspapers which had "gone up" twenty-five years before. He was patriotic; got hold of the ladies, and proposed an exhibition of his powers, the entire proceeds to be handed over to the Soldier's Relief Fund. Great preparations were made. Wives who had nothing better to do, taking young widows who could kill two birds with one stone, and bright-eyed girls who had "loveyers" in the wars, trudged around day after day selling tickets of admission, and things were going on swimmingly until about three hours before the performances were to have commenced, when the chief lady manager received a note saying that the operator had ordered a complete suit of broadcloth, and that the tailor had refused to deliver it until paid for, that he had been disappointed in some expected "remittances," that it would be impossible for him to appear unless he could have his new suit, and that if the bill could be paid for him he would refund at his earliest convenience. "Of course," said the dear, delightful, confiding creatures who composed the management, "we must pay the bill and he will

pay it back; it shows that he has self respect, and that he feels it due to appear in becoming style." Well, the curtain rose, there was the suit of broadcloth, a perfect fit, and all glossy with its newness; inside the clothing was the man, and inside the man about a barrel of brandy, "be the same more or less," for there was no convenient opportunity for measuring the amount with precision; but if the volumn of screech, yell and roar was an index, an amount of liquor had been consumed by the person which would be perfectly appalling if it had been known; the curtain opportunely fell, and neither the suit nor what it covered were ever heard of more.

Some time ago, when we edited two publications, some one from down east wrote to know if a few specimen numbers could be sent him, that ours was a very reliable publication; that he had some influence in the neighborhood and could get a good lot of subscribers. In about two weeks the very same person, in the very same words, wrote for some specimen copies of the other monthly, not knowing that both came from the same office; and no doubt he thus obtained loads of publications from all parts of the country and thus kept himself posted as to literary matters at but little cost. It is a more common thing however for country people to read the notices of monthlies, and when they see that a subject is treated about which they would like to read they post off a letter in this wise: "I could easily get up a club for you, if I had a specimen number to show; the last one would perhaps be as good as any." It is needless to say that none of these writers are ever heard from again, unless under some other name or other post office address, to get another number. We venture to say that not over one person in ten who writes for a specimen number "with a view to subscribing," excepting those who honestly send the price ever subscribes, in our experience,

But look at the other side of these country people, who as a class are the closest people in the world,—we mean the farmers of the United States. If a paper is offered to them at about half its price and about actual cost, they will think

over and over again, and after great tribulation they bring forth the dirtiest dollar out of their filthy pocket books, always being particular to send the worst looking, the most torn and mutilated one they can find. They take it to the post master and in the presence of a dozen loafers in the "country store," where most post offices are kept, they state that money is enclosed, and with great misgivings deposit the valuable missive in its proper receptacle, and slowly wind their way home wondering all the time if they will ever hear of that precious dollar again; then they begin to calculate as closely as possible how long it will take to get to New York and how long to return, allowing ten minutes for delivery and answer; for they seem to suppose that somebody is at the office waiting for the letter, that there is no other letter but that, and all that the publisher has to do is to open, read and answer it without taking time to draw his breath. Having fixed to their own satisfaction the time when an answer should come, and knowing the day and hour that the only mail which ever comes to the village reaches them, they go two or three hours beforehand, hoping that the mail will come in that day sooner than usual, and they sit on some stump or the head of a whisky barrel, chew tobacco, spit and wait. Meanwhile they talk a little about the weather and the crops, but they soon run out of that, and knowing very little about any thing else they lapse again into silent chewing and spitting, once in a while stretching up and asking somebody what can be the reason the mail don't come. When it does come they await its opening with intense interest, being the only interest they have at that time, their whole souls being concentrated in the one fear that they have been caught in a trap; and when they see Tom, Dick and Harry of their neighbors, each carrying home a letter or opening an ample paper, they feel just as if they were nobody, as if not a soul on earth cared enough about them to even send them a printed circular, "price two cents;" then their little minds go on a raid in the half suspicion that they have been cheated, they work themselves up into the tallest kind of frenzy; by the time they get home they are so brimful of gall that they would burst if they

did not vent it on somebody or something; if the tom cat happened to be in their way, or a puppy, they would give it such a kick as to send it yowling a mile beyond their cow-house; then down they sit to a scrawl which looks as if a cockroach had fallen into the inkstand and was making his escape across a piece of white paper; and now just hear some of their rants, literally. A stupid old dutchman writes to a cotemporary: "I sent you my money; you must have got it, because I put it mit my letter into the post office; so I know you must have got it; and if I don't get your paper right away I vill bublish you all over this land, so I vill." Another comes from a Connecticutcheon boy, the same place where wooden nutmegs come from, plaster of Paris hams and all that kind of honorable articles of commerce. The January, February and March numbers had been bound in one cover, as they treated pretty much on the same subjects, and would save postage to the subscribers besides making a valuable book of itself. "I inquired for my Journal of Health and was told that the January number was marked from January to March; and so one number of the Journal must answer for three months. How is this? Do not the proprietors of Hall's Journal of Health wish to do business in an honorable manner? I have not taken the Journal from the post office, nor do I intend to until it comes as it should. I can spare the money I sent you, if necessary. I had rather receive no compensation at all than a partial one. Trusting, however, that it is only an oversight and that you mean to do just as you agreed to, I am respectfully yours."

It may be well to state that the cause of delay in receiving the papers subscribed for in connection with the Journal of Health, was that by an inadvertance or misapprehension one list of names sent to that paper in due time to be copied on their books was returned to the office of the Journal of Health without being copied, the mistake not having been discovered until several complaints had been sent in.

H. A. BUTTOLPH, M.D., Superintendent of the New Jersey Lunatic Asylum, has sent in his annual report to Governor

Ward at Trenton. It is a sad record; 367 patients in December, 1866; 540 had been under treatment during the year; 2,774 had been admitted since the institution was opened, May 15, 1848. The whole report is curious and instructive, and shows a scientific and practical ability highly creditable to the superintendent and his business management.

NOTICES.

The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New York, have issued "Lile Ada," reprinted from a London edition, also "Sun Beams for Human Hearts," from God's own word, both sent post-paid for 12 cents. Also, "A Mother's Legacy," or Sabbath evening counsels to her sons and daughters, by Mrs. Nancy Sproat, late of Taunton, Mass., author of Poetic Works for the Young, &c. Mrs. Sproat was an earnest and devoted Christian mother, and this little twenty-five cent book will be a great aid to young mothers as well as to growing children. "The Bible Reader's Help," 30c., with painted maps of the Holy Land and of Bible countries, contains valuable and interesting articles on the books of the Bible; its doctrines and teachings, the English version; its figurative language, reading hints; the patriarchs; the parables; the miracles; Bible places, words, images, customs, &c., explained; just such a book as will aid in attaining the truthful meaning of that book, which is worth more than all other books beside; a book of which some one has beautifully written,

' This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems,
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Or all their diadems.
Yes, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds too the stars of night,
This book were worth them all."

"Toils and Triumphs," of 25 years, by one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society, describing the colportage system, its aims, needs, effects, &c.

"Hints and Thoughts," for Christians, by Rev. John Todd, D. D., sent for one dollar, in beautiful, clear, large type, may

be profitably read in every Christian family; it is practical, comforting, suggesting, suitable for a summer traveller; can be taken up and read for a moment or two, then laid down and reflected upon, as the subjects are varied and numerous and attractive.

"Back Bone." 396 pp. Robert M. DeWitt, 13 Frankfort street, publisher. Author, Edward H. Dixon, M. D., editor of "The Scalpel," dedicated to "Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, friends of their country and of mankind." This book is made up of articles which originally appeared in "The Scalpel." It is altogether a slashing production, consequently titillates a few, makes many enemies, and injures the author more than any one else. Dr. Dixon is nothing, if not severe; right soundly does he thrash the follies of the times, and its stupidities; and at every page, the reader is obliged to cry out, "Hurrah for Dixon, its all true;" and yet, that same reader would not like to adopt that plan of reforming the world, nor would he like to be seen patting the author on the back encouragingly; just as a good many people would like hugely to see some bad citizen kicked, but would not dare to be the kickers. Dixon would rather lay on the blows, than see it done, because he would be afraid it would not be done with merited vigor. The book is full of instruction in matters pertaining to physical, mental and social health. Dr. Dixon is a scientific man, and his physiological views will be found to bear a rigid examination, for he knows whereof he affirms. As to matters of morals and religion, he is not a safe guide; with this caveat, the intelligent reader will be instructed and amused. But if any one wants a limb amputated or a head taken off, be assured it will be done *secundem artem*, by Edward H. Dixon, Surgeon, at 45 Fifth Avenue, New York.

If any of our subscribers do not receive their Journal, they will be re-sent on notification, as a matter of courtesy, but not of right, as all his responsibility ceases, the moment a publisher deposits his publication in Uncle Sam's mail bag. Whoever claims a second number of the Journal, as a matter of right, won't get it. Whoever is fool enough to write to the publisher while he is in a passion is not considered worth a three cent

postage stamp and an old envelope turned inside out. And whoever wants an answer to any letter on any subject must enclose a post-paid envelope already addressed, as a very large number of persons cannot write their own names legibly or fail to give the full post-office address of town, county and state. We frequently receive letters containing from two to twenty dollars, without date or name or place; sometimes they reach us through the dead letter office at Washington, for want of a postage stamp, or put on so loosely as to fall off. In any company of ten persons, there will scarcely be found three who know how to attach a stamp to a letter properly. The place to attach a stamp is the upper right hand corner; the manner is more important; very many begin by licking the gum off the stamp; if they knew how dirty it was perhaps they wouldn't do it; but what's the use of licking off the gum, there is scarcely enough put on it any time to make it stick well. Moisten the envelope itself with the saliva, and then press the stamp on it with the finger; or better, a clean handkerchief. Reader, put it to yourself, have you been one of the licksters of dirty gum; if you have, you are one of that large class which has very little common sense, not enough we fear to keep you from killing yourself one of these days by some thoughtless act, which will prove that for the time being, at least, you were scarcely one remove from an idiot. Haven't you done a thing before now, in reference to which, when afterward thinking of it, you exclaimed with gritted teeth and ungovernable impatience, "what a fool I was." This being so you are the very person, who upon your clothing taking fire, would run to the door with all your might, fanning the flame, and allowing it to burn upwards around your face, drawing it into the throat and lungs, causing certain death, instead of lying down on the floor, thus preventing any flame being about the face, and then drawing a carpet to you, or a piece of bedding, and rolling yourself up in it, which would instantly extinguish the flame; or you are one of that other kind, who instead of tasting a thing in an unmarked bottle or covered vessel, gulp it down at a draught, it being cyanic acid, or other deadly poison, killing you in an instant; as thousands and tens

of thousands have done; or if waking up in the night, and finding your room on fire, you would jump up and run to the door or window to be suffocated with smoke and flame, instead of falling on the floor and crawling out; the smoke and flame and heat being above you; if your carriage was running away, you would jump out at the side in double quick time, and break your invaluable neck, instead of spilling yourself out from behind, and let the carriage run until it was tired; if wearied and overheated with walking, you would take a stage or carriage or omnibus, let down a window and breathe in the delicious cool clear air, to wake up with inflammation of the lungs next morning, and in three days be in your grave, instead of closing the window if it was open, and drawing your clothing closer about you, so as not to cool off too quickly; if you had a foot frozen in skating, or by long exposure to very cold weather, you would as soon as you get home, ram it in a pail of hot water, and then have a surgeon to saw it off in a few days, instead of putting it in ice cold water first, and allow it to be gradually warmed; instead of eating to your heart's content, like any other pig and then stop, you continue eating against your instinct, merely because you don't like to leave a lump of butter or a bit of bread or a piece of meat, and that being the last ounce that broke the camel's back, the last crumb that overpowered the laboring stomach, you induce dyspeptia, and for the remainder of life you become an inveterate growler and grumbler, pleased with nothing and nobody, not even with yourself; in fact, so thoroughly disgusted with life, that you are almost persuaded to jump into the river, and would do it, were you not conscious of richly deserving some of the pains and penalties of an after existence. If you are eating, and find that you have had enough, and don't want a mouthful more, why in the world don't you stop, there's not a pig or puppy or poodle in existence that hasn't sense enough to stop eating when he's got enough; your brother the donkey does it, don't you see reader, you are more than a mule; ain't you ashamed of yourself for doing such stupid things, and putting yourself beneath the brutes which perish. Would you like to be wiser? then without delay purchase a full set of Hall's Journal of Health, bound in muslin, thirteen volumes, for \$20, and practice what is therein contained as long as it does you good, and our word for it, you will be a goose no longer, but will become a hale, hearty, healthy, jovial person, full of life and fun, with a heart overflowing with kindness to all of the human family, just like the editor of Hall's Journal of Health.

MALARIA AND MIASM.

Malaria is literally bad air, and includes all kind of air not entirely pure. Miasm is a something which arises from the earth under certain conditions, and is of such a subtle nature, that chemical analysis has hitherto failed to detect its presence; and yet, it is so malignant in its effects in certain localities, that a few hours exposure to its inhalation, is sufficient to induce malignant fevers and deadly diseases, fatal within a few days. This miasm abounds most fatally on the banks of sluggish streams and stagnant waters, such as on the bayous of the South and the prairies of the West, and all other undrained localities. But miasm can exist under one set of circumstances only, heat above eighty degrees, with moisture, must act on vegetable matter, until it begins to decay; when decay commences, then the poisonous virus begins to rise and induce its deadly effects. During 1866, some facts were published in Illinois, and simultaneously in France, indicating that the offending material in what was called a miasmatic atmosphere, was possessed of life; a French lady avering in a scientific paper that it was a vegetable product, capable of multiplying itself with wonderful activity; while a physician of Chicago was at the same time carrying on a series of experiments, and making observations, seeming to prove that it was of animal origin, a microscopic insect made clearly visible. It was stated that if a person breathed a miasmatic air, the living thing could be detected in the saliva, and that if a quantity of the air was conveyed to a distance, and was put in a room where it could be breathed, that miasmatic disease, fever, diarrhoea, dysentery, &c., were produced. But whether dead matter or a vegetable product or a living animal, the clearly ascertained laws of miasm remain the same, and one great practical fact stands out with striking prominence, that there should be a good drainage under and around every human habitation, and that no dwelling near stagnant water can be healthful.

CONTRADICTIONS.

If a man were to say to me that the moon was made out of a monkey, I would say nothing, and let him have his own way; either first, because "he was a fool and had no sense," as our mother used to say in an expressive manner peculiar to herself; or second, that he knew better and wanted to provoke argument, and I have seldom found argument upon any subject, especially on politics or religion, either profitable or agreeable; this is particularly the case, if any third person is present; for then, the contest is for victory, and not truth; each one is ashamed to be vanquished, and has an ambition to be appreciated as the better or wiser man, by those who are present, and in the heat of the contest, each closes his eyes to the force of the other's arguments, and makes exaggerated statements, if not downright fabrications, for the support of his own views. If your antagonist is unintelligent, he has a double advantage over you; he is too obtuse to see the force of your argument, or so self-opinionated that he will not see it; besides, when hard pushed, he will make some statement to help him out of the scrape, that is so palpably absurd, that it puts you in a rage, and that moment you make a fool of yourself, and there are two donkeys, instead of one; your equanimity is departed, your "bile has been stirred up," literally, and you "feel bad," and are bad in temper and bodily condition for hours together; and all this, because a numskull had said to you that the moon was made out of a monkey; a very

"Ocean into tempest tost,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly."

O ye married folk, all over creation, how much of the nectar of domestic bliss becomes "spilt milk"! because of contradictions upon matters too trivial for a second thought. If I make a statement at the table that it rained yesterday at one o'clock, and my wife says, "No my dear, you are mistaken, for the clock struck one, just as we got inside the door, and it was at least a minute before the drops began to fall," now why should I reply to that? Suppose it began to rain a minute sooner or later, it is of no consequence as to the general statement that "it rained yesterday at one o'clock," and yet, in this way, millions of domestic quarrels have commenced, ending in unhappy estrangements for hours, months, years!! Reader, never contradict, especially your wife, for she will always get the advantage sooner or later. Let your replies be deprecatory. If she says "you are a fool," don't argue the case; and if you say anything at all let it be, "that's so," but don't add, "else I would never have married you."

WOMAN.

Angels are the only unabused beings in the universe, but woman, who is only a mite lower than the angels, is the most abused! by that class of men who are vulgar in their natures, brutal in their passions and degraded in their whole being. When we hear a man speak disparagingly of women, as a class, he that very instant becomes so degraded in our estimation, that a lifetime of faultless conduct could not elevate him in our eyes, to the standard of a gentleman. Who but the lowest grovellers can think of mother, sister, wife, daughter, with other than feelings of respect and affection and love. And yet some crazy poet has written,

"O woman, woman! thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs,
The good are very good indeed,
The bad too sour for pigs."

But even this fellow, scape grace as he must have been, could not have for a moment thought his mother, wife, sister or daughter, anything else than "very good," in the sense that all His works are, who made the stars, the sunshine and the flowers.

Celebrities have said several things of woman which, while they are suggestive, challenge indignant contradiction! The very last words of an unfortunate under the gallows at the New York Tombs, in 1854, were, "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a verry aggravating woman." Now reader, I put it to you, in real earnest and "pon honor," did you ever in all your life think for a moment, that the dear creature who hangs so lovingly on your arm as when, like a good man you go to church on the Sabbath day, was aggravating? Certainly you can't remember with specific definiteness the circumstances, the time when, and the place where such an unwelcome intruder forced itself on your attention. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is both man and wife, for we never heard anything of Mr. Stowe; certainly never hung up anybody—except Uncle Tom to the gaze of the world, quotes with seeming approval the great Balzac as saying, "Woman is incapable of logic;" and a very staid placid Quaker friend of ours, who lives in grand style on the retracy of his own made ample fortune; and said it too with a vim, rather remarkable for a drab, "women have no regard for consequences." And a very cavalier said several years ago, his beautiful and accomplished and most devoted wife standing by his side, in our office, and the sentiment was as new as it was startling. A high legal authority in England, has very ungallantly said, "I don't know how it is, but somehow or other, women are constitutionally incapable of speaking the truth."

Reader, when you see such ideas as these put on paper, regard them as "the baseless fabric of a vision," and as a means of verification, follow the advice of a physician who has seen sights! "As soon as practicable take, not Dr. Quack's celebrated cordial and elixir, but if you have never done it before, take a woman, make her your wife, and you will be a better, happier and a ————— wiser man; and so promotive of health, is this wife taking, that in all climes and countries, bachelors die earlier, on an average, by several years, than the married."

WRONG END FOREMOST.

"Some persons get up wrong end foremost," was the suggestive remark the other day of a maiden lady, whose sterling worth, the most obtuse would discover after a very short acquaintance. Right merrily do the summer birds twitter in the spring, and the little lambkins too, skip around of a May morning, as if well pleased with themselves and all the world; it is left only to a certain class of human brutes, to rise from their beds in a humor, ugly, mischievous and sometimes even devilish, instead of opening their eyes to the beautiful morning with hearts overflowing with humble thankfulness that they have arisen from the counterpart of the grave, with their property, their reason, their health, and their lives all preserved to them, by the watchful care of HIM whose eye never slumbers or sleeps—they begin the day with angriness, with impatient fault-findings; ready to fly in a passion at every trivial occurrence not precisely in accordance with their wishes; not content to indulge in their unamiablenesses in their chambers, they bring them down to the breakfast table—the husband to vent them on the uncomplaining and patient wife, the young man in surly orders to the servants, and the budding girl to cast a fretful glance on the good things before her, forgetting that they would have been sweet indeed, were it not for her late hours, her neglect of daily exercises in the open air and her indulgences in eating unregularly, in eating "between times," and in taking hearty and late meals. The pig, when he comes to his trough, quirls his little tail in glad anticipations of good things from the slop tub; and the very sight of a bone causes the faithful dog to wag the extension of his corporosity in seeming gladness; it is for men, at least the class which belongs to the order of uncultured brutes, to whine and growl and fidget about until the meal is nearly finished, then their brutality is relaxed; they gradually rise to the self complacent and the amiable, and if they had tails, no doubt would wag them with delight like any other dog. This "getting up wrong end foremost," arises from one or two causes, from an inherent snaky, spiteful nature, or from an acquired quality arising from bad habits of life, late hours, gormandizing after sun-down, as if the chief end of man were to stuff his worthless paunch with thrice what it was intended to hold, and in the indulgence of hateful fault-findings, of belittling querulousness, and of those fretful whinings which always indicate a weak mind and a grovelling nature.

LIFE'S BATTLE.

"When you've got a big thing to do, go ahead," were words of wisdom uttered in our hearing by a youth of fourteen, to little "Robbie" as he sat and contemplated discouragingly, a task which had been assigned him, which, in his youthful imagination seemed to be an interminable job. Many a reader will call to remembrance, times when he seemed to have so much to do, that he did not know where to begin, and many a valuable hour has been wasted in trying to come to a conclusion what to do first, under such circumstances there can be no better plan to carry out the suggestion of Augustus C. "When you've got a big thing to do, go ahead." He was a tall boy; fresh from the country, and possessing exuberant health, and a frank, cheerful, generous nature, with his heart in his hand, he was ever ready to help a friend, and would do it with a will. Feeble minds magnify difficulties and perform enough labor to do half the work, in merely clearing away the rubbish. Those dilatory folk who can never "make up their minds; who halt and hesitate and "back and fill" so painfully, that existence is a burden, and half the time, when they do come to a conclusion they change to the opposite from very fear that they have made an unwise choice. Such persons lead a life of inefficiency, of almost worthlessness, and when they die, "are not missed." If the reader has such an unfortunate and really painful, mental malady, he may derive some consolation from the reflection that it is not wholly irremediable, because it is a quality largely depending on the bodily condition and the mental habits. Vigorous, manly health makes one feel as if he could sweep away every obstacle before him with a wave of the hand; that health should be striven for in an active life, which keeps the body "on the go;" which taxes the mental energies to an extent that compels them to be busy, not over crowded but always a little pushed; an additional element of success would be to secure such a person an occupation involving responsibilities; involving the direction of others; a situation which implies confidence reposed by persons of character and position, in this way work, business, becomes a pleasure, and mind and body being fully occupied, the capabilities of both will be invited out, will be cherished, strengthened, and grow to fair proportions from very use. Wake up then ye hesitating, halting ones, and make a manful fight against whatever of obstacles may stand in the way of success in life; stand up to them face to face; sometimes they will melt away as snow before the silent warming sun, at others they may be too numerous to mention, but when they seem to be, take courage and they will oftentimes vanish like the morning dew, in the practice of "Gussies'" plan, "When you've got a big thing to do, go ahead."

CHICKEN AND SMALL POX.

As the very name of the small pox being in a house alarms whole neighborhoods and causes great trouble, anxiety, fear and suffering, intelligent persons should impress on their minds the distinctive difference between the two diseases.

Chicken pox is not preceded by fever, or if by any, it is so very mild as to be scarcely perceptible. Small pox is always attended with decided fever for forty-eight hours before the eruption.

The head-ache of chicken pox is so slight and of such short duration as to give no special inconvenience; in small pox it is always distressing, sometimes causing delirium.

In chicken pox the spots appear on the chest first; in small pox the face first breaks out. The pimples of chicken pox have neither a hardened base nor a central depression; small pox has both.

Chicken pox leaves no pit, and small pox does.

In chicken pox the pimples become filled with a clear fluid the first day of their appearance; and if punctured they subside to a level with the skin; in small pox the pimples are several days in forming, and when they break leave a hard scab which disappears very slowly and leaves a depression in the skin.

Eminent medical men say that chicken pox is not contagious; no one disputes that small pox is so.

In chicken pox the appetite and feeling of wellness generally return in two or three days—certainly within a week; while small pox is seldom recovered from in less than two or three weeks.

In chicken pox the pustules break or subside in a few days, and there is an end of it; in small pox there is secondary fever when the pustules have been matured; about the ninth day the symptoms become aggravated, the skin is hot and dry, tongue white, the pustules become hard and scaly, the pulse increases, and the patient is troubled with tormenting and almost insatiable thirst; and with this secondary fever a variety of symptoms are liable to occur; there is at one time redness like erysipelis or scarlet fever; in others abscesses, boils, carbuncles, &c.; the eyes, abdomen, brain and other parts are liable to be affected; but in chicken pox none of these things ever occur. Small pox attacks persons of all ages, and those who have it over forty seldom recover, while chicken pox is confined to children, and the old do not have it. In small pox the pimples or spots are numerous and round and come out at the same time; in chicken pox they are oval, scattered and ununiform, and appear in successive crops. In chicken pox the pimple if picked becomes a hard pointed scab which falls off and leaves the skin level; in small pox the pimple has a depression in the centre and leaves a depression in the skin. Chicken pox needs no attention but abstinence from meats for two or three days, and to keep the bowels active once every twenty-four hours; small pox requires careful attention and nursing for several weeks. The pimples of chicken pox become filled with a watery fluid in twenty-four hours; those of small pox have a yellow matter after several days.

MEDICAL EXCHANGES (IN PART.)

BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, \$4 a year, published by David Clapp & Son, 334 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Now in its 75th volume.

BUFFALO MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, \$3 a year, edited by Julius F. Miner, M. D., Surgeon to the Buffalo General Hospital. Address Medical and Surgical Journal, Buffalo, New York.

DENTAL COSMOS, a monthly record of dental science, devoted to the interests of the profession, edited by Drs. McQuellan & Zilgler, \$2.50 a year, single Nos. 25c. Philadelphia, Pa., 528 Arch street; 658 Broadway, New York; 16 Tremont Row, Boston; 100 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

DENTAL REGISTER, Cincinnati, Ohio, published monthly for \$3.00 a year, is always well edited and richly merits the patronage of the profession.

HERALD OF HEALTH, and Journal of Physical Culture, \$2 a year, single Nos. 20c., published by Miller, Wood & Co., 13 and 15 Laight street, New York. W. Tweedie, 337 Strand, London.

HOMEOPATHIST AMERICAN, edited by James G. Hunt, M.D., \$1.50 a year, in advance, conducted by an able corps of editors, Drs. Bowling, Eve, Jones and Bleckie.

MEDICAL EXAMINER, Chicago, Ill., edited by N. S. Davis, M. D., professor of the principles and practice of medicine and of Clinical Medicine, &c., &c., \$3 a year.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PIONEER, Kansas City, Mo., being a monthly record of medicine and surgery; \$4 a year.

MEDICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill., vol. 24, \$2 per annum, 169 South Dearborn street; address R. M. Lackey, M.D., P. O. box 2175, Chicago, Ill. Edited by Drs. Holmes, Lyman & Lackey.

MEDICAL REPORTER, a semi-monthly record of medicine and surgery, edited by Drs. J. S. B. Alleyne and O. F. Potter, \$3 a year; St. Louis, Mo.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, \$2 a year, 389 Broadway, New York, by Fowler and Wells.

Throat and Lung Diseases.

For more than a quarter of a century, the Editor of Hall's Journal of Health has given his special attention to that form of throat disease known as Clergyman's Sore Throat, or more properly dyspeptic throat ail, originating in a disordered condition of the stomach, and to be cured only by restoring the stomach to its healthful state; mere applications to the throat, having no curative effect, often failing of even a transient relief; the hacking and hemming or huskiness or vain swallowing or short cough returning in a short time, with all their aggravation, giving increased annoyance, and if not removed, ending in a general wasting away of the stamina of life.

Bronchitis and Consumption are the other forms of disease of the air passages, which have engaged his attention, which has been mainly directed to the most infallible means of certainly determining in all cases, whether the ailment under examination is only Bronchitis, which is curative; or whether it is Consumption, which is incurable, except under favoring conditions, or by interferences of nature; tightness or a cord like feeling across the chest, with a hasty, spiteful cough, coming on at any time of the twenty-four hour, distinguishing the former disease; while the characteristics of the latter are a general decline in flesh, strength and breath, with a night and morning cough. In very many cases a tickling at the little hollow at the bottom of the throat, just at the top of the breast bone, gives many of the prominent symptoms of Consumption, with distressing cough, when in reality, it is a stomach or liver cough, but being mistaken for a lung affection, and the remedies being directed to the lungs, invaluable time is lost, and the patient dies of ulceration of the throat, aggravated by the constant jar of the cough, the cause of which being in the stomach or liver, and not being removed, keeps up the disease, until a fatal termination. The Editor is often written to, to know if he gives medical advice in any case, and if so, what are his terms, &c., &c., and it was suggested to him recently, that it was due to subscribers to have a standing notice in the Journal to this effect, it is therefore now stated that advice will be given in person, at the Editor's office and residence, No. Two West Forty-Third Street, New York, one door west of Fifth Avenue, or by letter, if the patient lives at a distance; he does not visit, but gives advice by letter or in person, at his office, at all hours before 8 P. M., but sometimes absent after 2 P. M.

For a personal examination and opinion, Ten Dollars, or \$25 for opinion and advice for one month. An opinion will be given by letter for five dollars, or \$25 for opinion and one month's advice, dating from the receipt of the first instructions; if at the end of the month, additional advice is desired, it will be afforded at considerably reduced rates; in this way, instruction is within the reach of all, with but little risk.

Valuable time will be saved by giving an answer to the following questions, with fee, in first letter. Married? What is your age? Your present, usual and best weight? What is your pulse generally per minute? Do you notice an increased shortness of breath in going up slight ascents? Inclined to be thirsty in the forenoon? Easily chilled? Take cold easily? Feet cold? Chilliness along the back? Bad taste in the mouth of mornings? Any discomfort, sourness, pain, weight, or oppression at "pit of stomach," or elsewhere, after eating? Pains under edge of ribs on either side? Bodily functions regular and natural? Do the bowels act every day? State in addition what are your chief or most annoying symptoms, and write fully, frankly and plainly, each letter distinct, for you are writing on a subject of the very first importance to yourself. Address, * Dr. W. W. Hall, 2 West 43d St. New York." For a short treatise on "Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases," send 25c., for full Book with cases in detail, \$1.60.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless : for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health ; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XIV.]

JUNE, 1867.

[No. 6.

TRAVELLING FOR HEALTH.

As many contemplate visiting the old world during the coming summer for purposes of recreation and renovation, our readers will be interested to know from good authority how to do it at least cost and with the greatest advantage to comfort, health and safety.

"In England there is no checking of baggage, and unless you see that your trunks are properly marked and put into the baggage car, you are not at all sure that they will go through ; nor even then are you sure of finding them when you arrive at your destination. In France each passenger is allowed fifty-six pounds, but on most of the roads for every ten pounds excess above that you are taxed thirty-five cents. If you have eleven pounds excess you must pay seventy cents. In Italy you must pay for all baggage except that taken in hand. It costs about one-half a fare to take a common-sized trunk through Italy—that is the first cost. Then comes the secondary expenses—every porter expects a fee. A coachman does not descend from his box to lift your trunk—it is not his business to handle trunks, but a porter is ready at the station door to take it from the coach to the car, for which service he will expect a half-franc. The man who weighs it will ask for a trifle ; the clerk who registers it will not give you the baggage-ticket till you have placed a fee in his hand ; the man who puts it into the car will politely touch his hat and ask you to remember

him. Arriving at your next stopping place, the porter who takes it from the car and carries it to the coach will ask for a half-franc ; the coachman will tell you that baggage is extra and will ask for a trifle that he may drink your honor's health ; the porter at the hotel will make a similar request, and so on at every halting place.

But worse than this leeching of the pocket is the other pother of getting registered at every station. First, you must purchase your passage ticket, then you make your way to the baggage-room to find three or four hundred other persons pushing, crowding, treading on each other's toes—all shouting to the baggage men. It is an unintelligible jargon of Italian, German, French, English, and Spanish. There is always a crowd at one little pigeon-hole where you present your passage ticket, for that must be done before you can have your baggage registered. You are enveloped in an atmosphere of garlic and other nameless and indescribable unsavory smells which arise from the unwashed of Europe.

In many of the stations there is no order or method, and each passenger does what is right in his own eyes, and the strongest and the most adroit is the most successful. Your baggage must be registered ten minutes before the departure of the train, and not unfrequently passengers have the mortification and vexation of seeing a train depart, leaving themselves and baggage behind.

Those who intend making a rapid tour need but little baggage. A gentleman will need only a small carpet-sack. A merchant going from Boston to Chicago, and other Western cities, on business, who intends to be gone six or eight weeks even, does not trouble himself with a trunk—but such a trip is quite as extended as that taken by most European travellers. Distances are short here, when compared with those in America. Thin clothing will not be wanted. One good business suit will suffice for all places, and should any one need new clothing it can be obtained ready made in all the cities and large towns of Europe.

A lady needs a travelling dress of some stout serviceable material—linsey or winsey, proof against mud and water—also

one black alpaca, or silk, and perhaps one other dress. Underclothing of every description can be readily obtained, ready made or to order, at cheaper rates than in America, and it is much better to purchase an article when it is needed, than to pay the high transportation that is charged by railway companies. For outward wear, a cloth or black silk sack a breakfast shawl, a blanket shawl, stout, thick-soled walking shoes will give an outfit sufficient for a journey through Europe.

Unless persons tarry long in one place, they do not get into "society," and extra dresses for the drawing-room are not needed. One small trunk will suffice for a gentleman and lady making the tour of Europe, and if Switzerland only is to be visited, two carpet-bags will contain all that will be needed. Most persons who bring large trunks from America leave them in Paris, and travel with the smallest possible amount of luggage.

In Europe few people travel in first-class cars. Men and women high in society, who care to be economical, take the second-class cars of England. The second-class here are about $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents per mile. The first-class is one-third dearer. Hotel bills will be high or low, according to the taste of the individual. Three dollars per day in gold, while travelling, is sufficient to give all necessary comforts. In addition, there are the small fees to those who show you the grand sights, those who have the keys of church doors, the attendants at museums. A thousand dollars in gold will enable a person to see a great deal on this side of the Atlantic, not only the great exhibition, but to take a journey through England, Switzerland, and Germany. Rapid travelling is more expensive than that taken leisurely."

PURE MILK.

Some years ago, a few gentlemen of New York city, impressed with the conviction of the pernicious effects on a family of growing children, induced by the use of milk from cows fed with the "swill" of distilleries, especially when connected with the barbarous practice of confining the animals

in small stalls, reeking with filth of every description, and milking them until the day of their death by literal rotteness of different portions of their bodies, made an effort to have milk sent to them every day from the farm-houses of personal friends in the same neighborhood. In a very short time, the inquiry was made almost every day by friends and visitors who chanced to call at meal time, "where do you get such delicious milk? we have never tasted such in New York before." The story was repeated and then came the solicitation, "Can't you admit me into the club?" In this way, the few soon became an association of many and a company was formed; but for the purpose of securing the continuance of a supply of milk, rich, fresh, and pure from farm-house cows, it was necessary to guard against the wrong doing of those who delivered the milk to the different dwellings, and it was done in this way: each family was supplied with two tin cans with brass labels, and a cover fastened with a lock, and two keys, one for the use of the superintendent, who saw that each can was filled and locked in his presence, the other was kept by those who received the milk; hence, the great boon of pure farm-house milk in New York City. We have been using it for some ten years, meanwhile the club has grown so large under the judicious and watchful management of S. W. Canfield, Esq., that two offices are required to transact the business; one for down-town, at No. 148 Tenth st., just east of Broadway, and the other for the up-town customers, in Broadway, corner of 37th street, proving the old adage, that "honesty is the best policy," and, that whoever will engage in any legitimate business in New York, and follow it up, fair dealing being the ruling principle, will eventually succeed, not only in getting the peoples' money, but getting their confidence and respect, which is worth a great deal more.

TEA AND COFFEE.

Of the large number who have dealt in swill milk, and in selling milk and water for the unadulterated article, and have failed at last, dying in poverty, or have gone to the penitentiary in disgrace, as the legitimate result of their pernicious

practices, willing to risk the destruction of the constitutions and lives of unoffending infants and children, in supplying them with the milk of diseased and dying cows, no more need be said; they are reaping their reward; but it is very natural to pass from milk and water to tea and coffee, as milk is almost universally used in them. Tea admits of several injurious adulterations, and while families have been poisoned in Brooklyn by the use of coffee purchased already ground, several "great" companies have sprung up in New York City of late, all of them, it is said, being composed of one man, like a certain "Howard Association," for the benefit of frightened, green young men. It is the business of an editor to make experiments, and record his observations for the benefit of those who pay him for instruction, so we called at one of the "great" companies one day, not long ago, and bought some ground coffee, the very best they had in the store, warranted as pure as anything else in the establishment; a paper was handed with the purchase, setting forth the anxiety of this "great company" of one man, for the health and thrift of the people; the great efforts they had been making, and the small amount of profit they were willing to work for, and how they could sell pure ground Java coffee for less than the green article could be purchased, it being known that from six to sixteen per cent. was lost in burning or roasting, besides the expense of roasting, grinding, paper, twine, shop rent, &c., &c. How they could do all this was made as plain as a pike staff, thus:—"You see, sir, that between John Chinaman who raises the tea, or the Java planter and you who drink the article, there are six or eight middle men who make a living; now, to save all this, we purchase our articles from the planter, who, himself, delivers it on board of our vessels, from which we bring it in our own drays to this store; our wives, sons and daughters roast, grind and tie up, so that we are at no outlay at all, and this is just exactly the way the milk got into the cocoa-nut and the man got out of the bung hole, after he had finished the barrel on the inside. Well, we went home wondering. The coffee was boiled, the "grounds" taken out and spread in the sun to dry, and a microscope was brought into requisition,

with the following results ; the real coffee was black and hard almost as sand ; but there were particles larger, lighter, and so soft, as to mash up like a jelly under the knife ; this was rye or other grain. We advise our farmer readers not to pay forty cents a pound for roasted, ground rye ; they can probably raise it for a cent a pound. "They say" that this great company of one, owning several great offices in different parts of New York, has already made a large fortune. We would like some moral philosopher of great skill in deciding nice points to say, on the presumption that the sentiment uttered by the immortal Watts is still true ;

Let little children be so wise,

To speak the truth and tell no lies ;

For liars' portion it is to dwell

Forever down below.

If a man tells one deliberate lie is he a liar ?

If a man has to go below for telling one lie, how long must that plummet be which will reach him who repeats that lie millions of times every day to millions of people ? But pure milk reminds us of

FRESH EGGS,

and our adventures in search of them this spring. A box was sent us by express ; on delivery at our door we discovered that one end of the box was yellow, the other white ; this suggested that the articles inside were not in a good state of preservation. We suggested to the man the propriety of opening the box first, to see if all was right before paying a heavy freight on a costly box of broken eggs. "It's agin the company's rules to have a box opened until it is paid for."

"But suppose it is damaged." "Why, then you goes to the company and makes reclamation." "Which being interpreted, means, when all charges are paid then I may whistle for the eggs." "Just so sir, 'xactly." "Well, you can take the box back." So in a day or two we thought we would take a ride of six miles there and back, and make some discoveries about the morals of express companies, and the value of broken eggs. We asked for the head of the proper department who was all smiles and accomodations. "Just pay charges, open the box,

see the damage done, and make 'reclamation,' and it will be all right in the morning." Next day it was, Monsieur Tomson come again in the shape of the box; the yellow coat had all been removed, indicating that the eggs had been mended, and that Richard was himself again, except that about twenty per cent. extra was added for freightage the second time; which was paid without a word. Next day the box was opened, and over one fourth of the eggs were broken; others being present as witnessess. Being somewhat interested in finding out whereunto these things would grow, we made a second voyage of discovery all down Broadway below Trinity church. But the man was not to be found who talked about "reclamation." Mr. Fare was introduced to us. To save time and words, a statement was handed in, in two lines, so many whole eggs, so many broken ones, so many per invoice. The man at the desk then put on a serious air, very business like, and began to argue the case. We said nothing but listened to the following verbatim statement. "You see, sir, the presumption is the box was filled with eggs, and that in coming such a distance a few would be necessarily broken, the contents escape and there is a vacuum; this vacuum being made, the remaining eggs had more room to fly around and be broke too, hence it is reasonable to infer that the eggs were broken in consequence of your sending them all the way down from Forty-third street to sixty-five and a half Broadway, hence, as you broke the eggs yourself, (constructively) we ought not to be required to pay for them, at least, only for one or two—How much do you ask?"

Now, as we didn't sell eggs, and don't believe in arguing a case, we simply pointed to the written paper; so many sent, so many arrived sound, "you can send me what you think is right."

That was the last of it, of course. What would the enterprising, hard working, honest Harden say, if he could come out of his grave in New England, and see the profanation of business interests in his name, here, in Gotham.

This is the way a certain class of men do business in New York. We earnestly hope that the New express company in

Broadway, No. 365, cor. of Franklin st., will inaugurate new principles of business conduct, to wit, speed, safety, moderate charges, and a prompt and honorable compensation for injuries done to the property of their patrons. We advise all our readers to give them a trial at once, and continue to patronize them as long as they do right; and let them see that doing right will always command wide patronage in this community. Some express companies make a great ado through the public papers in replacing large amounts lost through them by banks, bankers, and rich corporations, but more than make it up by over charges and other rascality in that vast multitude of cases, where the losers are poor or obscure, or do not care to lose time for trifling amounts, or wear them out in long and expensive lawsuits. But speaking of pure milk and fresh eggs this May morning, reminds us of

SUMMERING IN THE COUNTRY,

which, as done by the masses is an indescribable, an incomprehensible absurdity. Young gentlemen should go afoot in companies, camp out, fish, hunt, swim, sail, row, botanize, or with hammer and satchel study the rocks and read their individual histories from the hours that time began. Mothers and daughters should hie away to some retired farm house, or to some mountain home, and with sun bonnet and plainest calico dresses in shape most convenient for wandering over the hills and far away, or for mounting their ponies and gallop away in gleeful mood for an hour or two every morning, then read awhile and go a berrying or to the dairy or to the kitchen and try their hands at some new receipts in cookery; then after tea go on foot a mile or two away with brothers and beau to a quilting or a singing school or to meet at some neighbor's house for frolic and fun in the abandon of childhood and innocence; these are some of the wise ways of spending a summer in the country as a means of resting the mind, of renovating the brain, and giving new vigor to the whole physical man. But the misfortune is that very few go to the country in summer with such aims and ends. The first and main desire of many is a "good

table;" three times a day they want spread before them the richest food, the most enticing viands, the most luxurious delicacies, and if these are not secured, all the advantages of the seaside and the spa fail to avert from the place their unstinted anathemas. If, on the other hand, a retired place in the country is secured, there is nothing to interest them, and the greater part of their waking existence is spent in lounging on a sofa, in lolling in a rocking-chair or in dozy dreaminess on a bed. Once in a while they take a listless stroll through the "grounds" of the establishment, if, indeed, these "grounds" are any thing more than a cow pasture or a weedy "garden" with here and there a morning glory, a hollyhock and a marigold. The morning paper is the greatest event of the day; after that comes "Harper, or Godey, or the Atlantic monthly; but these are too heavy for their light heads, and soon they fall to stretching and yawning, then overpowered by sleep until the gong or steer's horn wakes them up, they feed without relish and without appetite, because they take no exercise, for in the morning the dew is on the grass and they can't walk out, at noon it is too hot, after dinner they are sleepy, and they must have a "nap;" then it is so sultry and dusty that no pleasure can be expected either from a drive or promenade unless it is after tea, and then the night air is the great bugbear. Very soon this inactive, jejune life brings on a loss of appetite, and they expect their host to wake it up by having some new dish; a large part of their time is spent in wondering what will be for the next meal and criticising the last. And thus, after all, spending a summer in the country means an unvarying round of eating lounging, sleeping and listlessness.

This going to the country for the summer is a great need for old and young in the large cities, growing children especially; but the way it is managed generally it is a perfect farce. Just look at the items. You exchange a fine house with large, airy rooms and ample closets for one single apartment, which, by the time you have your trunks arranged, leaves you barely space to turn round; if you want to hang up your coat you must go to the "village" and get a nail. If you desire a drink

of water you must go down stairs for it, or more likely, to the kitchen or pump, for in the "parlor" you find that children and nurses have monopolized every "tumbler" and forgot to remove certain remnants of sweet cake from around the edges and the bottom of the glass. If you want a cup of hot water you must go to the cook, and be very polite too, or you won't get it until next day. At nightfall you go groping about with a tallow candle or a kerosene lamp, with its long, tottering chimney, which you are every moment afraid will tilt over, leave you in Egyptian darkness, or blow you, and may be, the whole establishment, sky high, besides spoiling the old woman's carpet. The first morning you come down to breakfast, your mouth fairly waters at visions of sweet butter, fresh eggs and pure milk, but you soon find that the butter might have been sweet a year or two ago, but not now; the very first egg you crack open has a spring chicken in it, but you expected to have spring chickens at a country farm house as a matter of course, and now you have them sooner than you expected; as to the milk, it had been sent for sale to the village the day before, and this remnant was put on the table to prevent its going to waste, and as it was to be mixed with coffee, it made no difference if it did stand around in white spots. The bread! is it the crisp French roll of the city? Nothing of the sort, it is either of a leaden sogginess, or so yellow that it reminds you of an apothecary shop, and you begin to wonder if the entire stock in trade of saleratus of the village druggist was not put into that one plate of biscuits. In a very short time you find that the "variety" of the establishment has run out. You have ham for breakfast, corned beef for dinner, and sour preserves for supper; then apace come the hot nights; you are in the attic and you fairly sweat in the daytime, and stew and fret and fume in the night, the perspiration streaming at every pore, while the lively musquito keeps up his jubilee; but he soon gets his fill and troubles you never again; at midnight, however, other foes must feed, and you turn and scratch, and scratch and turn until the morning begins to dawn, when exhausted nature falls into the arms of Morpheus as helpless as a baby; but you don't stay fallen

thus for a single hour, for the impertinent fly has had nothing to eat all night and is now perfectly ravenous, and in his winding way over face and nose and forehead and lip, searching for a convenient spot to thrust his spear into, he breaks in upon your dreams and rouses you up to the realities of a "summer in the country." Compare such a life with the luxuries of your own city home ; the convenient gas, the iced croton, the hot water always ready at your elbow day or night by the turning of a faucet, the privilege of roaming from one spacious apartment to another, to the front room in the morning, and rear at night or vice versa, so as to baffle the heating sun ; the spacious hair mattress, springy and cool. At breakfast, the yellow butter, made but yesterday, the luscious cream-cup, the French rolls, and the porter house, with the Times, Herald or Tribune to tell you what was said twelve hours before by Napoleon, or what was done by Bismarck, what Turkey fears, what Russia hopes, and what of progress is making in our own land of promise and of hope. After breakfast you take your walk on dry pavements on the shady side of the street, at midday you keep quiet in the cool of your office or counting-room, and at evening are fanned by the gentle west wind as you take your plate of Fuscell's ice cream at nine o'clock with your friends seated around you, and then retire in the confidence of sweet dreams, and sleep undisturbed by insect vampyres, because your wife is housekeeper.

Everybody who possibly can, ought to leave New York for the country sometime during the summer ; but to do so with advantage, the great aim should be recuperation, rest for the brain, rest for the mind and physical repose. To accomplish these, get all the sleep you can during the night, be out in the open air every hour possible during daylight, in occupations which will compel the mind away from its usual routine of engagement in the pursuit of something which interests, instructs or profits. Exercise enough after breakfast in the open air to make you feel so hungry that bread and butter will taste sweet to you ; exercise enough in the open air after a noon-day dinner to digest that dinner most thoroughly ; eat not an atom between meals, and with a piece of cold bread and butter and

a cup of any warm drink at sundown, pass the evening in joyous or instructive social intercourse. Spending a summer thus in the country, you will return to the city with a mental activity and a surplusage of general bodily health, which will fit you for another year's work in the great struggle for fame, fortune, or better still, usefulness to your kind.

PUNISHING CHILDREN.

The public sense has been horrified on several occasions of late, by the harrowing details of children, from three to twelve years of age, being so severely punished as to die outright under the infliction, by the hands of their own parents and other protectors. It is scarcely possible that any of our readers need to be warned against such an immeasurable crime, but it is necessary to put parents on their guard in the matter of correcting their children, for no one can tell but that in a moment of crazed phrensy a blow may be struck which may maim for life, or may kill outright on the instant. It is said that the very sight of blood or the taste of a drop induces such an ungovernable thirst for more in a wild beast, as to fill it with ungovernable fury, and cases are given in standard medical works where human beings, after having struck a fellow mortal a deadly blow, have beaten the unresisting body into a jelly after it was known to be dead; not for the fear of its coming to life again to tell the tale, but from an utterly ungovernable and fiendish impulse, which they could not themselves account for after their minds had become composed.

In multitudes of cases parents have made hasty, and furious and utterly groundless charges against a child, which has so taken it aback that it could make no reply, and this has been taken as a tacit confession of guilt, and the next question proposed in fury is "what did you do it for?" and the child being thus confused and more alarmed, cannot summon presence of mind and composure enough to make a denial, and as the only alternative bursts into a kind of hysterical crying. Many parents are of such a temperament that when a child cannot be induced to utter a word under a scolding, become more en-

raged, and utter threats which are a disgrace to civilization ; we have heard them, ourselves, from affectionate, indulgent and Christian parents, " I'll knock you down with a log of wood." " I'll break every bone in your body." " I'll beat you within an inch of your life," and other similar beastialities of expression from educated, civilized minds, at least they passed for such in the great world.

There is one safe rule always, applicable in the reproof of children ; never speak so loud to them that a third person, ten feet away, could hear what was said. Any angry feeling is intensified by a loud utterance. Another good rule is, do not reprove or correct a child in the presence of any third person, or if so, let it be done in a soft, low, affectionate tone. A third precaution, and it is not a minor one either, is, do not reprove on the instant ; wait a few hours, if not until next day, or better still in many cases, defer it until the occasion is about to occur when the fault might likely be repeated. Any intelligent and observant housekeeper knows that if a steak is put on the table this morning burned to a crisp, bouncing up from the table, running into the kitchen, and blazing away at the cook is neither ladylike, nor wise, nor polite ; but next morning just before the steak is about to be cooked, be in the kitchen and ask that it be not overdone as yesterday, with some word of encouragement ; whatever servant is not managed in this way had better be dismissed. Now children are as ignorant as servants ; the minds of both are weak and may be easily made perverse alike. Be assured, reader, that if you make it an inflexible rule never to scold above a whisper, you will never outrage your child's feelings, nor fracture its skull by a blow dealt in ungovernable fury. It is proposed in the next number to give several authentic narrations on the general subject, which no parent can possibly read without the most intense and even tearful interest. The facts were of actual occurrence, and if it shall turn out that every father and mother among our readers can rise from the perusal and feel clear of all blame on their part, we shall be truly thankful. See next number :

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A school committee from Boston having visited officially the public schools of the larger cities of the country, say of those in New York City ;

“ Under the administration of the system as carried out by the Board of Education a degree of order, precision and energy of action has been attained which has carried, and, if persevered in, must continue to carry forward the great work of popular education in the City of New York, with a steady and strong progress, both in the broadness of its diffusion and the excellence of its character.”

Of all the principals of these schools, none deserve a higher credit than Mrs. Hall of the Twelfth St., and Hunter of the Boys' school in 13th St ; their long connection with the schools, their large experience, and that just knowledge of child nature would make their places very difficult of being filled, if indeed it were possible. Not long ago, Mr. Hunter was elected to a higher and more lucrative position ; the little fellows under his care were greatly distressed ; one of them on hearing it said very mournfully, “ I guess all the boys will leave if Mr. Hunter does.” “ Why, my child ? ” “ Because they like him so much.” “ But why do they like him ? ” “ Why he encourages us.” There is philosophy for school management from the equator to the poles ; and for parents as well. “ He encourages us.” Philosophy for masters, for officers, for all who are in authority. He encourages us. And to show what a strong chain “ encouragement ” forges, the boys of this same school, averaging a dozen years or less, when they heard, during the war that their beloved teacher was drafted, immediately set about collecting their pennies, their half dimes and other loose change, and before he knew anything about it, they had handed over three hundred dollars to pay for a substitute. When the masses have received the benefits of a public school education, and when the heart has been so influenced by the claims of conscience and of duty, as to make men willing to deny themselves all bodily indulgences, then may we expect wise lives on the part of all, leading to high health, great efficiency and general usefulness ; for when the

brain and the heart are properly educated, there will follow wisdom, temperance, a long and healthful life, and universal thrift.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

The masses have a settled feeling of hostility, and even bitterness toward the rich, as if they were their hereditary enemies, and yet in no large city of the world is so much done for suffering humanity as by the rich, the fashionable, and the aristocratic. It is easy for them to give money and they do it; but they do more; they give their countenance, their time, and their personal efforts for the purpose of raising means to help the poor, the needy, the sick and the friendless. It is from their purses funds come, and from their influence and individual efforts plans are carried out, which eventuate the noblest charities of our time, the colleges, the homes, the asylums, the hospitals, which nurse the sick, which care for the insane, which shelter the unfortunate, which feed the hungry, and guard and guide and cherish the forsaken and the motherless; and it is to those who keep the "fatherless" that the inspired page awards the meed of citizenship in Heaven.

The "Orphans' Home" of the city of New York, is one of the most humane of all charities, and to raise funds for its support, the splendid mansion of Dr. Ward of 47th St., was opened on a May evening, as many times before, for an amateur musical entertainment. The tickets were promptly disposed of at a high price, as is always the case when anything of the kind is to come off in 47th St., because the public have got to know that things are sure to be well done there, that there will not be a vacant chair, and that the highest of the high will be present with their refinements, and cultivated and chastened tastes. It is only the "canaille" who dress violently; only the "new rich" who crowd their parlors with furniture, and whose upholstery and hangings are resplendent with red and yellow and blue. But there is nothing of all this in "the house of the city," as an elegantly dressed woman very appropriately expressed herself in our hearing, of the dwelling of which we are writing, with its hundred feet

front, when the most ambitious among us can only boast of twenty-five, with here and there a thirty. This mansion is regarded by those who have the "entree" of the most magnificent residences in New York, as by far the most unexceptionably furnished dwelling in the city. There is nothing tawdry, no tinsel, no imitation; everything is real, chaste, substantial and consonant with its uses and surroundings. The music room where the entertainment was held is of the entire length of the building and of proportioned width, and is lighted from a dome in the centre by the sun in the day, and by gas at night. All the performers in the evening were volunteers for the good cause, and came from the ranks of our most aristocratic families; the music itself was amateur and composed for the occasion; all performed their parts to the admiration and frequent plaudits of the auditors. Miss E. A. as the old negress, deserves high praise, and Miss Freeman with her laughing eyes and womanly beauty and birdlike voice, fairly carried the whole company away; and as Gen. M. enthusiastically said of her performance, "Dr., it is more than excellent." The whole entertainment was a perfect success, and although the whole street was blocked up with splendid equipages, and collisions and confusions and mistakes seemed inevitable, yet nothing occurred to mar the general enjoyment, for "Brown" was there.

NOTICES.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.—The Hon. Henry Wilson, United States senator from Massachusetts, has written a book for the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, entitled "Testimonies of American Statesmen and Jurists to the Truths of Christianity." Sent, post-paid, for twenty cents, being an address delivered before the Young Mens' Christian Association of Natick, Dec. 23d, 1866; and we don't know that we can do better than occupy a page or two in recording the testimonies of some of the greatest men in our nation's history, in favor of the Christian religion.

Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, James Otis, Elbridge Garry, Dr. Rush, &c., &c., were in favor of religion of the Bible, and the superintending providence of God in the affairs of life, and the wisdom and duty of looking up to Him for guidance and protection is given, making it a valuable little book. For sale by Messrs Broughton & Wyman, No. 13 Bible House, New York, who also have published "Lottie Wild's Pic-Nic : " 198 pp., in beautiful binding and large, clear type ; 75 cts. Contents ; Lottie's Frill, New Home, Meeting at School, Blackberry Party, Sabbath School Concert, &c., ending, " Happy Lottie, you, like Mary, have chosen that good part that shall never be taken away from you."

The medical profession throughout the United States will be glad to learn that through the enterprise of Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia, the republication of THE HALF YEARLY ABSTRACT of the medical sciences has been resumed. It is an analytical and critical digest of the principle British and Continental medical works published in the preceding six months. It is published twice a year at \$2.50, or \$1.50 each ; Vol. 44. from July to December of 1866, contains 156 articles on various medical subjects, besides 63 others of short notices of reviews, books, &c., interesting to the profession. "The Abstract," with the American Journal of Medical Sciences, (itself \$5 a year) with the Medical News and Library, (\$1 a year) all three, sent postage free for six dollars a year. Address Henry C. Lea, Publisher, Philadelphia, Penn.

GOOD ENGLISH, or popular errors in language, by Edward S. Gould. Published by W. J. Widdleton, No. 17 Mercer st., New York. 228 pp., 12 mo., \$1.50.

Mr. Gould, in this volume, has confined himself to the exposure and analysis of such philological errors as are familiar to every one, and are in common use by every one, including the best writers of England and the United States. He has omitted a great many imaginary, or possible instances of error on the ground of their being of comparatively little importance. His plan differs essentially from all the other philological works hitherto published, both in the limitation of subjects and in the manner of treating them. The reader will be

surprised to find how many errors have crept into the language and received the sanction of the usage of good writers ; and also he will be surprised to find how entirely incorrect and corrupt are many words and expressions that everybody seems to suppose are unquestionably good English.

VACCINATION.—J. P. Loines, House Physician, Eastern Dispensary, 57 Essex St., New York, and Bullock & Henshaw, corner of Arch and 6th Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., always keep on hand the purest, best and freshest vaccine matter. This notice is given gratuitously for the benefit of our readers. One dollar will secure enough matter to vaccinate a dozen persons.

CHEAP ICE PITCHER.—In many parts of the country ice has to be brought a great distance for the sick. It is preserved a very long time by putting it in a jar or pitcher, then take a length of thick brown paper, or several thicknesses of newspaper, sufficient to reach round the vessel ; it should be broader than the vessel is high ; to the edge of the paper attach with a thread and needle a piece of cotton batting three inches thick ; close one end of this long, round box with a similar material, then set the vessel of ice in it, and fold over the extra length so as to exclude the air ; or cover it with a pillow.

MARK TWAIN, who spent some months in the Sandwich Islands, delivered a lecture on the character of the country and people in the large hall of the Cooper Institute lately, to a very large assembly. It seemed to us that there was not a vacant seat. It was one of the most interesting and irresistably amusing lectures we have ever heard on that or a similar subject. The warm and outspoken testimony given of the fidelity and success of the American Missionaries, received rapturous applause. We advise every reader to be at some pains to hear this lecture, should it be delivered in the Provinces ! One sad statement was made. Eighty years ago, they numbered eight hundred thousand souls, now less than sixty thousand, the result of the introduction of liquor, small-pox, and the diseases of licentiousness introduced by the sailors of foreign vessels calling at the Islands. Another most interesting fact was elicited, that it was the finest sugar country on the

globe. Six years ago the planting of sugar cane was made a business, and three million pounds of sugar were produced; last year, if we heard rightly, it was thirty millions; twelve or fifteen hundred pounds to the acre is considered a good crop in Louisiana, but the soil of these islands will yield as many thousand pounds. It is the finest climate in the world; the thermometer does not vary a dozen degrees in a year, and ranges from seventy to eighty. By all means, reader, hear this most remarkable lecturer, he will give you laugh enough to keep you in vigorous health for a long time to come.

"DOMES OF THE GREAT YOSEMITE."—This is Bierstadt's new picture, on exhibition at 51 West Tenth St., New York, for the benefit of the New York Ladies' Southern Relief Association. There is a beauty and grandeur about this painting which at once stamp the artist as possessing a master hand; there are features in it which admit of study by the hour, and we go away wondering at the greatness of nature and the pencil, which can with so much fidelity, transfer to canvas the likeness of the reality.

The American Tract Society have issued "George Wayland, the Little Medicine Carrier," from the Religious Tract Society of London; 103 pp.; a beautiful narration of childish suffering and patience and piety. Also, the Cinnamon Isle Boy, by Mrs. E. C. Hutchings; 169 pp. It is the history of Charles, son of Rev. Miron and Harriet L. Winslow, born in Ceylon, 1821, died in New York, 1832, buried in the graveyard at New Haven, Conn., having slept in Jesus as all do who "early seek his face."

A beautiful and most instructive and useful book of 359 pp. is *THE HOPES OF HOPE CASTLE*, or the Times of John Knox and Queen Mary Stuart, by Mrs. S. T. Martin, author of the *Women of the Bible*, Allan Cameron, &c.; being a journal kept by Kathel Hope for her friend, Ellen Maxwell; telling about John Knox and Mary Queen of the Scots and Rizzio's murder, and much more besides of what took place in those eventful days. It is a book of very great interest.

"PAUL VENNER," or the Forge and Pulpit, based on facts, is another volume of the same society, at 150 Nassau St., New

York, 371 pp. It is a story of facts, and is one of those illustrations of life well calculated to inculcate useful, practical lessons, and to show how to live successfully and to die respected, beloved and lamented.

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Vol. XIV.]

JULY, 1867.

[No. 7

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

THAT man commits a crime, and so does the woman who will send a child to bed with a wounded spirit, or who shall allow any vindictiveness of feeling to exist in consequence of any thing the child may have done. Sharp-pointed memories have often driven men mad; multitudes are there who are more dead than alive, from the ailings of the mind, which is wasting itself away in vain remorse for the irrevocable past. The fault of most parents is over-harsh reproofs of their children; reproofs that are hasty, unproportioned to the offense, and hence as to one's own child, helpless and unresisting, are a cruelty as well as an injustice. Thrice happy is that parent who has no child in the grave which can be wished back, only if for a brief space, so as to afford some opportunity for repairing some unmerited unkindness toward the dead darling. Parents have been many times urged in these pages to make persistent efforts to arrange two things in domestic intercourse, and to spare no pains and no amount of moral courage and determination, in order that they should be brought about. It may require a thousand efforts, and there may be a thousand failures, as discouraging as they are sad; still let the high resolve go out, "it shall be done!" and the prickling of many a thorn will be spared in after years and in old age. The two points to be daily aimed at are:

First. Let the family table be always a meeting-place of pleasantness and affection and peace, and for the exhibition of all the sweeter feelings of domestic life.

Second. Let every child be sent to bed with kisses of affection, especially those under ten years of age.

All that is on this globe could not hire me to be put in the place of either the father or the mother in the following narration of the former editor of a monthly of deserved repute in its time. The occurrence took place in Boston, about the year 1850, and every detail is minutely and literally true:

"A few weeks before, L. B. H—— wrote to me that he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow of eight years of age, who had never known a day's illness until that which finally removed him hence, to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances which were peculiarly painful to his parents. A younger brother, a delicate, sickly child from its birth, the next in age to him, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, every precaution had been adopted that prudence suggested to guard the other members of the family against it. But of this one, the father's eldest, he said he had little to fear, so rugged was he and so generally healthy. Still, however, he kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which it was his custom sometimes to visit; for he was but a boy, and 'boys will be boys,' and we ought more frequently to think that it is their nature to be. Of all unnatural things, a reproach almost to childish frankness and innocence, save me from a 'boy-man!' But to the story.

"One evening this unhappy father came home, wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments which had soured his naturally kind disposition, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the smallest annoyance. While he was sitting by the fire, in this unhappy mood of mind, his wife entered the apartment, and said:

"'Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright! He is covered from head to foot with dock-mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat!'

"'Where is he?' asked the father sternly.

"'He is shivering over the kitchen-fire. He was afraid to come up here when the girl told him you had come home.'

"'Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant!' was the brief reply to this information.

"Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with affright and cold. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly with his disobedience, spoke of the punishment which awaited him in the morning, as the penalty for his offense, and in a harsh voice concluded with :

" 'Now, sir, go to your bed !'

" 'But, father,' said the little fellow, 'I want to tell you——'

" 'Not a word, sir ; *go to bed !*'

" 'I only wanted to say, father, that——'

"With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of his hand toward the door, and a frown upon his brow, did that father without other speech, again close the door of explanation and expostulation.

"When the boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was being prepared, and at tea-table ate but little. His wife saw the real cause, or the additional cause of his emotion, and interposed the remark :

" 'I think, my dear, you ought at least to have heard what Henry had to say. My heart ached for him when he turned away with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all, if he does sometimes do wrong. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy. He always was.'

"And therewithal the water stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother, even as it stood in the eyes of Mercy, in 'the house of the Interpreter,' as recorded by Bunyan.

"After tea the evening paper was taken up ; but there was no news and nothing of interest for that father in the journal of that evening. He sat for some time in an evidently painful reverie, and then rose and repaired to his bed-chamber. As he passed the bedroom where his little boy slept, he thought he would look in upon him before retiring to rest. He crept to his low cot and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek and rested upon it, but he was sleeping calmly and sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son, but he felt also the 'sense of duty ;' yet in the night, talking the matter over with the lad's mother, he resolved and promised, instead of punishing, as he had threatened, to make amends to the boy's aggrieved spirit in the morn-

ing for the manner in which he had repelled all explanation of his offense.

"But that morning never came to the poor child in health. He awoke the next morning with a raging fever on his brain, and wild with delirium. In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud. He knew neither his father nor his mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterward. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did that unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son. Once, indeed, he thought he saw a smile of recognition light up his dying eye, and he leaned eagerly forward, for he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear and have been answered; but that gleam of apparent intelligence passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold, unmeaning glare and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted until death came to his relief.

"Two days afterward the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the deceased boy, bringing the low stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall.

"I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water. We were playing down at the Long Wharf, Henry and Frank Mumford and I; and the tide was out very low, and there was a beam run out from the wharf, and Charles got out on it to get a fish-line and hook that hung over where the water was deep, and the first thing we saw he had slipped off and was struggling in the water! Henry threw off his cap and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal of hard work, got Charles out; and they waded up through the mud to where the wharf was not so wet and slippery, and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say any thing about it, for if he did his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying:

"What will father say when he sees me to-night? I wish we had not gone to the wharf!"

"Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father; "and this was the explanation which I so cruelly refused to hear!" And hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Yes, that stern father now learned, and for the first time, that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature, which, forgetful of self, had hazarded life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which he himself had always endeavored to graft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as he was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

"Let me close this story in the very words of that father, and let the lesson sink deep into the heart of every parent who shall peruse this sketch :

"Every thing that I now see that ever belonged to him reminds me of my lost boy. Yesterday I found some rude pencil-sketches, which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother. To-day, in rummaging an old closet, I came across his boots, still covered with dock-mud, as when he last wore them. (You may think it strange, but that which is usually so unsightly an object is now "most precious to me.") And every morning and evening I pass the ground where my son's voice rang the merriest among his playmates.

"All these things speak to me vividly of his active life, but I can not—though I have often tried—I can not recall any other expression on the dear boy's face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. . . . Then my heart bleeds afresh!

"Oh! how careful should we all be that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious that, neither by inconsiderate nor cruel word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest, in a moment of excitement, we be led to mete out to the venial errors of the heart the punishment due only to willful crime!

"Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving yet grieved or outraged nature!"

But why in this sad case should the mother be called to weep

tears of blood, and be considered a partaker of the father's fault? It was for the criminal want of judgment and consideration on her part. The father had come home wearied and discouraged in connection with the business of the day, was sitting by the fire in a moody state of mind, and the mother bursts in upon him with the announcement of the boy's condition, without acquainting herself with the circumstances, and without uttering one word of extenuation, but presenting the case to the father's mind in the strongest terms of aggravation. No wonder, under all the circumstances, the husband should have fired up, and that he should have been driven on like one unpossessed of himself. Had the mother possessed but a small share of observation, and even a less amount of common-sense, she would herself have inquired into all the circumstances of the case, and began the history by extolling the nobleness of their son; then it would have had a calming, compensating effect on the father's mind; it would have been drawn away from business, and would have nestled itself lovingly amid the darling ones around him.

Even if there had been no extenuating circumstances, she ought to have had wit enough to have respected the humor of her husband; she ought to have seen in a moment that something had gone wrong with him, and should have studiously kept from saying or doing any thing which could by any possibility have roused him into a tempest of uncontrollable passion. There are many other just such thoughtless, hare-brained women, who deserve neither the name of mother nor wife, who seem to glory in dashing at their husbands the instant they open the door, on their return from a hard day's toil, of body or of mind, and with amazing volubility, pour out the mishaps, vexations, and misfortunes of the day, and in a way, too, as if the husband was wholly to blame, although he may not have had the slightest connection with them, in the most remote manner possible.

Another inexcusable folly was in the father threatening to punish the child next day; leaving the little fellow's mind to exaggerate it in his fears, and be a living torture until the end came. Not long ago, we read an account of an editor who sent his little son to an up-stairs room, and had the door locked, with the threat that he would be flogged at the end of a certain

number of hours. True to his word, he went to the door at the appointed time, and in the unlocking of it the child was so alarmed, that he ran to the window, jumped out, and broke his neck. It is the limit of folly and the refinement of cruelty to threaten punishment to a child for a thing done. If punishment is merited, it should be inflicted and then dismissed; yet there are parents not a few who seem to have a malignant pleasure, after children have been reproved or otherwise punished for a specific fault, in reminding them of it on every possible occasion for months afterward; the certain effect of which is to induce a kind of desperation in the mind of the child and a "don't care" feeling, which can not fail to have a most unfortunate influence on that child's character for all its life thereafter.

Let parents, then, who would avoid an old age of agony, in connection with harshness, injustice, and even cruelty to their children, remember never to punish or even threaten a child under the influence of a passionate state of the mind, because the morrow may bring death, and no compensation can be ever made.

There is a physiological view to be taken of this case, which may be communicated with profit. Even if the child had been ever so much to blame, he should have been tenderly dealt with as to the present. His mind and body had been most intensely exercised, and the reaction had left the whole system in a state of complete exhaustion. In addition, the body was chilled. He should have been cleansed and re-dressed with all a mother's affection; a warm supper and some hot drink should have been given him, and he should have been put to sleep tenderly, in a warm bed. But instead of all this, he was cold, wet, hungry, "shivering," sent to bed, his feelings "hurt" to an extent which words can not express. We almost feel as if the father of the unfortunate boy was entitled to the designation of "savage," and his wife, a poor, hasty, weak-minded non-entity—worse than no wife at all.

There is not a mother living who ought not to be deeply affected with the following narration, and tears of gratitude should fall if there is a consciousness of being guiltless in this connection. It should certainly exert a wholesome and restraining influence on.

the minds of parents, in reference to hasty and tyrannical punishments of their little ones, and thus save them from unavailing sorrows, and vain regrets, and eating remorse, at a later period of life, when unavoidable troubles come fast enough, and at a time when they are less able to bear them, and even a "grasshopper is a burden."

THE MOTHER'S REMORSE.

THE child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant, that curls at the breath and shuts its heart from light. The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin, and the most mournful blue eyes. I had been trained by a stern, strict, conscientious mother. I was a hardy plant, rebounding at every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day, when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offense, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and on sending her to her little couch, said:

"Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open. I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then; and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her lip quivering. Presently I was sent for—"O mamma! you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't," she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, as she held out her hand.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, Give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That is the way I have been trained until I was a submissive child, and I remember how often I had thanked *my* mother since for her straightforward course. I knelt by her bed, and whispered, "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," though the words seemed to choke me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot; but I attributed it to her excitement. I blamed myself, as the fragile form shook with

suppressed sobs; and saying, "Mother hopes Ellen will mind her better after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about midnight when I was awakened by the nurse. Apprehensive, I ran to the child's chamber. I had a fearful dream. Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at the glance. From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what do you think was the incessant plaint poured into my anguishing heart? "Oh! kiss me, mother, do kiss me. I can't go to sleep. You'll kiss your little Ellen, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll kiss me. Oh! kiss me, dear mamma. I can't go to sleep."

Holy little child, she did go to sleep one gray morning, and never woke again—no, never! Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes—whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered: "I will be good, mother, if you will only forgive me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate and unavailing were my kisses on her cheek after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers, that she might know, if only once, that I would have yielded up my life could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now. She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet—there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky shone down to-day, and there lies the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that sad mother as she said: "There are plants that spring into great vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth." Mothers and fathers, be kind to the little ones. Do not wait till the daisies grow over their bosoms, before you learn to chide them in love. Kiss them before you strike them. By and by you must leave them; but leave no thorns in their memory.—

A LESSON TO PARENTS.

I HAD been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was no where to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent, and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth, is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionery, to present to mother and the children. I need not say how delighted the little ones were at this slight expression of paternal consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repast, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the remains of our nick-nacks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly:

"So, father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?"

I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not!"

"You did not?"

"Not I! I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled. The loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use, any article whatever of family consumption, without permission; and as permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never been denied them, she was loth to

suspect any one of them of the offense. We had a servant-girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying:

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty, we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately called into my presence; the eldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Mary, did you take from your mother's drawer, an apple?"

"No, sir."

"It must have been taken by the servant; call her to me," said I, addressing my wife.

"Nell, how came you to take from the drawer of your mistress, without permission, the largest of the apples she had placed there?"

"Wot apples?"

"Did you take no apple from the drawer of your mistress?"

"No sa."

Now, it was evident that falsehood existed somewhere. Could it be that one of my children had told me a lie? The thought harassed me. I was not able to attend to business. I went to the store—but soon returned again. Meanwhile, the servant-girl had communicated to her mistress that she had seen our youngest go into the garret with a large apple, the morning before. On examination, the core, and several pieces of the rind were found upon the floor. I again called Mary to me, and said to her affectionately:

"Mary, my daughter, did you not go into the garret yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go there with an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice any thing on the floor?"

"No, sir."

I was unwilling to believe my sweet child capable of telling

me a falsehood ; but appearances were against her. The fault lay between her and the servant, and while I was desirous to acquit my child, I did not wish to accuse unjustly the negro. I therefore took Mary into a room alone, I spoke to her of the enormity of lying—of the necessity of telling the truth—of the severe punishment I should be compelled to inflict upon her, if she did not confess the whole to me, and with tears in my eyes urged her to say that she had done it, if indeed she had. Gradually, I became convinced of her guilt; and now I felt determined she *should* confess it. My threatenings were not without effect. After weeping and protesting her innocence, and weeping and again protesting, my threatenings seemed to alarm her, and falling upon her knees, she said: "Father, I *did* take the apple."

Never shall I forget that moment. My child confessed that she was a liar, in my presence !

Suppressing my emotion, I retired; and Mary, rising from her position, ran to her mother, and in a paroxysm of grief cried out:

"Mother, I did *not* take the apple. But father has made me confess that I did."

Here was a new aspect of affairs. Lie multiplied upon lie. Could it be possible! My dear Mary, who had never been known to deceive us—so affectionate—so gentle—so truthful in all the past—could it be possible that she was a confirmed liar! Necessity was stronger than the tenderness of the father. I chastised her for the first time in my life—severely, severely chastised her! It almost broke her heart—and I may add, it almost broke mine also.

Yet Mary was innocent! After-events proved that the negro was the thief. She had conjured up the story of the garret, knowing that Mary would not deny having been there, and to make the circumstances strong against her, had strewn apple-rinds on the floor. I never think of the event without tears. But it has taught me a useful lesson, and that is never to threaten a child into a lie, when it may be he is telling the truth. The only lie I ever knew Mary to tell me, I myself forced upon her by threatenings. It has also fixed in my mind the determination to employ no servant in my family, when I can possibly do without.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

HISTORY records that one of the pyramids was built at the cost of a kiss of the king's daughter, for every man who furnished a stone for its construction. Walking down-town the other day, with a retired merchant of great social and private worth, the remark was made as we passed a splendid hotel, its white marble front glistening in the morning sun, "Every stone in that building cost the ruin of a young girl, if newspaper report be true;" as the builder owned a large property in Mercer and Church streets, the locality of assignation-houses.

"What, Doctor, do you think is the chief source of supply for the victims of the great social evil of large cities?"

"Unhappy homes," was the instinctive reply.

A distinguished judge once said, at the close of a long life, that most of all the male criminals brought before him were found on investigation to have made the first steps toward ruin between the ages of eight and sixteen.

Putting all these things together, the inference may be safely drawn, that a large share of all the unhappiness and crime in the world arises from the character of parental management, its failure to be of a kind to make home the happiest place for the child. If children are indulged too much, they soon begin to feel the least restraint, the slightest opposition to their wishes, an intolerable burden, and their spirits chafe like a caged tiger. Too much restraint, on the other hand, an incessant fault-finding, an everlasting laying down of rules and regulations, intemperate chidings, altogether disproportioned to

the offense ; a habitual rehearsal of the faults of children to all visitors indiscriminately, and ruthless reprovals in the presence of others, their friends and playmates — each and all of these barbarities, as they may be very properly termed, have the very natural effect to sour the young heart, to make it feel as if the parent, who ought to be the best friend, is really the greatest tormentor ; then a feeling of defiance and desperation succeeds, and by degrees the settled purpose is formed, of seeking means to escape from a control which has now grown up to be considered arbitrary and tyrannical to a degree not to be borne another hour ; and often, in a fit of passion, a step is taken which can never be recalled. When a daughter begins to feel, with or without cause, that she has not her mother's sympathies, that her mother does not enter into her years, and is deficient in that tenderness which is naturally looked for, she turns all the more eagerly to the attentions, the deference, and the consideration which the young man shows her, and before she is aware of it, she is ruined forever !

The undutiful step-mother has driven countless thousands from once happy and virtuous homes to crime and infamy. Harsh, unfeeling, inconsiderate teachers have many times driven the young to desperation or hopelessness. In the last year's JOURNAL three articles, with most impressive illustrations, were published, and now three more are given, in the hope of compelling a very general attention to this most important subject. The first incident occurred within a few miles of our birth-place.

“Some three years ago a household in the city of Covington was thrown into commotion by the sudden disappearance of a daughter twelve years of age. She was tracked to the ferry-boat, but whether she passed safely over or had been drowned was not discovered. Patient and anxious waiting brought no tidings of her. The frenzied and unhappy father, although in moderate circumstances, sought the newspaper-offices, and advertised a reward of one thousand dollars to whoever should restore his missing child. All proved unavailing. Some time afterward the corpse of a young lady was found in the river near Vevay, Indiana, and hearing of it he went there, but it was not his daughter.

"Time went on, and no tidings came of the lost child. She was dead to them, but they could not visit her grave. About twelve months since, the stricken family removed to Mexico and took up their abode in a country foreign in language and customs, in features and in habits, from that in which they had met with their great loss. It might wear away their thoughts from sadly ruminating on the past, and enable them, in a region more devoted to religious duties, to look more hopefully toward the great future. There they still are.

"About a week since a steamer arriving from Memphis was crowded with passengers, who were upon the guards straining their eyes to gather into one look the multitudinous objects which throng the public landing. One, however, a young girl budding into womanhood, sought the outer rail and looked wistfully over the naked shore of Covington to where, hid away under a clump of trees, was the cottage of her childhood, hoping in vain to see the curling smoke announce to her a warm welcome within. Quickly she passed over the ferry where long since she had disappeared. No one noted or knew her, and she went without interruption to the door of her father's house. It answered not her knock; weeds had grown up rank and rough where she had left flowers, and no signs of human life were to be found there.

"It was the turn now of the wayward child to weep, and when by inquiry she found how far and almost hopelessly she was separated from her parents, she began to feel desolate. Piqued at some chiding or some punishment of her mother, she had gone upon a steamboat, where a female passenger hired her as a nurse. After a little while the war broke out, stopping all intercourse with the South by the river, and, though she soon found that untried friends but seldom prove steadfast in trouble, and that the harshness of a parent is melting kindness besides that of a stranger, yet she was unable until lately to return. A kind lady of Covington has given shelter to the wanderer until her return is made known to her parents."

THE HARSH TEACHER.

Says an exchange: "We listened, the other day, to an eminent divine, one of America's most gifted and honored sons, as he gave some account of the 'wrongs of his boyhood.'

"‘I went away to school,’ said he, ‘when I was seven years old. My teachers never understood me; my first teacher assumed that nothing was easier than to understand children. Hence he never took pains to study the character of a child.’

"‘You have blotted your book, sir—how is that? Do you mean to disobey me? Have I not told you that I would have clean writing-books?’ said my master.

"‘I have *not* blotted my book,’ said I stoutly.

"‘Who has blotted it, then? No one has had it but yourself. Do you accuse any one else?’

"‘I do not accuse any one, and I have not blotted my book.’

"‘I spoke in good faith, though impudently. I had no knowledge of having blotted my book.

"‘Hold out your hand, and be punished for disobedience and lying.’

"‘I held out the hand that my mother had so softly kissed. I was not eight years old. The master ferruled me till he was tired, and I never shed a tear. My eyeballs seemed on fire. The teacher rested, and then whipped me again; I did not weep or cry out.

"‘You shall beg to be let off, sir,’ said he. I did not beg. I endured all he chose to inflict, and he was obliged to leave me at last, worn out by my obstinacy.

"‘The worst boy I ever saw,’ said he. ‘You will come to the gallows yet. You have not human feelings.’

"‘I looked at my swollen and discolored hand. Oh! if any one had kissed that little hand instead of beating it, I could have hid my face in his bosom, and wept for every insult I had committed or ever should commit. I believe I registered a vow in heaven, then, to be always kind to little children.’

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"‘I am an old man; yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar-tree that grew before the vicarage, in search of the starling’s nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father as he stood at the study-window.

"It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the center of that group of lads, and now

'They are all gone, the old familiar faces.'

"Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harvey Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

"It was a sad day for us at the vicarage, especially for Emily. My father staid in his library all day, though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

"Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting-place; her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memorials of other days, 'the days of auld lang syne') hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sunk almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startling beauty reminded me of the language of the book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing-room. Her 'face was as the face of an angel.'

"Ah me! how I am wandering from the circumstance I sat down to write about; but you must forgive an old man, for whenever I think of Emily, it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

"It was Christmas eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all the day, blotting out the hedges and walls which surrounded the vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

"I had come from my father's study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spir-

ited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition; though, when excited or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble, except my father.

"It was some time before my father came down; but when he did, we heard him lock the study-door after him, and he came down alone. He looked very stern and angry; he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbreaks of passion.

" 'Willie will not come down to-night,' said he; 'I have left him in the study, with a lesson that will keep him all night.'

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which still continued to fall heavily.

"It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of her young friends, (children of the neighboring gentry,) to pass the evening at the vicarage.

"It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were, first, the children of 'Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped in soft furs and shawls, in the old-fashioned cozy family carriage, with its couple of docile grays. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters, Emily and Agnes; and, as the time wore on, about a score of young people were assembled at the vicarage. It was a merry party. My father, whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man, threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had been one of us. The furniture, excepting the old-fashioned piano, had been removed from the drawing-room, and it and the sitting-room had, by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green glossy leaves, and here and there my sister's hands had gracefully arranged bunches of many-colored ribbons.

"Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children

when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

“I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother’s favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the key-hole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that quick, eager spirit would fret in the study above, like a wild bird in a cage.

“Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father, and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother’s yet more sad and pained.

“My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs upon the old piano; and then, the boys choosing their partners from the little maidens who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes, beneath the holly in a corner of the room, the dance began.

“While this was going on I saw my father put something into my mother’s hand; it was the study-key. With a grateful smile—oh! how sweet that smile was!—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs; and I could hear when she unlocked the door; and when she opened the door to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and as its light fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted but a few minutes of ten o’clock.

“I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry: ‘Willie!’ Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, went straight up to him, and crying, ‘Willie’s gone! O Willie, Willie darling!’ fell fainting at his feet.

“My sister immediately left the piano, and with the aid of some cold water my mother was restored very soon. Of course, this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on

their way home, except Harry Vernon, who staid to assist in the search for the missing boy. Afterward my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse a group of the younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling, 'Mamma! mamma!' She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up to the study. As soon as she opened the door, she felt the window was open, by the rushing of the cold frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room she felt a tremor seize her! Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that Willie was not there! The study-lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy-chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

"He must have climbed down the side of the old house, by the aid of the ivy-stems which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

"In a few moments from the discovery of his absence, we—that is my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter, who passionately loved Willie—were out in search of the missing one.

"The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

"Strange to say, my mother went instinctively toward a deep pool of water, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth. Near it, and overshadowing it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer. He was found drowned. Every means were used for his restoration, while old Walter was sent off on the brown mare to the doctor's. We heard the dull, heavy sound of her hoofs upon the snow, as she went off at a swift pace down the carriage-drive. In a short time she came back, bringing the doctor.

"My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously swaying herself backward and forward, when he came in; but she arose immediately, and with wide, flashing eyes, cried:

“‘O doctor! save my boy! O Willie! Willie darling! Speak to me, my child!’

“I never read David’s thrilling lament, ‘O Absalom! my son, Absalom!’ without thinking of my mother’s great agony in Willie’s chamber. The doctor was a remarkably skillful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother’s eager eye followed all his movements

“At last, when we were about despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was an unspeakable ecstasy on my mother’s face, the like of which I have never seen since and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

“The many-colored rainbow of hope now hung over the vicarage—alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

“After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke, and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and then how he became afraid, and dared not look where the shadows lay in the library; and how, as he watched the moon rise through the poplars before the window, he was tempted to climb down the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them to her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backward into the pond. Then he told her how he arose to the surface—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom, with thoughts of her passing dream-like through his mind—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he were dying—and that was all he knew.

“How my mother wept and smiled, clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you how my poor father kissed him and asked—ay, he, the stern disciplinarian, asked—pardon of his own child. Willie, fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he were very cold.

"The doctor came again, but this time he shook his head, and said there was no chance for him. My mother and father watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bees' nests he had found, a few days ago, in a bank in the wood; then he would shout, as if at play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands, and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones: 'O papa! forgive me! I can not!'

"Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head with its splendid dark locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay in my father's trembling palm.

F R E N Z Y .

"'ARE you ready for me! have you got the money?' and he went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while speaking, he drew a handful of papers from his pockets, saying: 'I got you into your office, and now I'll get you out.' I can not tell how long these threats and invectives lasted. At first, I kept interposing, trying to pacify him. But I could not stop him. Soon, my own temper was up. I forgot every thing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion; and in my fury I seized a small stick of wood and dealt him an instantaneous blow, with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know or think or care where nor how hard I should strike, nor what would be the effect. He fell instantly dead! I then cut up his body, hid a portion of it, and burned the remainder in a furnace." This was the confession of a highly educated man, just before he suffered the ignominious penalty of murder; the murder of the best friend he had on earth! It was done in an ecstasy of passion, in a "phrenzy," from a Greek word *phrene*, which means the mind; or a state of the brain in which the mind is excited to a pitch which places it beyond all human control; it is a momentary madness. The lesson sought to be impressed by this nar-

ration, is the danger of cherishing any mental excitement; and the consequent duty of studying how, in all possible ways, to keep the mental faculties in a uniformly calm, quiet, and deliberate condition. In the incident above, it was proven that half an hour before, the murderer had closed a philosophic lecture; and as he stepped from the rostrum into his own room, was met as above detailed, by a rich, remorseless creditor. In a very few minutes the calm philosopher was transformed into an ungovernable fury, by the utterance of a dozen taunting words; and had no more control over himself than an infant over an already sped thunderbolt. Cases are given in standard medical works, where the mental excitement has reached such an intensity, that the individual has fallen dead on the instant; even greater calamities are recorded; the loss of the mind forever, and the hapless victim has raved and raged in impotency behind the bars of a maniac's cell for the remainder of a long life; a fate surely worse than death! Sometimes the mind has gone out in eternal night with a fearful screech, combining the yell of the savage with the expressions of a demoniac.

Lesser degrees of mental excitement have found vent in words and manner so expressive, as to excite an uncontrollable horror in the minds of some of the hearers, and wilted the hearts of others, to bud and bloom no more. A single word uttered by a child to a parent, in a moment of excitement; of a parent to a child; of a husband to a wife, has many a time, before now, quenched every spark of human emotion and of human love, and a hate has sprung from the ashes, as virulent as the deadly upas, only to go out in the night of the grave. Human happiness, and life itself, then, often depends on a failure to control the mental emotion. An effort to practice such a control should be early made; the earlier the better. And let it be particularly remembered, that the most effectual practical manner of doing this, is to cultivate a habit of speaking in a low, slow, deliberate tone of voice, under all circumstances; but whenever the circumstances are exciting, speak not a syllable until the thought, embodied in words, stands out plainly before the mind, "My God and Father is here," and then speak accordingly. The reason of this lies in the curious fact, that the mind has a faculty of being persuaded to believe what the lips express, al-

though every word is a falsehood; for in the excited condition, that which is called imagination runs riot, and makes the merest presumption appear for a moment to be an actual fact. This is an every day occurrence in domestic life, where an excited husband or wife begins to talk of a supposed insult, or deviation of a servant; and the more they talk, the greater appears the aggravation. Reader, keep ever before you the fear of "frenzy," for in an unguarded hour, within any dozen minutes, it may lead you to utter a word against a heart that loves you, whose wound no tears can ever wash away; may lead you to commit an act which will send you to the gallows or a mad-house!

ZERO—ICEBERGS—WALRUSSIA.

THE publishing house of HURD & HOUGHTON, 459 Broome Street, New-York, have issued a new volume, which will be a standard book of reference both at home and abroad, entitled, "The Open Polar Sea," being a narrative of a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole, in the schooner "United States," by Dr. I. I. HAYES, with a splendid engraving, and autograph of the author. 8vo, 454 pages. The thick white paper, the large, clear type, and the elegant binding are proofs of the taste and enterprise of the publishers. There are several engravings, sketched by Dr. Hayes himself, while the subjects treated are of enduring value, and are so graphically presented, that the book itself has the interest of a romance, with the advantage that every line is literally true. The volume has been so well received by the press and the public, that we doubt not of there being successive calls for new editions. Dr. Hayes, in the concluding lines, answers the "*cui bono*," what's the use of spending so much time and money in pushing investigations in such inhospitable climes, by responding, with great beauty and power, that science follows the discoverer, guiding, supporting, and instructing, to be followed by Christianity, and the two, moving hand in hand together, steadily unfold to the human understanding the material interests which concern this life, and to the human soul the sacred truths of Revelation, which concern the life to come.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless; for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

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[No. 8.]

BIBLE AND BUSINESS.

A merchant from New England came into our office yesterday, so feeble and thin that he almost staggered as he took his weary steps. He was fifty-two years old, laboring under both bodily and mental suffering quite sufficient to crush any man of ordinary spirit. By long years of close attention to business from the early morning until long hours after nightfall and by the steady practice of rigid economies and self-denials he had arrived at that point where he almost felt himself able to say, "Now I will give up the push of business and live upon the interest of my accumulations;" he thought his work was done and that now he would take his rest, and to that end had sold out his business at a handsome profit, when one bright morning of the beautiful May, an old citizen whom he had known as a man of position and wealth for thirty years called upon him and requested his name on a bond; in the confidence of citizenship and a neighborly acquaintance of more than thirty years the name was given. In thirty days the man failed and could not pay two cents on the dollar; to pay this bond swept away the entire fortune of our patient, as clear as the palm of the hand, and now old and poor and without a home, he was on his

way to the recesses of the far West to seek a temporary shelter in the house of a distant relative, until he could compose his mind sufficiently to bring it to a contemplation of what was to be done for the future.

"I don't mind it so much for myself," said he, in a faltering accent, "but when I think of the long years of economy and self-denial and patient labor of my wife, it almost kills me; and then this horrid disease is so crushing out my life that I have not the energy to begin anew."

Now to see a grown man on the whimper line is a very considerable trial of our patience and yet we so deeply sympathized with him that before we knew it we had bounded up on our feet and was standing square in his front looking him straight in the eye making the following deliverance: "My good fellow, never say 'die,' because you are not going to do it for a 'considerable spell,' as you Yankees say; and giving up never did any good. Your lungs are as sound as a silver dollar, and with such a foundation to build upon, and such ailments as you have you are not likely to die these twenty years; and that is time enough for any man of moderate gumption to make two or three fortunes in these days. Have you never read in my JOURNAL about the little boy, not ten years old, slender, ragged, without a hat or shoe, trudging homeward by the Washington Monument in Union Square just at dusk of a cold snowy sloppy day in December, with a stick of wood as large as he could stagger under, on his shoulder, which he was carrying home to his widowed mother; it was very slippery, at last he fell sprawling in the slosh and a squall and a cry were naturally expected, but he jumped up in a moment, eyed the huge stick an instant and then exclaimed, 'Ding it, I'll try again,' and without more ado, he bowed his shoulder to it, and the next moment was trudging onward with more determination and a steadier step than before he fell." In an instant the poor man broke out into a deep hearty laugh, and his eyes so sparkled and twinkled that he seemed to grow twenty years younger, in a moment of time, as if he saw for himself a new

success in the future. One of his friends had said to him, "How came you into such a box as this, a man known to be so prudent, so thrifty, so industrious and so attentive to business. I would have thought you would refuse to endorse for Wm. B. Astor." He could not answer the question. But many a man can remember in his own experience, that in some unaccountable way he has been surprised into a deed which was contrary to the principles and practices of a life time — surprised as it were, into some great fault, a most striking exemplification of the Scripture proverb, "He that trusteth in his own heart, is a fool," and that only they are wise who lean lovingly on the Lord.

"Bobby, my darling, you are not fifteen, but you will soon be a man and I want you to profit by your dad's adverse experiences, and when I am gone remember three things:

Never go in debt.

Never go any man's security.

Never lend a dollar to any human being except on bond and mortgage on real estate which you can sell any day. If a friend comes to you to borrow money, just calculate how much you are able to make him a clean present of, and make him a free gift of it, but go no futher; if you lend it to him he will be pretty sure to get mad at you when you ask payment and then both money and friend are gone, as the poet says:

"I once had money and a friend

On both I set great store

I lent my money to my friend

And took his word therefor

"I asked my money of my friend

And nought but words I got.

I lost my money and my friend,

For sue him I would not.

"If I had money and a friend

As once I had before;

Id keep my money and my friend

And play the fool no more.

Such had been the lecture which we had given to our only son and heir a few evenings ago, standing on the door-step, and the experience of our patient brought it up to our mind fresh as a flower ; so we went on to say, " I'm afraid you Simon-pure Conneticut Yankees don't read and heed your Bibles as you used to do aforetime, for it especially warns against going security."

" Well, I guess you won't find anything against securityship in the Bible : where is it ? "

" I can not tell you the chapter and the verse but somewhere in Proverbs there is something like it verily, for it readeth thus, " He that hateth suretyship is sure," (Prov. 11. 15) and that is the Bible method of doing a 'safe' business, and that it might not be forgotten, the wise man writeth a little futher on, 22. 26 — ' Be not thou one of them — that are sureties for debts.'

" Wonder if the fifteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Proverbs is not descriptive of the result of 'going security ;' ' Therefore shall his calamity come suddenly, suddenly shall he be broken without remedy.' ' My son,' saith the first verse of these fifteen, ' if thou be surety for thy friend — thou art snared with the words of thy mouth.' Now what are the words of a man's mouth when he goes security for another ? why there is not one in a thousand whose thoughts do not run in this wise, ' O, he's safe ; there is no danger of my ever having to pay that debt.' How wise then is the Scripture saying of a suretyship, ' Thou art snared with the words of thy mouth.' "

Be assured, reader, that the Bible principles of doing business are best ; and we will just step a mite out of our way to say a word for those whom we hire to work for us, what a saving of trouble and disappointment — heart-breaking disappointment it would be sometimes, many times, millions of times every day — if the Scripture injunctions were adhered to, the general idea being, that the poor should be paid for their personal service at the close of the day or at the time the work is

completed or delivered. It was stated in the public papers that one of the most beautiful articles of apparel worn by the Queen of England at her coronation was made by a young woman, and that in walking a long distance, not for the first time either, on an inclement day, she died of a cold and the combined effects of bodily exhaustion and disappointment at not getting her pay, from the agents of the Sovereign ; she of course could know nothing of such minor details. But how often tailors and poor seamstresses pine in actual want for work done for those who are revelling in the dance or the banquet-hall, it would be difficult to figure out. It often happens to a physician that he shall have a singular case, the first in a dozen years, and another, and even a third, within a day or two. It was not two weeks ago when a gentleman came into our office who had occupied a government position abroad for a number of years. We had known him here a score of years before in New York, as many others knew, to be one of our most active, enterprising and substantial business men. He was at the head of a house, Bank director, and a leading man in the charities of the times. He was the model of a generous-hearted, high-minded man, the soul of integrity and personal honor. In the crises of 1857 he failed, utterly ; gave up every dollar, and with clean hands and an empty pocket struck out anew for business success ; while doing so the wife of his youth died ; his manly son perished in the ranks of the soldiers of the War ; still he accumulated something handsome, and bereaved and old he came to New York to pass the short remnant of his days among the friends and scenes of his childhood. He was invited to make his home at the elegant mansion of a near relative, doing business in Wall Street, and of good repute. My friend said to him one day, " Here, I have some money ; if in the prosecution of your business you find an opportunity of doing something to our mutual advantage, do so and divide the profits between us." In a short time his relative reported a good opportunity in a regular business transaction ; said he, " A business

house, Messrs. B., whom you know, offer to take from me every day so many thousand of a manufacture, at such a rate, to be paid for on delivery. I can get them made for such an amount; you see it is a necessary article of commerce; you know the parties who make and take; you see yourself the liberal margin between cost and price, and that there can be no mistake and no risk." This seemed fair, plain, honorable, without any possible risk. He was instructed to "go ahead." In less than a week he failed, utterly; there was not a dollar for any creditor. My friend made an investigation; he called on both manufacturer and purchaser; they were all right, but they had never seen his relative and had made no such engagements with him or any body else. The whole story was a fabrication from beginning to end, of an unprincipled man on the verge of bankruptcy.

Does not the reader's blood boil with rage at such conduct? A man inviting his relative to his own table and in all the confidence of guest and host and relationship, deliberately, day after day, carrying out purposes of deception and fraud, which it would seem no man in christendom could possibly have the effrontery to fabricate, and yet it was done: the whole thing is true to the last syllable.

The aggrieved man could not possibly have read his Bible to purpose, else he would have reasoned thus: "If a man who trusts himself is a fool, he who trusts another is a fooler."

The inspired page said of the Savior that he "did not commit himself unto them: for he knew what was in man." And yet the keenest, shrewdest men in business life are constantly found "napping."

A friend of ours made a purchase of some kegs of merchandise of one whom he met on "change" every day, and had done so for years. The key of the store-house was given him to examine them for himself. He sent one of his men to see if all was right, who returned and reported "all right," but not satisfied he sent his confidential clerk, who reported that he

had examined a number of the kegs — that every one was of a superior brand — that the assortment was well packed to the very door — that he examined every one within his reach, and that all were alike — were A, number 1, and no mistake. The next day the seller was not on 'Change, nor the next, but it was of no consequence; my friend had paid fifty thousand dollars — was proud of the purchase — had the key in his pocket and he sent for his property; there was the apartment all locked, all safe; there were the identical kegs which had been examined, and the apartment was as full as ever; but there was one little thing in the way; all the kegs in the rear of the tier which had been examined had nothing in them but the bung-hole; so the fifty thousand dollars were gone at a clip and so was the seller, who, it was afterwards learned, was carried by remorse into an insane Asylum, in Switzerland.

Was not good old Jeremiah right when he said (17 v.) 'Curseth be the man that trusteth in man.' Within a month a good old elder in the church, whom we had known to be rich from our youth, came into our office and abruptly said, "Doctor, if I can't get help I and my family will be turned into the street next week, for I am a beggar." A short story was that, and a terrible. A man of sixty years of age with a wife and a large family of children from three to thirty, without a shelter and without a dollar. The character which his pastor gave of him was beautiful; it was worthy of being proud of, and to be hung on the wall framed in silver; and more, we know it to be true. But how did this sudden calamity come about? He was getting old, had prospered in business and had sold out to his younger partner, received all his money, deposited with his banker, whom he had known for years and years, to remain with him until he should determine its disposition. Within fifteen days that banker failed, paying fifteen cents to privileged creditors. The Elder, full of confidence in his integrity and business capacity, with the promptness and self-

reliance of a true business man, determined at once to obtain the situation of a salesman or clerk, which would keep the wolf from the door, not doubting that the wholesale houses with which he had had large and honorable dealings for many years would be glad to avail themselves of his abilities. Up and down Broadway and Maiden Lane and Wall Street he traveled day after day making a frank full statement; not a man would employ him; he had sympathy, condolence and courtesy, but no engagements. He next went to the friends of his youth, to advance a small sum each, which combined would start him in business, but not a dollar could he raise; "they all with one consent began to make excuse," and at the end of all he came to us, as above stated.

He will be rich again in money, as well as in christian character and business ability and integrity.

Who shall not say in the light of these suggestive narrations, coming under our own personal knowledge, that the Bible is a good business guide and that our lecture to our son was founded on good authority.

"Go no man's security." "Trust no man." "Never give up — it don't do any good."

It is bad enough to be poor—it is worse to be in bad health, but to be old and poor and sickly, is terrible. Hard enough it is, for the great multitudes to get along in the world even when in the full enjoyment of bodily vigor, but to enter on the strife for bread under the crushing influence of poverty and disease is terrible to think of; and to avoid calamities so great, let every one read the Bible with greater care and practice more assiduously its lessons of wisdom and truth, for in this practice there is length of days and honor and peace in the life that now is, and in the world to come, life everlasting. The summing up of the whole article is founded, too, on Bible authority as the surest way to success in business, i.e. —

1. Owe no man anything.

2. Allow no man to owe you without bond and mortgage on solid land.
 3. Trust no man.
 4. Be security for no man.
 5. Pay all promises of wages as soon as the work is done.
 6. "Be temperate in all things."
 7. "Be diligent in business."
 8. Visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction with sympathy, with council, with encouragement and money.
 9. Trust not in uncertain riches.
 10. Lay up for yourself a treasure in heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal. In so doing your days will be long in the land; you will be fat and flourishing and finally will go down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe in his season, and then in due time wake up in the likeness of Him who loved you, and be with Him in Heaven to spend an undying existence of progress, happiness and peace.
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THE BEST SUMMER BEVERAGE, is cold water, ice cold, if you please, but by all means grasp the glass by the hand, take a swallow at a time, remove the glass from the lips for a few seconds then take another swallow; in this way it will be found that the thirst will be thoroughly satiated before half the water has been taken, whereas if it had been swallowed continuously, the whole contents would not have satisfied the thirst.

As many persons have dropped dead from drinking greedily of water not ice cold, when very much heated and fatigued, this precaution may save many a life.

Butter-milk is another admirable summer beverage. Its acidity cools the system and acts slightly on the liver, and thus promotes the passing of the bile and other impurities from the body.

MARRIAGE AND LONGEVITY.

Bachelors die earlier than other men, see Tract 290, on "Woman." This is confirmed by Dr. Stark of the Registers office in Scotland, who finds that the average age of married men over twenty years is over fifty-nine years, while the unmarried average only forty years; that is, marriage adds nearly one-third to the length of life, as a general rule, because

1st. Bachelors are always in a state of unrest, they feel unsettled.

2nd. If indoors after supper there is a sense of solitariness, inducing a sadness, not actual melancholy, with all their depressing influences; and many, many hours in the course of the year are spent in gloomy inactivity, which is adverse to a good digestion and a vigorous and healthful circulation.

3d. His own chamber or house being so uninviting, the bachelor is inclined to seek diversion outside, in suppers with friends, in clubs which are introductory to intemperance and licentiousness, or to those more unblushing associations which under the cover of darkness, lead to speedy ruin of health and morals; and when these are gone the way downward to an untimely grave is rapid and certain.

On the other hand, marriage lengthens a man's life.

1st. By its making home inviting.

2nd. By the softening influences which it has upon the character and the affections.

3d. By the cultivation of all the better feelings of our nature, and in that proportion saving from vice and crime.

4th. There can be no healthful development of the physical functions of our nature without marriage; it is necessary to the perfect man, for Divinity has announced that it was "not good for a man to be alone."

5th. Marriage gives a laudable and happyfying object in life, the provision for wife and children, their present comfort and future welfare, the enjoyment in witnessing their happiness and the daily and hourly participations in affectionate interchange of thought and sentiment and sympathy, these are the considerations which antagonize sorrow and lighten the burdens of life, thus strewing flowers and casting sunshine all along its pathway.

SMOKEY CHIMNEYS

Are an annoyance and a source of constant irritation to many households besides the discomfort, gloom, dinginess and dirt which are imparted to kitchen or parlor. Where the houses are close together the chimneys must out-top the neighboring building or wall. But there are two things to be done which will seldom fail to make any chimney draw well. The "flue" is the passage for the smoke upwards from the fire; smoke is very light, and if in its ascent it strikes against any thing, it rebounds especially if the obstacle is immediately above the fire, for there the draft is comparatively light, but it increases as it ascends. The throat of the chimney is the beginning of the chimney part, and is usually three or four inches broad or deep, and ten, fifteen or more lengthways or across; if this throat is abruptly widened and lengthened so as to make a chamber twice as large in both directions, and a foot high, and then taper off as desired, the chimney will not smoke, especially after this chamber has become somewhat heated, for the rarified air creates a vacuum into which the smoke rushes and a strong draft is immediately generated. Another item in connection with chimneys merits attention, as many houses have been set on fire and lives lost by the "chimney taking fire," as it is termed, in consequence of the great accumulation of soot in the body of the chimney. It is claimed that if salt is mixed with the mortar which is used in building the chimney in the usual way, the accumulation of soot is prevented by the salt absorbing the moisture every damp day, and parting with it to the soot, which thus becomes heavy and falls down into the fire-place.

If smoke has settled on the walls whether from chimneys or from gas or oil lights, it may be removed preparatory to whitewashing and the walls will be left in good condition to receive the lime if some indigo is dissolved in water and the mixture is applied with a brush; another plan has been suggested: take four quarts of fresh wood ashes in a wooden vessel, pour on two gallons of boiling water and when settled apply with a brush; if the first brushing thus is not sufficient let it dry and make another application. It adds so much to the feeling of comfort to have a tidy, clean, light-looking kitchen that every good housekeeper will value the suggestions made.

HEMORRHAGE.

Is literally "blood flowing," from any part of the body, but it is commonly used in a restricted sense to mean spitting blood from the lungs, which is usually regarded, and is, the death knell of the individual, sooner or later, from consumption of the lungs; hence, when any person "spits blood" he tries to persuade himself that it is from the throat or from the gums or from the nose. In very many cases it is a harmless occurrence in women, and sometimes in men; but as to the latter, it almost always means death from consumption. If the quantity discharged does not exceed a few table-spoonfuls, it is best to let it alone; to remain quiet and composed on the bed, and to eat bits of ice with avidity; this cools the stomach and draws the blood there, away from the lungs; besides, it lowers the heat of the body, tends to cool the blood, lessens its fluidity and makes it flow more slowly. A very common remedy is to eat common salt, which is perhaps the very best thing that can be done, in addition to ice, and be quiet, because, first, it is always at hand, is perfectly safe, and by its thirst-exciting and nauseating tendency diverts the blood from the lungs and diminishes its fluidity; cloths dipped in ice water and laid on the chest, and replaced by others every minute or two, is very efficient, especially if the feet are kept half-leg deep in water as hot as can be borne; any, and all these things do good in another direction, they help to quiet the mind, to compose the patient, and soothe the perturbation which is usually excited by such an occurrence. While these things are doing, send for a physician and turn the whole case over to him, and allow him to assume all its responsibilities.

When blood is loose in the lungs, or its vessels are gorged with it, it is better out than in, and it keeps off cough or moderates it very greatly; hence it is temporarily curative, and does an immediate and unmixed good if it does not exceed a tea-spoonful every few days. It should be borne in mind, that in many cases it arises from the want of a vigorous general circulation of the blood, and whatever promotes that tends to arrest the hemorrhage. John Randolph was afflicted thus for many years and as soon as he was attacked, he would jump on his mule or horse and trot off for an hour or two. N. P. Willis did the same thing with admirable effect.

BRAIN WORK.

HARD study does not of itself shorten life, but does of itself tend to increase the longevity of man. When hard students die early, it will be found that in some way they had fallen into the habit of violating some of the laws of nature or began study with some inherited infirmity. The pursuit of Truth is pleasurable; it is exhilarating; it is exalting and promotes serenity. Of all men, natural philosophers average the longest lives. The great, the governing reason is, in addition to the above, that their attention is drawn away from the indulgence of animal appetites; their gratifications are not in that direction, hence they are neither gourmands, drunkards nor licentious. Sir Isaac Newton had often to be reminded that his dinner was waiting; the call to eat is often a most unwelcome one to literary men; they consider eating a secondary consideration; they literally eat to live, and the process of dining is often gone through with as a task.

Many hard students have become miserable dyspeptics and have died while yet in their prime, but the tormenting disease was brought on by over eating, by eating too fast, or by returning to their studies too soon after a hearty or hasty meal, thus drawing to the brain the nervous energy which ought to have been expended on the stomach in aiding it to prepare the food for nourishing the system, and not being so prepared it "lays heavy," feels like a load, or induces other discomforts which increase in intensity and duration until life becomes a burden and a failure. The French Academy is perhaps the most learned body in the world and the ages of the younger members average from sixty to seventy. Most of the clever men of France have in this year of 1867, reached a great age. Of the members of the French Academy, M. Viennet is 89; M. de Segur 86; de Pougerville, 76; Lebrun, 82; Villemain, 76; Lamartine, 76; Flourene, 78; M. Guizot is 79 and M. Thiers 69; Berryer is 74; the Duke de Broglie, 82.

This list might be indefinitely extended as to all nations — Lord Brougham, Humbolt, John Wesley, and many others.

The circumstance most favorable to longevity among brain workers is the spending a considerable portion of early life in out-door activities, travel and the like, and then by a temperate and plain mode of living the brain will work advantageously until past four score years.

VENTILATING CELLARS.

THE air of cellars is very generally heavy and damp, causing whatever is in them to be soon covered with mould, besides sending up poisonous gases through the chambers above, and whatever plan will serve even in part to purify the air of the cellar by conveying its noisome exhalations without the building and thus making room for a dryer and purer air from without, will contribute greatly to the comfort and enjoyment and healthfulness of any household, and that plan is best which is self-acting and does not depend upon the attention of servants or bad housekeepers. Let a common stove-pipe with one elbow be arranged with one open end three or four inches above the cellar floor, passing through the ceiling of the cellar and floor of the kitchen or other apartment where there is a constant fire, and be introduced into the flue within a foot of the kitchen ceiling by the elbow; at some point within reach of this stove-pipe a damper should be attached which, when desired, would stop the draft from the cellar.

A correspondent of the Scientific American suggests a modification of this arrangement, which is given in his own words: "In my sitting room, immediately over the cellar, I have a small, cast iron, air-tight, wood burning stove, with three and a half feet of six inch pipe connected through a thimble with the chimney flue at about one foot from the stove. I have a T connection with the stove pipe, with pipe of the same size, passing through the floor and reaching to within a foot of the cellar floor. At the top of this pipe, close to the connection with the stove pipe, there is a valve which regulates the draft of cold air taken from the cellar. The opening in the floor is half an inch larger than the pipe. The vacuum produced in the cellar by the draft in the chimney flue thus situated, draws air down from the chamber through the space around the pipe in the floor. My cellar which was before damp, is now as dry and pleasant as any room in the house. Formerly articles placed in my cellar soon became mouldy, and were spoiled for want of ventilation.

"Another good way to accomplish the same object is to build the chimney into which the pipes from the stoves enter, from the cellar up with an opening in the cellar. The heat rarifying the air causes an upward draught which effectually ventilates the cellar. We have tried this plan for years and know that it works well."

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

YOUNG men crowd to the great cities to seek their fortunes. With a consciousness of their own integrity they have an abiding confidence of success, but on applying first to one and then another but vainly, their eyes are gradually opened to the unwelcome fact that they must return whence they came, wondering why they can not "get in" somewhere, not knowing that for every vacancy a hundred quite as needy stand ready to fill it; their surprise is the greater, in that they had letters from General Smith, Governor Brown, Lawyer White and Parson Thomas.

Real business men, shrewd and keen-sighted, care very little about letters of recommendation from anybody, knowing that human nature is very accommodating in giving what costs nothing more than writing a few well expressed sentences. They know that truth lies in things, not words; in what they see rather than in what they hear. A youth would not get a clerkship with the recommendation of every governor in the nation, if he entered a counting-room with a cigar in his mouth, a cane in his hand and a diamond ring on his finger. A blundering swaggerer would wear out a dozen pair of boots on hard city pavements and yet fail to get wages from any prudent business man. Often the money of these young employment-seekers is exhausted before they know it, and before "remittances" come from hard working hands and affectionate hearts "at home," they have been tempted to drown sad thoughts at the theatre, the dance-house and the brothel, and all is lost. The most common, and the greatest mistake is in estimating their services entirely too high, considering the risks; not too high if they would be as faithful as they think they would. forgetting that the employer has no means of knowing their integrity. He must first prove that to the employer's entire satisfaction, and for the opportunity of doing it he ought to be glad for the chance of working for nothing but his board; and just as soon as he has shown himself to be prompt, faithful and energetic, his good qualities will be appreciated, his rise will be speedy and his ultimate success sure.

Business men often form determinations involving thousands in value from apparently trifling incidents. A young man seeking employment went to one of our large cities, and, on enquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time, he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

A young man once asked a city merchant to sell him some goods on short credit; his recommendations were very favorable, but the times were uncertain, many were failing, and the credit was refused; as he was slowly leaving the store, greatly depressed at the disappointment, he stooped to pick up a pin, and carefully stuck it in his coat collar. The merchant noticed it, called him back and told him he could have what goods he wanted, "for I see you are careful and economical of small things — such men can be safely trusted." — A young man purchased a bundle of goods from Stephen Girard: as he was about to shoulder them at the door, Mr. G. said to him, "Why don't you call that dray?" "O," said the youth, "I can carry it home myself and save the cartage." Mr. G. was so well pleased with the reply that he took the youth into his confidence and befriended him as long as he lived.

ACIDITY.

ACIDITY of stomach always arises from that organ not being able to digest, to work up the food eaten, to extract the nutriment which it contains, hence two results: First, the food decays, that is rots, becomes sour and generates a sour gas, which is belched up, causing a burning or raw sensation, located apparently at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck, or in that vicinity. Sometimes an acid fluid is generated and is belched up, and so very sour occasionally as to take the skin off of some parts of the throat, mouth or lips. Second, the food not being properly worked up, does not give out its nourishment, the system is not fed, and consequently becomes weak, the circulation becomes feeble, the feet grow habitually cold; the person is easily chilled, and dreads going out of doors; is happiest when hugging the fire, and takes cold so easily that the expression is frequently used, "the least thing in the world gives me a cold." When such a condition is reached these colds are so frequently repeated that before one is cured another comes, and there is a perpetual cough which the most unintelligent know is the certain harbinger, the forerunner of consumption of the lungs.

When persons are troubled with indigestion, and one of its effects, acidity, the advice given in nearly all cases is to take something to correct the acidity, such as cream of tartar, soda, saleratus, ammonia, the ley of wood ashes, and other alkalies. These things correct the acidity, but the stomach gets no power of a better digestion, the effects as far as sensation is concerned are removed, but the system continues to be improperly nourished; the man grows thinner, and weaker; and with wasting of flesh and strength, there is diminished power of circulation; the person becomes chilly, colds are taken from slight causes and at diminishing intervals, and before he knows it he has an annoying, hacking cough, which too often ends in a wasting, fatal disease.

When acidity follows eating, it is always because there has been an error in the quantity or quality of the food eaten; the stomach could not manage it, could not perform the work imposed upon it. The true remedy is to eat less and less at each meal, until no acidity is perceptible, or to change the quality of the food; and in a short time the stomach, not being overtasked, gets time to rest, to recuperate, to get strong; then it digests more food and digests it better, with the inevitable result of a more vigorous constitution, more power of endurance, more strength of body and greater elasticity of mind, more happiness and a spirit and energy to grapple with life's duties, which makes existence a pleasure.

AMATEUR PHYSICIANS.

If a layman is recommended by any one to take or do something for an ailment and it is promptly followed by the removal of the thing complained of, he forthwith, from that single instance, becomes enthusiastic, and the very next time he meets with one who has similar "symptoms," he prescribes with great confidence and if that is also successful, he in a very short time will be found giving the same prescription for every thing, it at once becomes in his estimation a panacea, a universal remedy, a cure for everything. It would require scores of such successes and a whole year's, or even five years' observation, for an experienced physician to have a hundredth part of the confidence in any remedy, simply because he knows the uncertainties of remedies, and how rare it is that the same conditions are found in two cases. The use of remedies for the alleviation and cure of ailments was very simple in the earlier ages of the world. Then men were inclined for purposes of self-defence to live close together, and to surround the place with high stone walls with gates at convenient distances; these places were called cities. The gates were opened in the morning and closed at night, and all persons visiting the city or leaving it, had to pass through these, hence the sick "sat in the gate," in the hope that some one of the multitudes passing might have suffered in the same way, or have seen some one thus suffering, and having been cured would be willing, as an act of humanity, to tell what was done. The older a person was the more he had seen and the more knowledge would he have on the subject; it was a natural and easy step for these old persons to have the remedies prepared and then to apply them, as they had seen them applied; the remedies cost something, and it took time to apply them, hence the idea of compensation for time and trouble arose, and thus it became a regular calling, and thus were made the first doctors, and perhaps these were better than many of our later day, because they practiced from actual observation, while it is common in our time to get the knowledge from books—a much more uncertain method. The older, the safer, is a good general rule; and a better one still is, pay no attention to what outsiders may say about health and disease, however eminent in their calling. Health publications written for by political hacks, clerical sensationists and lay lecturers are very unsafe guides. One of these has lately had the frankness to acknowledge, "I wrote an article on health some years ago for the —, and the editors were foolish enough to publish my article," which, he goes on to confess, had no sense in it. We only say that if his "Divinity" gives as uncertain a light as his physic, he had a great deal better go to cracking stones for the turnpike; and the real truth is, some of his 'brethren' have intimated as much. We are very certain old John Knox would, any how.

Notices.

NOTICES.

DICKENS' Works, in seven volumes, bound uniformly in black cloth, by Peterson Brothers of Philadelphia, for Twenty Dollars. If any readers of the JOURNAL will send us twenty names of new subscribers to Hall's Journal of Health for one year, with thirty dollars, the publisher will deliver to their order one set of Dickens' Works for each twenty subscriptions so sent in.

Waverly Novels complete, five volumes, \$25, will be furnished for twenty new names and \$18.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. — We have frequently drawn the attention of our readers to the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published weekly at No. 37 Park Row, New York, for \$3 a year. It does not discuss politics or religion but is always on the side of good morals, the diffusion of intelligence and the encouragement of good citizenship. It is a reliable publication; it does not advocate one thing to-day and something different to-morrow; it takes up no opinion hastily, pins its faith to no great name, but in the truth; it investigates before it announces; it takes nothing for granted even if wise men say it; and although it discusses scientific questions in the mechanic arts, yet it is so eminently practical that every housekeeper will be instructed in domestic matters in every issue for it gives the earliest information as to all improvements in every department of human life. Often in a single number there is practical information as to the conduct of life worth intrinsically more than a year's subscription. Taking up an issue at random we find in part the following subjects: How to buy meat; how to preserve animal substances; beef cured by venous injection; new air pump; a new gas engine; value of different kinds of fuel; breaking of lamp chimnies; fire-proof coating for floors, &c., &c.

If we were asked which was one of the very best religious newspapers we should answer, "The Boston Christian Watchman & Reflector." Another well edited paper for religious family reading, we do not remember now of what denomination, is THE TELESCOPE, published at Dayton, Ohio. But a great defect of most of the religious newspapers is their barrenness of editorials pertaining to the times. The remedy is to pay editors larger salaries so that they may have nothing else to do but edit the paper and write for it; greater salaries will command greater minds; every church member has a duty to perform in this regard, not only to take a religious newspaper himself but to use his personal effort and influence and persuasion to induce his friends and neighbors to take one. No family in the United States ought to be without a weekly religious

Notices.

newspaper, because it is a power for good in the land, and is needed, greatly needed — more and more needed every day to antagonize the covert attacks which the secular and all the "Sunday" papers are constantly making against the Sabbath, against the Bible, against the clergy and against professing christians in general; and to antagonize, too, the trash reading which at last has become part and parcel of most of our city dailies. These things imperatively demand the attention of all thoughtful men.

ANNIHILATION. — The American Tract Society, at 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, have issued a twenty-five cent book entitled "The Wicked not Annihilated," being a refutation of Modern Sadduceism, by Rev. Israel P. Warren. Also a beautiful volume of 262 pps. entitled "Friendly Words with Fellow Pilgrims," by James William Kimball. Among the subjects are: Waiting for Deep Impressions; I have no Faith; Assurance; Every Christian a Worker; How to save Souls; Your Mission. — 50 cents. Also a beautiful 12mo of 358 pps., white paper and clear type, \$1 25, entitled

"GOD'S WORD WRITTEN,"

explaining and proving the doctrine of the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, by the Rev. Edward Garbett, M. A., incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton and select preacher of the University of Oxford, England.

Thoughtful and observant men know that there is a growing feeling and disposition to call in question the Divine origin of Scripture truth; a wish, as it were, that the Bible should not be the word of God, and this in the face of the patent fact that it opposes all that is evil and espouses all that is good. Well has it been said that good men or angels could not have written it because in saying that it is the "Word of God" they would have told a falsehood. Devils and evil spirits would not have written such a book, because it everyw here condemns them, shows their wiles their deceits and their wickedness, and condemns them to an existence of unutterable woe, and as there is no other class of intellectual beings in the universe God only could have been the author of such a book. — Among the contents are. "What is Christianity?;" Christianity identified with the Bible; Authority of the Scriptures; The whole Scriptures are the Word of God; The Word of God is verbally inspired. — Nineteen chapters in all. This book will greatly confirm the true believer; it will establish the doubting and will lead the thoughtless to reflect and build on the sure foundation-stone. Mother, get your young daughter to read it; father put it in the way of your son — it may be salvation to him. It is a good book for everybody, young and old, saint and sinner, for it is "God's Word Written."

Notices.

THE HOME JOURNAL, \$3 a year, is published, as formerly, at 107 Fulton street, and is so enlarged and beautified as to be scarcely recognized as an old acquaintance. Morris and Willis are no more in it, nor will their equals in their line ever be; they were the Home Journal personified in it, but they have left us for aye and their successors have laid themselves out for the work of making one of the most inviting of weekly publications and they have gathered around them an array of talent which will doubtless give it a position and a circulation which it has never yet attained. Morris, Phillips & Co., Publishers.

REPORT of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, for 1866, by Thomas M. Kirkbride, M. D., Physician-in-Chief and Superintendent,—published by order of the Board of Managers. Intemperance as a cause of insanity is brought forcibly to notice in the statement, that "Much of the ill health, the loss of property, domestic difficulties, disappointed expectations and mental anxiety, in not a few instances, were the consequences of intemperance on the part of parents, husbands, or the members of families, and without which the disease would not have been developed." — Among the noteworthy improvements are the introduction of gymnasiums, flower gardens, reading-rooms and evening entertainments as the result of Dr. Kirkbride's wisdom, thoughtfulness and perseverance; and what a change from the pens and iron cages and chains to which the helpless insane were doomed but a few short years ago, and in some places still, which that angel of mercy and kindness, Dorothea Dix, has yet not been able to visit.

CRAZY FARMERS. — Right soundly were we handled a few years ago for making the statement that there were more crazy farmers than of any other class, and in this Report it is verified that of nearly five thousand patients there were one-third more farmers than of any other class sent to them; more merchants and clerks next — what a graceless occupation is that of a clerk, a drudge at best; what temptation for ill requited labor, and above all the discouraging consideration that if he barely discharges his duties he gets his full pay, but whatever, of fidelity and of extra efforts to forward the interests of his employers he gets no more than his full pay; and then for a young man to place himself voluntarily under the whim and caprice of his employer, often an ignorant man, too often an unprincipled one, is a degrading thought; better a thousand times learn some handicraft and being complete master of your trade make your employer bow to you, young man, for who does not know that in the city of New York an accomplished workman can command his own terms and can select his own patrons. "He's nothing but a clerk," is the contemptuous expression on a thousand lips. Where is your manhood, young gentlemen?

Notices.

Two hundred "clerks" in one insane asylum! and only fifty doctors; these hav'nt time to go crazy; plenty of practice, good fees and the pets of all the women—for where is the woman who does not believe in her doctor!

Authors — One!! The reason of that is their insanity runs out at their finger's ends, they diffuse it among the people, vent is given to thought and all that is left of him is milk-and-water — a perfectly harmless compound; as proof, let any reader go and talk half an hour with any author, and if you do not get sick and tired of him at the "end of the first quarter" then we are mistaken. Only one crazy author out of five thousand insane! Reader, if you have fears at any time of going crazy, just go and write a book

To C. O. H. — Can't afford to read a three-page letter from any correspondent, but gather the main drift, perhaps, from a few first lines; we can not tell all about any one thing in one article; it would be too long; nobody would read it; we have written a whole book about Sleep; if you write again and want to be read, say all you want on one peice of common note-paper; enough can be said in that space to last a year. Ye long winded folk: your blows are not worth a button; come to your subject at once; if two words express your meaning, select the one having the fewest syllables; if two monosyllables will equally convey your idea write the one which has the fewest letters. Just imagine that every letter you want printed cost half a dime, and what wordy fellow has many! — and act accordingly.

Persons often send a dollar or two for the Journal or for a book, and then write a letter a mile long, detailing their signs and symptoms, with insufferable diffuseness, and seem to think that an opinion or a prescription will be thrown in; when the editor opens a letter longer than a few words and in a strange hand, and has no money in it — it is turned over to another to glean the one main idea and report it. Time is money in a large city. A whole bundle of compliments would not buy a sprig of parsley for a bowl of soup. If you make a purchase at a store you do not expect to have some other thing of equal or greater cost thrown in, because you have patronized the "House." It would take us a year to answer all the letters we receive in a week from persons who seem to think that their subscribing for the Journal, or purchasing a book or speaking praises, entitles them to a prescription. Whoever wants a letter from us on any subject, must send with it Five Dollars.

THE NORTH POLE.

Considering the value of food and the comfort of keeping it in a fresh condition, a philosophically constructed refrigerator becomes one of the most economical and comfort-giving articles of household use. That is beyond all question the best Refrigerator which combines in one, the indispensable advantages of light, cleanliness and cold.

The "Zero Refrigerator" shows at a single glance every article of food in it, being lined with zinc it is easily kept clean; the ice being put in at the top; and the provisions through a front opening, the several advantages are secured of, First, no grease, crumbs, bits of meat, or berries get mixed with the ice. Second, as cold air settles at the bottom, the coldest part of the Refrigerator is that which, being under the ice, contains the food. Third. As the ice melts, the water which it makes is conveyed into a reservoir, and is delivered by a faucet, so that there is always ice-cold water at hand.

The prices vary according to size—from \$25 to \$50. Sold by the Patentee, Alexander M. Lesley, 605 Sixth Avenue, and 1310 Broadway, New York. Among the purchasers who give high praise to this most perfect of all Refrigerators, to this date of July 4, 1867, are

F. S. Winston, of New York.	John Caswell, New York.
Pitt Cooke, of Jay Cooke & Co., N. Y.	C. R. Toplift, of Munn & Co., N. Y.
E. H. R. Lyman, Brooklyn.	Judge Storer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hon. Erastus Brooks.	Hon. James Brooks.
Mrs. Sequin, Staten Island.	F. Schuchardt, New Hamburg, N. Y.
Josiah Mann, New York.	John Morrison, New York.
J. R. Briggs, Sheffield, Mass.	O. de Comeau, Spuyten Deyvil.
W. H. Butler, of Valentine & Butler.	H. D. Oliphant, Orange, N. J.
I. M. Morrison.	Richard B. Kimball.
F. B. Nichol, of Houghwout & Co.	H. A. Tilden, New Lebanon, N. Y.
Wm. B. Green, Newport, R. I.	Edward Sweet, Montclair, N. J.
L. Waefelaer, New York.	W. Whitlock, Jr., New York.
J. H. Sherwood, "	Wm. H. Lee, "
Hon. Geo. Stephenson, New York.	Rev. J. P. White, Newport, R. I.
Rev. A. S. Twomley, Stamford, Ct.	Chas. A. Clayton, Orange, N. J.
Jacob Hays, Inwood, N. J.	Charles Curtis, New York.
R. B. Henchman, Cincinnati, Ohio.	G. L. Weaver, Albany, New York.
Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island.	Rabbi Isaacs, New York.
Wm. Kinsey, Greenwich, Ct.	J. F. Kendall, New York.
Orange Judd, of the "American Agriculturist."	
J. J. Thomas, of the "Cultivator and Country Gentleman."	
N. P. Boyner, of the "American Stock Journal," and hundreds of others.	

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless; for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

VOL. XIV.] SEPTEMBER, 1867. [No. 9.

AUTUMNAL DISEASES.

THESE are chiefly diarrhoea, dysentery and various grades of fevers, from slight 'creeps' to congestive chills, for fever is the reaction of coldness, but when there is not power enough in the system to react from the cold stage, death is certain, as in congestive chill, in which the blood becomes so cold, so thick and so impure that it ceases to circulate, becomes stagnant and the machinery of life stops forever. Hundreds of thousands die every autumn of the three forms of disease mentioned, but not one need die, they are avoidable diseases, their causes being known and all that is required is to bring a very moderate amount of intelligence to bear in avoiding those causes. A baby will avoid putting its finger in the candle a second time; it remains only to grown-up stupids to expose themselves to the causes of disease year after year and thus recklessly imperil health and even life itself.

The cause of Autumnal diseases is an emanation from the surface of the earth in those localities where are found in combination heat, moisture and vegetable matter such as leaves, wood, &c., for the heat of eighty degrees combined with moisture induces decay, and from this decaying substance something

arises which if breathed or otherwise taken into the system induces the diseases mentioned, sooner or later.

What this emanation is, has hitherto been merely a conjecture because it was so impalpable, so like thin air, that the atmosphere which contained it when subjected to chemical analysis yielded nothing beyond the constituents of pure air. But within a year or two it has been ascertained that if a quantity of air of a miasmatic locality is bottled up and is conveyed to a sleeping apartment, the person who breathes it will, in a short time, have more or less decided symptoms of fever and ague; and on examining his saliva or the inside of his mouth a living, moving thing is clearly visible with microscopic aid. Observation and experiment have shown incontrovertibly that there are two ways of escaping the ill effects of having these living things introduced in the system,—persons must avoid living in localities where the land is rich, flat and moist, or they must drain those lands; but it is possible to live in such places and have reasonably good health simply by keeping in the house of mornings, with a brisk blazing fire until breakfast is eaten, and take supper at sundown, because it has been found that these emanations are more poisonous at sunrise and sunset and that if the stomach is excited to action by the process of digestion the emanation is rendered innocuous, perhaps from the fact, in part, that the juices of the stomach at the time of digestion are of a character to destroy the life of these living things; but the fact remains the same, whether this supposition is true or not.

A practical use may be made of this subject in the light of these facts, in reference to breathing night air. Very many advocate the raising of windows in a sleeping apartment summer and winter, all the year round; the theory seems a good one, but experience will not corroborate it. Persons living on water courses where the "bottom lands," as they are called, are rich, luxuriant and damp will save health and life itself by keeping all outside doors and windows opening into chambers

closed from sundown to sunrise during the three Autumnal months, in fever and ague or intermittent localities.

WASHING.

Any man will feel more like a man, in the consciousness of having on a clean shirt; and as the hired help who go through the motions of washing our clothing without accomplishing the object, one-half are particularly disposed to shirk labor in these days of hot suns and suffocating atmospheres, it might be well to adopt some plan by which the same amount of labor expended in half washing our clothing could be made to do the thing thoroughly. Such a plan would be of incalculable value to that army of hard working wives whose husbands are tillers of the soil.

That excellent paper, the OHIO CULTIVATOR, comes to the aid of farmers' wives right gallantly and assures them that the washing may almost do itself while the poor tired woman is lying on the lounge looking at it, thus: Take one pound of sal-soda (saleratus or bi-carbonate of soda, all of which are different names for the same article) and a half pound of un-slacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes, let it stand till cool, then drain off, put in a small jug or jar; soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and in one boiler of clothes well covered with water, add one teacupful of washing fluid; boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, rinse, and your old clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling.

FEEDING THE SICK.

An intelligent officer in the army remarked one day that he had long observed that a larger number of men who were sent home to their friends sick, died than of those who remained in the army. On being asked his opinion as to what was the reason of such a result he said, "Because their friends feed

them up so." The answer was undoubtedly the true one. As in health we eat heartily, it seems to be concluded that if a sick person can be made to eat heartily he will get well right away, and to induce them thus to eat, all the delicacies and tempting things that can be thought of are crowded in on the poor laboring stomach, internal fever is excited, no nourishment is drawn out of it, and the invalid consumes away by internal fires.

We constantly read of persons horribly wounded in war or otherwise injured, who, unable to obtain human aid, are exposed to rain and night air and other inclemencies and would have starved, but for the roots and berries they crawled about to procure, and yet survived. It is a rule, with very few exceptions, that the sick should not have their appetites tempted; that they should wait until they felt as if plain bread and butter would taste good to them, and even then, not eat at less than five hours interval.

The stomach is weak like every other part of the body, and to put upon it a task which its instincts do not seek, is unwise and illogical in the highest degree. You can't make a sick pig eat, while man, a bigger pig, "forces" the food upon himself when he has not the slightest inclination and even takes measures to create the inclination. Nor bird, nor beast, nor creeping thing will eat when sick, but man, the biggest brute of all, will.

One plain wholesome dish for an invalid is prepared thus—Take some common Indian corn, roast it as you would coffee, grind it in a coffee mill and make it, in the usual way, into a mush or gruel, or make it into thin cakes nicely browned and eat either cold or hot, alone or with sugar or salt or syrup or butter, in whatever way the stomach will receive it most kindly and retain it. This parched corn meal or parched rice, boiled in sweet milk, is one of the best non medicinal remedies known for the relief of diarrhœa or even dysentery, if

the patient will remain quietly in bed for a day or two. This is especially valuable for children suffering with bowel complaint.

Another excellent article of food, wholesome and nutritious, is common wheat cleaned and washed, then let it be soaked in warm water and when the grains have softened and swollen, boil slowly until soft enough to be eaten with milk or sugar or syrup, according to the taste; it may be salted a little; if any is left over it may be cut in thin slices and then fried like mush.

It is well known among physiologists that the teeth and bones are durable and strong in proportion as they contain one of the chemical constituents of lime, and that the food which contains these constituents in large quantities is best adapted to the formation of good teeth and strong limbs. In the item of bread, used in every family, a striking fact is exhibited: in 500 pounds of the finest flour for table use there are thirty pounds of these bone-forming elements; in an equal amount of bread made of wheat, or prepared as above, there are eighty-five pounds of the bone and tooth-forming principles, hence it is not to be wondered at, that the Scotch are the thriftiest and hardiest race in the world, for they luxuriate on their dearly beloved oat-meal gruel, bread and cakes three times a day. The whole grain of Indian corn or wheat prepared as recommended does not fatten as much as fine flour, the latter having twice the amount of fat-forming principle; but fat is not strength; it does not give endurance, toughness, hardness, capability of work; the whole grain of the Indian, wheat, rye, oats, does, and from five to fifteen, children should be compelled to make one daily meal, wholly, of one of these grains, prepared as above.

COLD IN THE HEAD.

When a person takes a cold it will "settle" in the head, throat, chest, bowels, or joints, according to circumstances; if

in the head, inducing an unpleasant "stuffing up" and an interruption of the sense of smell. An immediate and grateful relief is experienced sometimes by applying a smelling-bottle (hartshorn) to the nose and keeping it there until it begins to be felt, then remove the bottle for a moment and reapply as before; this is repeated seven or eight times in the course of a few minutes—the nostrils are freed and the sense of smell restored. This same hartshorn gives almost instant relief from the effects of the poisonous bites of all insects, vermin and reptiles by bathing the parts bitten, very freely.

TEMPERANCE IN CONGRESS. — "Ten-Minute Speeches" by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, Richard Yates, Wm. E. Dodge, Hiram Price, Samuel McKee, F. E. Woodbridge, J. B. Grinnell and J. W. Patterson, delivered at the first meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society, Washington, D. C. With a list of Pledged Members. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway. Price 25 cents.

"TEN-MINUTE SPEECHES," or "Temperance in Congress," is beautifully printed on tinted paper, in large clear letter, and is every way worthy of the great occasion which called it forth. We would have a copy placed in the hands of every young man in the nation. It would serve to fortify him in resisting temptations, which will sooner or later beset him. Walled in with the best resolutions, he is still liable to fall. This concentrated and powerful appeal will help such a one to keep his resolutions, and must produce conviction in the heart of the skeptic, and hold the convert.

Reader, place a copy of "Temperance in Congress" in the hands of the one you love best.

A SUGGESTION.

A North Carolinian, an old subscriber, whose heart was always big as the world, and whose business energy and integrity have few superiors, writes: "Doctor, I have a request to make and a large one, too. I don't know as I could do better than to have a few thousands expended in sending your JOURNAL all over the country wherever men and women can read; the thousands of people who never see your publications are the very ones who would most appreciate such a privilege; they are the poorer classes, the people who could understand what you say, and thereby be elevated into a higher sphere of life. In my opinion your writings will grow more and more in public favor and outlive the cart loads of stuff, called literature, so cheaply retailed by news-venders now-a-days. Go on, Doctor; you are on the right track and have lived too long to be thrown off."

To which we reply, Only the intelligent and thinking few can be induced to patronize what is true, practical and useful. Health, like religion, is never placed at its real value until the opportunity of securing it is gone forever. Millions of money are spent every month in the purchase of transient and trashy novels; all classes join in this expenditure, and yet, when a dollar or two would purchase reading, for an entire family for a whole year, which shows how to maintain health, and how to avert disease, bodily, mental, and moral, for a life-time, the expenditure is considered one of the things which can be dispensed with without inconvenience. So much the better for doctors, who profit by the negligence or stupidity to the amount of a hundred million of dollars every year in the United States alone, besides another hundred million to druggists and more than another hundred million for quack medicines, such as molasses and water, opium, colored soap-suds, and the like. Next to the promotion of religion and education, we do not know a greater good could be done, at so small an expense,

than by the distribution of copies of the JOURNAL OF HEALTH among the masses of the country.

SUFFERING AND DESTITUTE.

The calamities of the war have fallen very heavily upon multitudes of innocent women and children in the once sunny South. Many of them have already starved to death in their lonesome cabins. On the 30th of July last an old subscriber, who lost ninety thousand dollars by the war, and a noble son on the field of battle, wrote thus: "Dr. HALL, the Southern people are now in the most humiliated condition possible; there is very little for us to wish to live for." In a previous letter he had stated that many families formerly rich and respectable, were in a state of absolute destitution, without means or money or available work.

Various means have been adopted by prominent Northern citizens, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of raising money to relieve present necessities, and to save multitudes from actual starvation, until opportunities are had for supporting themselves. One of these enterprises is in the shape of a "GRAND NATIONAL ENTERTAINMENT" for the aid of The Ladies' Society in aid of the suffering and destitute Poor of the South, to take place at Washington, September 30, 1867. The Managers are Bently, Clark & Co., 222 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. The Secretary of the Committee is Miss Harlow C. Mather; that Committee consists of Mrs. Laura Brooks, Mrs. Charles Wadsworth, Mrs. H. Sherman, Mrs. Drake Mills, Miss M. Duncan, Miss Maria Moulton and Mrs. James Clark. Among the Honorary Members are Mrs. W. B. Astor, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. W. Aspinwall, Mrs. J. C. Fremont, Mrs. A. E. Burnside, Mrs. Governor Fenton, Mrs. C. N. Chapin, Mrs. L. W. Jerome and others. Names so eminent as these, we consider a guarantee of a good and honorable management. We trust that every fair and legitimate means will meet with a large reward, resulting in carrying welcome aid to thousands and thousands of deserving but suffering widows and orphans.

Single tickets are Two Dollars each, five for \$9. 50 for \$90. 100 for \$180. Awards to ticket-holders vary in value from five dollars up to eighty thousand dollars. For tickets, or further information, apply to J. H. HALL, 102 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Cereal Food.

THE grains proper of this country are not appreciated as they ought to be, for daily food at our tables ; these are Indian corn, Wheat, Rye, Barley, and oats ; they contain all the elements of nutrition necessary to the support of the human system, and if they could be used for two of the daily meals, as breakfast and supper, without anything else, there would be an incalculable advantage to the soundness of the teeth, the strength of the bones, the hardness of the muscles, the endurance of the body, and the vigor of the brain. They can be all made into bread after having been reduced to flour, but not only is this at a serious loss of nutriment, but it involves a useless waste of digestive power. Wheat bread requires three hours and a half to be digested in an ordinary stomach ; boiled wheat will be digested in two hours. Boiled barley has ninety-two per cent. of nutriment ; flour in the form of bread, from thirty to eighty per cent. But there is another important practical consideration, relative to children. Seventy-one parts out of a hundred of the body of the teeth are composed of lime, and of the enamel of the tooth, that which preserves it from decay, being its external coating, ninety-four per cent. is of lime. This lime comes chiefly from the bread we eat ; but in converting the ordinary grain into flour, the bran, the husk of the grain, is separated from the flour, yet it is this bran which contains the lime in the largest proportions ; thus, in five hundred pounds of fine flour, there are thirty pounds of bone ; in five hundred pounds of the whole grain, there are eighty-five pounds of bone ; and when it is considered how much teeth add to personal beauty, and how important they are to the healthful preparation of the food for the stomach, thus saving stomach labor, it is not easy to estimate properly the advantage which the whole of grain, as food, has over the flour preparations. We never become weary of bread, butter, potatoes, and some other articles, and if the cereals were well prepared, cooked thoroughly and judiciously seasoned, there is no doubt they could be made as palatable the year round as good bread.

The grain should be taken whole, or broken into several pieces, covered with warm water, placed on the stove or fire, to remain there three or four hours, then boil slowly for several hours longer, with an occasional stirring, until quite soft and thick ; then eat with milk or butter or syrup or salt ; or if cold, slice off and fried brown. If from two to fifteen, children were compelled to make two of the three meals a day of these preparations of whole grain, or parching it brown like coffee, and eaten with boiled milk, after being itself well boiled in all cases of loose bowels, a great gain would be made in personal beauty, manly vigor, physical endurance, and mental power. — FROM THE BOSTON WATCHMAN & REFLECTOR.

Illusive Memories.

"I HAVE come to know whether you think I am deranged or not," said a young lady one day, with a directness, frankness, and unembarrassment very unusual. After an hour's investigation it was demonstrated that she was hopelessly deranged. The form of the malady was that when she heard an impressive sermon, an exciting address, or read an interesting article in prose or verse, she became possessed with the idea that she herself was the author and that by some unfair means others had become possessed of her own ideas.

It is yet in the memory of some, how earnestly an estimable young lady claimed a few years ago, that William Allen Butler had found her lost composition, dropped in a stage, and made out of it the celebrated article about Miss Flora McFlinsey of Madison Square, who never had anything to wear. There is at this time a very exciting controversy between a gentleman and lady, and their multitudinous friends, as to the authorship of that much admired piece of poetry, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Taking it for granted that the lady and gentleman are equally honest and in earnest, may it not be, as to one of them, a case of illusive memory?

Not a few readers, the writer certainly does, may remember that dreams sometime come over them as if they were a continuation of some former dream, as if the beginning of it had some connection with a previous dream. In precisely the same way the present reality may be connected with a dim, shadowy impression of a previous existence, when there had been no previous existence. We are all familiar with the fact, that a person with whom we are conversing may give an expression to a sentiment which strikes us with peculiar force, from the fact that it had been floating about in our mind's vision, but had never formed itself into definite words or phrase and we felt delighted in thus having it framed to us. It may be that a higher degree of this thing may give rise to states of the mind in relation to the authorship in question, which are really diseased or illusive memories, somewhat akin to the habit sometimes met with in persons who in the excitement of conversation will state facts, what for their purposes they wish to be facts, or as likely as not, in their view, to be facts, thus misleading others and often putting themselves in painful or humiliating positions. Tendencies of this kind should be resolutely striven against, for they grow by yielding to them, and in point of morals there is all the criminality of a deliberate falsehood. Conscientious men, men of truth and of extensive learning, are the last men, in the world to be positive of anything which is not akin to demonstration; and least of all positive of anything which leans on memory alone. The weakest-minded and the least informed are habitually the most positive. The lesson is, adore Truth in writing, in conversation and in action; do not assert as a truth, which can not be demonstrated or corroborated; if need be, by outside evidence. A true gentleman habitually avoids making positive statements, thus securing himself from the charge of falsehood, and society would be greatly blessed if, in addition, the habit were sedulously cultivated of making no statement which was not literally true, with a wide margin; and if "often" and "very" were our highest expletives instead of always, never, awful, and the like.

"BEVERAGES,"

So called, are the tempters to the first steps towards drunkenness. At the appropriate seasons, the newspapers abound in receipts for making various kinds of summer drinks, wines, cordials, beers, and cider. There is no easier and more certain way of making a family of drunkards than by having such things always at hand, "in case of sickness," as it is termed. I know a man, my neighbor for many years, who was accustomed to 'lay in' a barrel of cider every autumn, and it was placed on the table every day until exhausted; but every day it became more sour, alcoholic; and by the time it was out, the stimulus of it was so decided that a disagreeable want was experienced, and it was determined that next year he would lay in two barrels; at length six barrels were laid in for the winter's supply; meanwhile, my friend and neighbor had become a habitual drinker, on rising, at breakfast, at dinner, in the middle of the afternoon and from supper until late bed-time; cider is too tame now; his position and means demand and supply the costliest brandies; he is seldom drunk, but always full; there does not live anywhere a more honorable and high-minded man; in all business transactions he has maintained the very highest position for incorruptible integrity, and as a neighbor and friend and good citizen, he has no superior; but take from him the brandy bottle for a day, and he would go mad, or die of exhaustion—of an insufferable sinking.

It is an incontrovertible physiological fact, that any artificial stimulus continued for a few days, makes the system feel the want of it, instinctively lean upon it, and look for it; but this is not all; the same amount of stimulation is demanded every day; but to create that amount, a larger and an increasing quantity of the stimulus becomes necessary, or it must be more frequently supplied. No habitual user of spirits, of tea and coffee, can possibly deny this, after ten year's practice; as proof, see how much oftener they drink or smoke or chew than when they first entered on the miserable, useless and degrading career of self-indulgence. The truth is, there is no safety except in absolute refusal even to taste a drop or chew an atom. He who takes one drop may die in the gutter; he who has the high moral courage to refuse that first drop, that first atom, never can!

I know a whole family of beautiful grown-up daughters, not one of whom by any chance ever refuses, at home or at a party or on a picnic, to take a glass of brandy, toddy or any of its likes. The habit was formed by the mother making brandy the panacea for every stomach-ache, for nausea, for faintness, for bodily derangement, for a chill, for an over-work or an over-meal.—FROM THE BOSTON WATCHMAN & REFLECTOR.

REST.

MULTITUDES of earth's toiling millions have died while striving to make enough money to retire from business, and in a beautiful cottage on their own little farm to spend the remnant of their days in rest, in having nothing in particular to do. Perhaps one in a million of the hoppers does make money enough to enable him to retire to his country-seat, and for a year or two, while he is fixing it up to his notion, all goes on charmingly, but when everything is completed to his mind and he has nothing more to take up his attention, he eats and sleeps and lounges around for a few months longer, falls into disease and dies; or if he has unusual force of character and power of observation, he notices that both health and happiness are passing from him and tracing this to the true cause of an inactive body and an unoccupied mind, he resolves to "sell out" and plunge again into the vortex of business.

Recently an old school-mate,—younger, graduating in the same class thirty-seven years ago—writes that "both body and mind are worn out; the slightest physical labor exhausts him," and, "any effort to think or study or even read, so wearies the brain that life is felt as a burden." He withdrew from his professional duties, which he had performed in the place for twenty-five years, with honor to himself, having secured the love and confidence and respect of all who knew him. He gave up his calling for the purpose of obtaining rest, as a means of health.

The number of families is increasing every day, who give up house-keeping as a means of rest from family cares, and resort to that miserable and most unwise mode of life, boarding at a hotel or in some private family, to get more dissatisfied than ever in a few months, meanwhile falling into bad health and bad habits of various kinds.

All these classes of persons fail, miserably fail in their object because they mistake the physiological meaning of the word "rest." Neither body nor brain are safely, truly and happily rested by doing nothing. The only healthful rest, as long as our physical and mental constitution remains as it is, is to be busy. Men of force and industry will everywhere tell you, "It is the hardest thing in the world to do nothing." No mortal man was ever made to be a loafer, to be a miserable drone. The true idea of rest is recreation, a making over again, a return to our accustomed vigor; and this is accomplished, not by allowing the machine to come to a stand-still, for inactivity is rust and ruin to all mechanical contrivances, and death to all physiological structures. The true object of rest is recuperation, and that is best brought about as to the body, by exercising a different set of muscles; and as to the brain by calling into requisition a different set of organs or powers, causing the mind to act upon new objects. A better plan is not to get into the unhealthful conditions named, and they are avoidable by giving two hours daily to the exercise of a different class of muscles or to the investigation and study of objects of comparatively trivial importance and of a wholly different nature. The student should ride on horseback, or cultivate fruits and flowers; the merchant should employ his mind in liberal studies, in active personal and elevating charities, while the over-taxed and worried wife should pay a visit daily to some prudent friend, some cheery neighbor or suffering sister or child;—the main idea in all cases being to spend two or three hours daily in open-air activities wholly different from the ordinary business routine.—FROM THE BOSTON WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR.

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"TIMES of Knox and Mary Queen of Scots" is a beautifully bound volume in crimson cloth, of 359 pages, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, author of "The Women of the Bible," "Allen Cameron," etc.; published by the American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New York. It will be read with deep interest as a record of troublous times, giving as it does a truthful view, religious and historical, of an eventful age. Also, "The Bible Reader's Help," from the Religious Tract Society of London, revised and enlarged, well intended for that large class of Bible readers who have not access to costlier works illustrating Bible meaning. The Society have wisely issued other Bible Helps, as "The Family Bible with Notes," "The Illustrated Bible Dictionary," "Bible Atlas and Bible Test Book." Also, "Toils and Triumphs of Union Missionary Colporter."

The Messrs. Broughton and Wyman, 13 Bible House, New York, have published "Lottie Wild's Picnic" in beautiful style. It is founded on fact, and dedicated to the First Congregational Society in Marblehead. 198 pages, purple cloth.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, \$3 a year, conducted by an Association of Ministers in Columbia, South Carolina. Its mechanical execution, thick white paper and large clear type, would do credit to any Northern press, while the subjects treated in this 17th volume show its sterling character. Among the subjects discussed are, Buckle's History of Civilization; The Life and Times of Dr. Spring, of New York City; Infant Baptism; Study of Language as a Training of the Mind, —a most suggestive article; Death, the Resurrection and the Intermediate State; Renan's Origin of Christianity; Science or Pastoral Theology; Modern Infidelity; Pastoral Relations

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and Duties; Female Education, &c., &c. This excellent Review ought to secure the patronage of Northern christians, and we trust it will.

THE ENGLISH EXILE; or William Tyndall at Home and Abroad, by Mrs. S. T. Martyn, is the title of a useful, interesting and instructive volume of The American Tract Society, at 150 Nassau Street, New York.

TRAVELLERS, ATTENTION! The APPLETONS, 445 Broadway, New York, and Trubner & Co., Paternoster Row, London, have published a "Hand-Book of American Travel." The Northern Tour, with valuable maps of the leading routs of travel and of the principal cities, by Edward H. Hall, being the ninth annual edition, including New Mexico and the Dominion of Canada, with a copious and convenient Index. Not among the least of its practicalities is the announcement of the principal Hotels throughout the country, Tables of Distances across the continent, &c., &c. The book gives a succinct account of almost every place of any note north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

FATHERS AND SONS, a Russian novel, translated by Eugene Schuyler, published by Leypoldt & Holt in an attractive volume of 248 pages. It was published originally in a Moscow Review and attracted considerable attention in both political and social circles. It gives a truthful and interesting insight into Russian life, literature and institutions, and as such, is of greater value, perhaps, than any similar Russian work published in this country.

The same house has published several seasonable books or critical and social essays, reprinted from the NEW YORK NATION, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. The Man with a Broken Ear, by Edmund About, —\$1.50. The Huguenot Galley Slave. The Journal of Maurice de Guisin. Thackeray's Works, uniform edition. Charles Kingsley's Works, uniform edition, 16mo, from \$1.25 to \$2.00 per volume. Romance of a Poor Young Man. Human Follies, &c. &c.

Air-Proof Eggs.—Chemical Triumph!

GRANGE G. BECK of 102 Fourth Avenue, New York, near the Cooper Institute, after many years of persistent experiment has perfected a method by which he can, in ten minutes, at an expense of less than two cents a dozen, place a barrel of fresh eggs in a condition in which they will remain as perfectly fresh as on the day they were laid, for eight months or a year!

The Right is sold to Counties for one thousand dollars, or he will prepare the eggs for two cents a dozen, and will guarantee their remaining fresh.

When it is taken into account that fresh eggs can be purchased in the country, in the early autumn, for ten or fifteen cents a dozen, and are retailed in the large cities three or four months later for four, five, and even six cents apiece, it is clear that a very handsome profit may be made by a person of energy and means, in a very short time. A hundred thousand barrels of fresh eggs can be sold at forty cents a dozen in any winter month, in New York city alone, thus enabling a man to double his money easily within six months.

Egg Dealers, Keepers of Hotels, Boarding-Houses, Restaurants, Groceries and Provision Stores, invited to correspond with the subscriber, GRANGE G. BECK, No. 102, Fourth Avenue, New York.

The Congregationalists will send out from Chicago, on the 1st of September, the first number of THE ADVANCE, a religious weekly newspaper of nearly the size of The Weekly Tribune, to be under the editorial charge of the Rev. Wm. Patton, D. D. It is said the capital stock of the ADVANCE Company is \$50,000, of which \$25,000 has been subscribed in Chicago, and the same amount has been offered, in sums of \$5,000 or \$10,000, to the other principal Western cities. It is sought, says the CINCINNATI ADVOCATE, by this provision, to guard against "a second defection like that of THE INDEPENDENT." James B. T. Marsh, now of THE OBERLIN NEWS, is to be business manager and assistant to the Editor-in-Chief.

"TESTIMONIES of American Statesmen and Jurists, to the Truths of Christianity," by Hon. HENRY WILSON, United States Senator from Massachusetts, published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston. Some of these testimonies, beginning with Washington, are as follows:—

WASHINGTON.—It is impossible to govern the world without God. It is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey his will, to be grateful for his benefits and humbly implore his protection and favor. I am sure there never was a people who had more reason to acknowledge a divine interposition in their affairs, than those of the United States; and I should be pained to believe that they have forgotten that agency which was so often manifested during the revolution; or that they failed to consider the omnipotence of Him, who is alone able to protect them. He must be worse than an infidel that lacks faith, and more than wicked, that has not gratitude enough to acknowledge his obligations."

JOHN ADAMS.—"The Christian religion, as I understand it, is the brightness of the glory and the express portrait of the eternal self-existing, independent, all powerful and all merciful Creator, Preserver and Father of the Universe; it will last as long as the world. Neither savage nor civilized man, without a revelation could have discovered or invented it. Religion and virtue are the only foundations, not only of republicanism and of all free governments, but of social felicity under all governments and in all the constructions of human society."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—"I shall need the favor of that Being in whose hands we are, who led our fathers, as Israel of old, from their native land, and planted them in a country flowing with all the necessaries and comforts of life, who has covered our infancy with his providence and our riper years with his wisdom and power, and to whose goodness I ask you to join with me in supplications that he will so enlighten the minds of your servants, guide their counsels and prosper their measures, that whatsoever they do shall result in your good, and shall secure to you the friendship and approbation of all nations."

JAMES MADISON.—"We have been encouraged to feel the guardianship and guidance of that Almighty Being, whose power regulates the doctrines of nations, whose blessings have been so conspicuously displayed to this rising republic, and to

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whom we are bound to address our devout gratitude for the past, as well as our supplications and best hopes for the future. No people can be bound to adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have been advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of his providential agency."

JAMES MONROE assumed the duties of fourth president of the United States with the expression of a "firm reliance on the protection of Almighty God. Deeply impressed with the blessings which we enjoy, and of which we have such manifold proofs, my mind is irresistably drawn to that Almighty Being, the great source from whence they proceed, and to whom our most grateful acknowledgments are due."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—"So great is my veneration for the Bible, and so strong my belief that when duly read and meditated upon, it is of all books in the world that which contributes to make men good, wise and happy; that the earlier my children begin to read it, and the more steadily they pursue the practice of reading it throughout their lives, the more lively and confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, respected members of society, and a real blessing to their parents. I have, myself, for many years, made it a practice to read the Bible through once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from bed. It employs about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. You know the difference between right and wrong. You know some of your duties and the obligations you are under of becoming acquainted with them all. It is in the Bible you must learn them, and from the Bible how to practice them."

ANDREW JACKSON.—"It is my fervent prayer to that Almighty being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in his hands from the infancy of the republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be pre-

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served from dangers of all kind, and continue forever a united and happy people. The Bible is the rock on which our republic rests."

MARTIN VAN BUREN. I only look to the gracious protection of that Divine Being, whose strengthening support I humbly solicit, and whom I fervently pray to look down upon us all. The atonement of Christ is the only remedy and rest for the soul."

GENERAL HARRISON.—"I deem the present occasion sufficiently important and solemn to justify me in expressing to my fellow citizens a profound reverence for the Christian religion, and a thorough conviction that sound morals, religious liberty, and a just sense of religious responsibility are essentially connected with all true and lasting happiness. I think I enjoy religion and delight in the duties of a child of God, and have concluded to unite with the Church of God, as soon as my health will permit me to go out."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—"To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved on General Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I cannot prevail, but if the same omniscient mind and the same almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail, I shall succeed. Let us pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that with equal sincerity and faith, you will all invoke his wisdom and guidance for me.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—"I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid? We have been assured in the sacred writings, that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it; I therefore move that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessings on our deliberations, be held in Congress every morning, before we proceed to business."

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A FAMILY PAPER.—There is no weekly newspaper coming to our table more worthy of general patronage among all classes of christian men than **THE WATCHMAN & REFLECTOR**, 161 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., \$3 a year, by Ford & Olmstead. It is now in its 48th year; eight pages, large clear type and good paper. As an evidence of its interesting character we give the subjects treated of in one of the eight pages. The Invention of Printing; Unitarianism and Othodoxy; Hugh Miller the Philosopher and John Holm the Mechanic; Frightened into Religion; Paul's Quotation from Greek; Human Motives and Estimates; Paradise Music; Led by Providence; Some other Name; Sense of Housekeepers; Worth Hearing; Go to Work; Death, at the Breakfast-table; Mr. Beecher's Preaching; Dribble Drone's Goose; A Lost Love.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER MONTHLY, 8vo, published at 34 Merchants Row, Boston, R. P. Eaton & Co., \$1 50 a year, has in its May issue over sixty different articles of practical value to every farmer. Premiums for obtaining from two to eighty-four subscribers are offered, ranging from two to a hundred and twenty-nine dollars. Specimens sent post-paid for twenty cents.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD, in its 63d volume, is published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at the Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston. The May number contains a biographical sketch of Rev. Wm. Goodel, who died at the house of his son in Philadelphia, Feb. 18, 1867. When a baby he seemed to have so frail a constitution that a relative inquired in disgust if he was worth raising. He was frail all his days, yet lived to a good old age and worked hard to the last, and worked to purpose, too; few men of modern times have done as much. His history illustrates a frequently observed fact, that frail persons often outlive the more robust by half a century simply because they are com-

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pelled to a carefulness of their health which the strong and hearty can not be made to believe is at all necessary, teaching the great practical law, it is worth while to take care of the health.

JUST published in royal 8vo, fine laid paper, 432 pages, price \$3, **THE CHRIST OF THE APOSTLES' CREED: The Voice of the Church against Arianism, Strauss and Renan, with an Appendix by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D., Pastor of the Forty-second Street Presbyterian Church.** A. D. F. Randolph, New York. Also, in press and soon to appear by the same author; the second edition, **THE CENTURIONS OF THE GOSPEL; With Discourses on "The Choice of a Profession," "Our Responsibility for our Fellow-men," and "The Piety and Patriotism of Praying for our Rulers."** Price \$2 00.

Other works by the same author: **THE WEDGE OF GOLD; or Achan in El Dorado.** Published in San Francisco, and also by the Presbyterian Board in Philadelphia. Price, 60 cents. **TRADE AND LETTERS; Their Journeyings round the World.** Delivered before, and Published at the request of, the "Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco." Price 90 cents. **THE GIANT JUDGE; or, Samson the Hebrew Hercules.** Published in San Francisco, and also by the Presbyterian Board in Philadelphia. 85 cents. **MOSES AND THE PENTATEUCH.** A reply to Bishop Colenso. London: Freeman, 102 Fleet St. \$1 50. **DANIEL.** A Model for Young Men. \$1 50. These books can be had of Anson D. F. Randolph, 770 Broadway, New York, who will forward copies by mail prepaid, on receipt of the price.

CULTIVATE THE BEAUTIFUL AND PROGRESSIVE. — **THE HOME JOURNAL** enlarged, embellished and enriched. Says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "Under its present management will have a new lease of prosperity and popularity." Edited by George Perry and J. B. Elliot. Of the former, the American Art Journal says, "He is a terse, vigorous and elegant writer, varied in his style, but always eminently readable, and is emphatically the right man in the right place." Mr. E. was a special favorite of N. P. Willis, and his contributions stand high in the literary world; while the first dawnings of the new

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youth of the Home Journal come through the tireless energies and good judgement of Morris Phillips, who has the business management of the paper.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, 150 Nassau Street, New York, have issued a Catalogue of Volumes and Libraries, adapted to Pastors, Families, Bible-classes and Sabbath schools—with the prices of many single volumes, and also the cost of well selected Libraries from Ten Dollars and upwards. This catalogue will be sent, post-paid, for five cents by addressing S. W. Stebbins, Depository, 150 Nassau Street, New York, or will be given to all who apply for it personally, with a view to purchase; it with the Society's other publications, may be had at 40 Cornhill, Boston, 75 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.; at Philadelphia, 1210 Chestnut Street; Richmond, Va., 131 Broad Street; Cincinnati, O., Walnut Street, near Fourth, Seely Wood, Agent; Baltimore, Md., 73 West Fayette Street; St. Louis, Mo., 9 South Fifth St.; Chicago, Ill., 7 Custom House Place. Our readers would do well to bear this directory in mind. The publications of this Society are numerous, and useful both to individuals and to families and are much cheaper in proportion than the publications of any booksellers in the United States. The Family Christian Almanac is one of the Society's issues and is worthy of a place in every family, not only for its correctness, but for the large amount of useful reading it contains, for only ten cents; sixty pages besides an inviting cover. The Reign of Grace, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D.; Pastoral Reminiscences, by the late Rev. Martin Moore, of Boston. 64 pps. Phil. Kennedy, by H. N. N. 128 pages; Hours with Mamma, by Mrs. S. E. Dawes, 306 pages. "The Climbers;" a beautiful story of the good Providence of God, 268 pages, with illustrations, are among the late noticeable issues of this veteran Society, whose glorious work grows and widens with increasing years, and long may it do so.

"The Redeemer;" being a sketch of the history of the Redemption, by Edmund de Pressense, translated from the second edition by Rev. J. H. Myers, D. D., published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, by Broughton and Wyman. 412 pages, 12mo, price \$2 by mail. A most valuable publication for all christian hearts.

MEDICAL EXCHANGES (IN PART.)

BOSTON MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, \$4 a year, published by David Clapp & Son, 334 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Now in its 75th volume.

BUFFALO MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL, \$3 a year, edited by Julius F. Miner, M. D., Surgeon to the Buffalo General Hospital. Address Medical and Surgical Journal, Buffalo, New York.

DENTAL COSMOS, a monthly record of dental science, devoted to the interests of the profession, edited by Drs. McQuellan & Zilgler, \$2.50 a year, single Nos. 25c. Philadelphia, Pa., 528 Arch street; 658 Broadway, New York; 16 Tremont Row, Boston; 100 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

DENTAL REGISTER, Cincinnati, Ohio, published monthly for \$3.00 a year, is always well edited and richly merits the patronage of the profession.

HERALD OF HEALTH, and Journal of Physical Culture, \$2 a year, single Nos. 20c., published by Miller, Wood & Co., 13 and 15 Laight street, New York. W. Tweedie, 337 Strand, London.

HOMEOPATHIST AMERICAN, edited by James G. Hunt, M.D., \$1.50 a year, in advance, conducted by an able corps of editors, Drs. Bowling, Eve, Jones and Bleckie.

MEDICAL EXAMINER, Chicago, Ill., edited by N. S. Davis, M. D., professor of the principles and practice of medicine and of Clinical Medicine, &c., &c., \$3 a year.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL PIONEER, Kansas City, Mo., being a monthly record of medicine and surgery; \$4 a year.

MEDICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill., vol. 24, \$2 per annum, 169 South Dearborn street; address R. M. Lackey, M.D., P. O. box 2175, Chicago, Ill. Edited by Drs. Holmes, Lyman & Lackey.

MEDICAL REPORTER, a semi-monthly record of medicine and surgery, edited by Drs. J. S. B. Alleyne and O. F. Potter, \$3 a year; St. Louis, Mo.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, \$2 a year, 389 Broadway, New York, by Fowler and Wells.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless; for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

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OCTOBER, 1867.

[No. 10.]

FORBEARING ONE ANOTHER.

“FORBEARING one another in love” is a Bible injunction, and if carried out practically in every department of human life as between neighbors, friends, fellow citizens; as between employers and employed; master and servant; brother and sister; parent and children; husband and wife; minister and people, governor and governed,—one-half of all the misery of human life would be averted; millions would be prevented from giving themselves up to habitual crime; other millions would be prevented from being discouraged into thriftlessness and degrading indulgences, and a multitude which no man can number would be invited upwards to fill positions of usefulness, trust and honor, who otherwise will die by violence, in prisons, or under the gallows.

A gentleman, now a New York millionaire, married a beautiful widow his second wife; they had been mutually acquainted some years. By some means the husband was detained to a late hour in the night, within a week after their marriage; the new wife was found waiting for him; the door being locked she was asked to open it; the request was denied; the husband

quietly repaired to another room, and at the end of twelve years has never visited her, nor ever will, most likely.

A young wife, within a few months after her marriage, was horrified one night on going to the door to let her husband in, to find him intoxicated—so much so that he could hardly stand. A thunder-stroke in a clear winter's sky could not have more surprised her; friends were in the drawing-room, expecting him every moment; with a woman's quickness and instinct, she hurried him to his chamber, with loving words put him to sleep, made some excuse for the mutual benefit of friends and servants, watched over him through the weary hours of night, and next morning when he waked, she had no harsh reproof ready for him, no withering rebuke, but tenderly alluded to the facts of the case, and kissed away his confusion; there it dropped; he never tasted another drop; raised a family of sons who are respectable and successful merchants in New York and Philadelphia, and dying, left a name for mercantile integrity which any man might envy.

But the principles may be illustrated with other recitals than our own.

A merchant in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the top of the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up to him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind."

The merchant, struck afterward with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong.

He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said : "I have one question to ask you ; how were you able, with such patience, on various occasions to hear my abuse ?"

"Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found it was imprudent. I found that men in a passion always spake loud ; and I thought if I controlled my voice I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observation of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and the merchant, as every one else may do, benefitted by his example.

Says another writer : —

Who has not observed, in every relation of life, harmony and good feelings depend on not pushing things to extremities, not pressing rights to the uttermost, not contending to death for trifles ? Whether the relation be that of parents and children, masters and servants, partners in business, or councillors or directors of public business, it is forbearance that oils the wheels and enables the machinery to work smoothly, and at the same time efficiently. Of course "forbearing," like "bearing," must have its limits. But no small point is gained when the necessity of this quality in some form and to some extent, is apprehended by all ; when people, and especially young people, come to see [if they are to get on comfortably with their fellows, there must be some forbearance in expressing their opinions, or even urging their rights ; there must be some consideration, even for the infirmities and unreasonableness of others—some care taken to not drive them, without cause, into open hostility—not to bring things to a dead lock with them. It is melancholy to think what feuds have been waged through want of this forbearance.

The following beautiful narration is from that very excel-

ent religious newspaper, the CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN AND REFLECTOR, entitled:

THE FIRST OFFENCE.

IN the cheerful dining-room of my friend Stephenson a select party was assembled to celebrate his birthday. A very animated discussion had been carried on for sometime as to whether the first deviation from integrity should be treated with severity or leniency. Various were the opinions, and various were the arguments brought forward to support them.

The majority appeared to lean to the side of "crush all offences in the bud," when a warm-hearted old gentleman exclaimed —

"Depend upon it, more young people are lost to society from the first offence being treated with injudicious severity, than from the contrary extreme. Not that I would pass over the slightest deviation from integrity, either in word or deed; that would certainly be mistaken kindness; but, on the other hand, neither would I punish with severity an offence committed, perhaps, under the influence of temptation—temptation, too, that we ourselves may have thoughtlessly placed in the way, in such a manner as to be irresistible."

"There is truth in what you say," remarked our benevolent host, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation; "and it reminds me of a circumstance that occurred in the earlier part of my life, which may serve to illustrate the subject you have been discussing."

"In the outset of my business career," said he, "I took into my employment a young man as under clerk; and, according to a rule I had laid down, whenever a stranger entered my service his duties were of a nature to involve as little responsibility as possible, until sufficient time had been given to form a correct estimate of his character. This young man, whom I shall call Smith, was of a respectable family. He

had lost his father, and had a mother and sisters in some measure dependent upon him.

“After he had been a short time in my employment, it happened that my confidential clerk, whose duty it was to receive the money from the bank for the payment of wages, being prevented by an unforeseen circumstance from attending at the proper time, sent the sum required by Smith.

“My confidence was so great in my head clerk that I was not in the habit of regularly counting the money when brought to me; but as on this occasion it had passed through other hands, I thought it right to do so. Therefore calling Smith back as he was leaving my counting-house, I desired him to wait a few minutes, and proceeded to ascertain if it was quite correct. Great was my surprise and concern on finding that there was a considerable deficiency.

“‘From whom,’ said I, ‘did you receive this money?’

“He replied, ‘From Mr.——,’ naming my confidential clerk.

“‘It is strange,’ said I, ‘but this money is incorrect.’ He changed countenance, and his eye fell as I looked at him; but he answered, with considerable composure, ‘that it was as he had received it.’

“After some further questioning I became convinced that the young man had taken the money.

“It is in vain,’ I said at length, ‘to impose upon me. I am convinced that you have taken this money, and that it is at this moment in your possession. The evidence against you is sufficient to justify me in immediately discharging you from my service. But you are a very young man; your conduct has, I believe, been hitherto correct, and I am willing to afford you an opportunity of redeeming the past. All knowledge of this matter rests between ourselves. Confess candidly, therefore, the error of which you have been guilty; restore what you have taken; endeavor, by your future good conduct, to deserve my

confidence and respect, and this circumstance shall never transpire to injure you.'

"The poor fellow was deeply affected. In a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, he acknowledged his guilt, and said that, having frequently seen me receive the money without counting it, on being intrusted with it himself, the idea flashed across his mind that he might easily abstract some without incurring suspicion, or at all events, without there being sufficient evidence to justify it; that, being in distress, the temptation had proved stronger than his power of resistance, and he had yielded.

"I cannot now,' he continued, 'prove how deeply your forbearance has touched me; time alone can show that it has not been misplaced.' He left me to resume his duties.

"Days, weeks and months passed away, during which I scrutinized his conduct with the greatest anxiety, whilst at the same time I carefully guarded against any appearance of suspicious watchfulness; and with delight I observed that so far my experiment had succeeded. The greatest regularity and attention, the utmost devotion to my interests, marked his business habits; and this without any display; for his quiet and humble deportment was from that time remarkable.

"At length, finding his conduct invariably marked by openness and plain dealing, my confidence in him was so far restored that, on a vacancy occurring in a situation of greater trust and increased emolument than the one he had hitherto filled, I placed him in it; and never had I the slightest reason to repent of the part I acted towards him.

"For years he served me with fidelity and devotion. His character for rigid honesty was so well known, that 'as honest as Smith,' became a proverb among his acquaintances.

"One morning I missed him from his accustomed place, and learnt that he was detained at home by indisposition. Several days elapsed, and still he was absent; and upon calling at his house to inquire after him, I found the family in great dis-

tress on his account. His complaint had proved typhus fever of a malignant kind. From almost the commencement of his attack he had, as his wife (for he had been for some time married,) informed me, lain in a state of unconsciousness, from which he had' roused only to the ravings of delirium, and that the physician gave but little hopes of recovery.

"For some days he continued in the same state; at length a message was brought, saying that Mr. Smith wished to see me, the messenger adding, that Mrs. Smith hoped I would come as soon as possible, for she feared her husband was dying. I immediately obeyed the summons.

"On entering the chamber I found the whole of his family assembled to take farewell of him they so tenderly loved. As soon as he perceived me he motioned for me to approach near to him, and taking my hand in both of his, he turned towards me, full of gratitude and affection, and said,—

"My dear master, my best earthly friend, I have sent for you that I may give you the thanks and blessings of a dying man for all your goodness to me. To your generosity and mercy I owe it that I have lived useful and respected, that I die lamented and happy. To you I owe it that I leave my children a name unsullied by crime, that in after years the blush of shame shall never tinge their cheeks at the memory of their father. O God,' he continued, 'Thou who hast said, "Blessed are the merciful," bless him. According to the measure he has meted out to others do thou mete out to him.'

"Then turning to his family, he said, 'My beloved wife and family, I intrust you without fear to the care of the Heavenly Parent who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children to Me, and I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." And you, my dear master, will, I know, be to them as you have been to me—guide, protector and friend.'

"That," continued the old man, looking around upon us with glistening eyes, "though mixed with sorrow, was one of the happiest moments of my life. As I stood by the bed-side

of the dying man, and looked upon his children growing up virtuous, intelligent, and respecting and honoring as much as they loved their father ; when I saw his wife, though overcome with grief for the loss of a tender and beloved husband, yet sorrowing not as one without hope ; when I saw him calmly waiting the inevitable stroke, trusting in the mercy of God, and at peace with his fellow men ; and when I thought of what the reverse of all this might have been—crime, misery, a disgraceful and dishonored life, perhaps a shameful and violent death—had I yielded to the first impulse of indignation, I felt a happiness which no words can express.

“ My friends, I am an old man. During a long and eventful career in business I have had intercourse with almost every variety of temper and disposition, and with many degrees of talent, but I have never found reason to swerve from the principles with which I set out in life ‘to temper justice with mercy.’ ”

Such was the story of our friend. And I believe not one in that company but returned home more disposed to judge leniently of the failings of his fellow creatures, and, as far as lay in his power, to extend to all who might fall into temptation, that mercy which, under similar circumstances, he would wish shown to himself, feeling “ that it is more blessed to save than to destroy.”

INSANITY TREATED.

POOR Carlotta, the amiable, faithful and accomplished wife of MAXIMILIAN, who acknowledged a short time before his execution that if he had followed her advice he would have avoided the sad fate which befel him, has the sympathy of the entire civilized world. Two plans have been proposed by two eminent medical men for restoring her to her reason. One was to take her to the home of her childhood and surround her

with all the circumstances which would be calculated to wake up her attention and carry her back to the happy home of her joyous youth. They were even so particular as to search two kingdoms to find a little pony which should be a fac-simile to the one she so much delighted to ride in childhood. One was found in size, age, gait, color and everything, in a Frenchman's stable; it need not be stated of the gallant nation, that it was given up with the greatest pleasure and promptitude. One thing only was lacking to make the resemblance complete and that was a white spot, with the ex-empress used to amuse herself by trying to cover it with a small silver coin: a French artist engaged to make the hairs white at the spot, and while he was performing his task, another medical man of very great eminence proposed an opposite plan of treatment, which was to shock her back to intelligence, by placing her in circumstances of calm quiet and then by announcing the great loss she has sustained in the tragical fate of her husband, and summons to her fortitude, and to stand up to the trials of the hour.

On general principles the latter plan is the best, because the best way to meet any trouble is to stand up to it and look it fully in the face; the mind is thus often brought to bay and in the desperation of the moment hews its way through obstacles and discouragements and stands out disenthralled—its own master once again. This way of running away from trouble or overwhelming calamity is a cowardice and a folly, equal to that of the poor bird which feels itself safe if it can only poke its head in a hole. Let storm be met with defiance; and if a world of troubles come at once, single out one, dispose of it; then another and another, and thus vanquish them in detail.

Many a weak-minded man quails under pecuniary difficulties and seeks deliverance in suicide, thus leaving his poor and faithful wife to battle with difficulties alone which, with a brave joint effort, might have been happily overcome.

WHY DON'T HE DIE?

“Pio Nono,” according to newspaper writers, has been periodically on his last legs for at least half an age, and yet, although born in 1792, and has had a stormy reign, Pius the Ninth still lives, because he is a philosopher. In the first place, he has great benignity of disposition ; writers agree in saying that on the very first instant the eyes light upon his features an indescribably winning effect is produced from the conviction of an inherent kindness of nature dwelling within. In the second place the venerable Pontiff has an extraordinary predilection for the greatest cleanliness of person, which is said to be next to godliness. In the third place, the simplicity of his diet is a model for all mankind. His breakfast is made of a piece of bread and a mixture of chocolate and coffee, at about 9 o'clock in the morning. He dines alone, takes a short nap, and takes a drive at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to the country, where he walks about for an hour and returns home at 6 o'clock and works about four hours, and goes to bed, thus not eating but twice a day. In summer-time the former Popes used to order refreshments of sherbets, ice-creams and various cooling drinks and pastries, but the Papal head takes a single orange, cuts it and squeezes it in a glass ; and indeed there is nothing better to cool a person off in a warm day than an orange or a lemon. not only possessing considerable nutriment but containing an acid, which in its action on the general system is the very best antagonist of fever. It is said that the “Holy Father” lives as simply and economically as when he was an obscure priest, that then one dollar a day supplied his table, and so it does now. The practical result of such an abstemious life is that “His Holiness,” at the age of seventy-five years possesses an excellent constitution, is above the middle statue, has a full, broad chest and bids fair to live many a long day to come.

If any man or woman of forty-five or over, not engaged in

hard manual labor, especially the studious, sedentary and indoor livers would take but two meals a day for one month, the second not being later than three in the afternoon, and absolutely nothing afterwards, except it might be in some cases an orange or lemon or cup of warm drink, such as tea, broma, sugar-water, or ice-cream, there would be such a change for the better in the way of sounder sleep, a feeling on waking of having rested, an appetite for breakfast, a bouyancy of disposition during the day, with a geniality of temper and manner that few, except the animal and the glutton, would be willing to go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

“Old Ben Wade,” as he is called, eats but twice a day, is tough as leather and no doubt feels young enough to be the next President of the United States, although he has already reached his threescore and ten. Gourmandizing and gluttony are the bane of the age; half the people met on Broadway in any afternoon’s walk are dyspeptic, and a large number of them have been so from childhood, brought on by the early drinking of tea and coffee, by premature dosing with soothing syrups, brandy toddy, and stuffing with cakes and other trash whenever a little hungry. At least ten years would be added to the average of human life in this country if a single rule were adopted for children’s eating after ten years of age: To eat but three regular times every day, by sundown, and not an atom between meals.

“TWO MEALS A DAY.” — “Ben Wade,” as he is familiarly called, one of the political lions of the West, has taken but two meals a day for twenty years; and if all sedentary persons, those who are in-doors for the greater part of their time, would, after the age of forty-five, observe the same inflexible rule, there can be no doubt, other things being equal, that long years of happy exemption from the ordinary ills of life would be the result. The reason is, the stomach would have time to rest, for recuperation, and would thus be able to perform its part more thoroughly, making purer blood, giving better sleep, and securing a vigorous appetite for breakfast. Let any man try it for ten days, taking the second meal seven hours after the first, and abandon the practice if he can.

THE BEAUTIFUL DEATH.

ON entering her teens, she was thrown into the society of men, young and old, of wealth, wit and position, but whether young or old, all had either read TCM PAINE at home, or in pursuing their professional education in Paris, after the Revolution, had imbibed the atheistical ideas of the times, and their banterings of the good, their really stale jests of the clergy, of the Sabbath-day and of Divine Revelation,—so impressed her young mind that, although afterwards she was brought under the influence of the powerful teachings of such men as TYNG the elder, to whose communion she attached herself, she never, through a life of nearly thirty years succeeding, was able at all times, to shake from her mind the doubts which had found lodgement in her heart so long before. She never ceased to lament and mourn over those doubts, as obstacles to that greedy and pleasurable drinking in of Bible truths, which is the inestimable blessing of those who, from the first lispsings of the alphabet and the Lord's Prayer at a mother's knee, have learned to feel that there is no higher authority for man than that "The Bible says so."

LIFE A PUPILAGE.

One day I was explaining to her that there was a fixed design on the part of God in reference to his children, to order all the incidents of life in such a manner as to cause them to make it more certain that they should attain future happiness at last; and that although they might not be able to see what possible influence or bearing some of life's experiences could have in such a direction, yet the assurance had been given by the Divine Teacher, "What I do thou knowest not now, but shall know hereafter," and perhaps one of the sources of pleasure in the future state would be in looking back on life's history and

tracing on a map, as it were, how it was that the incidents of our pilgrimage all converged to the great central point of making salvation sure.

"I wish I could look upon these things as you do," and it was spoken so mournfully as to almost force the exclamation, "Thrice blessed are they who are early trained to an implicit confidence in all that the Bible says and are thoroughly kept from 'evil associations' at an impressible age.

IS DEATH AN AGONY?

A few days before she died she looked me full in the face and said, "If it is not wrong to say it, but I fear it is, I would rather go." The incubus of her life had been "the dying agony;" the act of death had been associated in her mind with heavings and writhings and gaspings for breath, amounting to intolerable torture. The philosophy of a true physiology had often been brought to bear on her understanding while in health in favor of the position that when struggles and even convulsive contortions were witnessed in the last hour, they occurred at so late a period that the system had lost its susceptibility to feeling, precisely as in an epileptic fit, where the subject seems to be writhing in agony for some minutes, and yet, on the instant of regaining consciousness, there is not the slightest remembrance of anything that occurred during the interval, and this seems to be proven by the imperturbable calmness which seems to imbue the whole being, bodily and mental, immediately succeeding the attack. But when that important event came to her and it was evident that the soul was on the wing, just hovering over the confines of time, she said to me, "Is dying so easy as this?" And then, in allusion to the seemingly cherished apprehensions of her life, she added, "How could I expect that." Raising her hands and looking at her finger nails, she said, "How far up have the limbs become cold?" Thus the mind seemed in the act of dissolution to be as clear as a bell, in contemplating the physiological phenomena of the system.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE.

The disease had been of such a character that for several months the best medical and surgical minds in the nation were unwilling to express themselves definitely as to its exact nature; the general conclusion, however, was that a fatal result was inevitable in four or five months; and with certain complications, very much sooner.

Not long after that, in conversation about its possible nature, she said, "I would like to know what it is; and if it will promote the cause of science, you may have an examination after death, especially as it may throw some light upon any ailment that may befall the children hereafter. I would as lief be cut up as not — there can be no feeling in the dead body—but be sure that the arteries are divided." This she said in reference to a long indulged fear that she might be buried alive. After this, she gave directions to her eldest daughter where she would find a particular piece of linen, which should be placed under her body during dissection, to prevent any blood dropping upon the carpet. That a frail woman, with all the instinctive timidity peculiar to her sex, should have the moral heroism on the very last day of her life, to discourse in this manner on such a subject, indicates a vigor of intellect, and a clearness of mind, rising above the ruins of a wasted body, which could belong only to one "whose heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord."

THE ANGEL'S WING.

Shortly before she died she said to her sister, interrupting a train of conversation upon a wholly different subject, "There, Mary! I see that wing again,—the very tip of it—over my right shoulder. I wonder what it can be? It seems to be the wing of a bird just flapping, as if it were about to alight; or like a white banner fluttering in the wind: it seems as white as snow; but whenever I turn my head to get a better sight of it, it disappears." This sister, who had no patience with those

who believed in anything "supernatural," replied, "I guess it is nothing. I see nothing, and it is bright sunshine; but if anything could attract dear mother to this earth again, it would be a scene like this, one sister from a distance, sitting by the other, who was so ill."

Sometime before that, a favorite cousin who had come a long distance to see her had, without her knowledge, taken a lock of her hair to a lady "Medium," saying to her only this: "I have a cousin who is ill, and wish to know thy opinion of her condition." Pressing it to her forehead for a moment she replied, "I seem to see leaves falling. If I had seen a coffin or a spade, I should conclude she would die very soon; as it is, I infer she may live until the Autumn, when the leaves begin to fall." The cousin and the 'Medium' did not meet again for some weeks, and then, in a distant city, on a ferry boat; when the 'Medium' said, as if continuing the former conversation, "I saw your daughter (recently dead,) this morning; she is dressed in white, and decked with flowers; she seems busy, and says she is preparing to receive an elderly person, and I should think it was your cousin." Four hours before, that cousin had died: neither of them could have known the fact.

There are many persons in high health, and in full exercise of whatever intelligence they may possess, who could weave this narration into a very plausible recital. But when the invalid was made acquainted with the first part of the statement, she seemed grieved, and, withal, a little offended, and dismissed it curtly by saying, "I wish to have nothing to do with such things; they look too much like having communication with the Evil One;" and it was never alluded to thereafter, except once, when she said, "I shall not live until the fall of the leaf," nor did she.

READ ME THE PROMISES.

As showing how little disposition she had to look to, or lean on anything not immediately connected with the Bible, a very beautiful article, written by one of our most eminent clergy-

men, on the designs of affliction, was read to her ; she did not wait to hear it out, and with a little impatience said, "These are mere opinions ; read me the promises ; get the Bible ; these are but the conjectures of men."

About twenty-four hours before she died, the family, supposing the end was at hand, assembled around the bed ; she gathered in a moment what was passing in their minds, and seemed surprised at their thinking she was near her end, and said, "I was only in a state of suspension, but I don't thank him for bringing me back," alluding to what the physician had done, with that object in view.

GOING ABROAD.

In early life she had been sent abroad in one of her uncle's ships, and although "fete"-ed on his account partly, but more from the vivacity of her character, the unusual cultivation of her mind, and her extraordinary conversational power, aided by the personal attraction of a natural ruddiness of cheek, in contrast with her long, luxuriant black hair, and teeth that vied in whiteness with polished ivory, and as solid, continuing to the last day of life, tall and attractive in form and figure, she was not, with all these, carried away beyond herself ; nor did she abandon herself to the blighting, corrupting and dissipating influence of 'Society.' On the contrary, she took time to keep a diary throughout her journey, besides writing numerous letters to friends at home, some of which the writer has seen for the first time, within a week, and which are certainly more entertaining and instructive, although written thirty-nine years ago, than most of contributions of "Foreign Correspondents" of the present time. On her return home she attached herself to the communion of the church, there to abide for life.

THE BLISS OF DYING.

The film of death, like the shadows of the grave, were evidently gathering over her eyes, for although it was broad day,

she thought night was closing in, and the body seemed to be in that delightful state which all have experienced in the act of falling asleep after a fatiguing day, and she would say to her husband as his head laid upon her pillow, from time to time, in a cheery, trusting tone, after any little conversation, "Come, now, let us go to sleep." Thus, instead of the last agonies of expiring nature, which had been so vividly portrayed to her imagination during life, she had vouchsafed to her the "bliss of dying." After this, both body and mind fell into a state of greater quiet and repose, from which she gradually passed into the act of death, without apparent consciousness, and by shorter and shorter breaths, as gentle, seemingly, as the sleeping babes', until finally, without the shadow of a struggle in foot or finger or limb; without a gasp or groan, or even a grimace, the last breath came, and on Saturday, July 27, 1867, at five in the morning, she literally "fell asleep," and doubtless into the arms of attending angels, sent to Pilot her, as was done to her ascending Master, through realms of space, to the mansions of the blessed, to "no more go out."

THE MACHINE OF LIFE.

A frequent desire of her life was that her sickness might be a protracted one, not only as a means of ensuring an easy death, as she expressed it, "by the machine wearing out gradually in all its parts, thus enabling it to cease its running without shock or jar," but as affording her a full opportunity and abundant leisure to make the necessary preparation of heart and soul for the untried future. She had had her desire. In her six month's illness, she had not, except in the first few days, any special pain; there was a persistent burning sensation, and occasional and darting twinges—nothing more—but a continuous feeling of distention and discomfort. Thus was she doubly blessed, in being able in perfect calmness, first to dispose of her estate, and then to give her mind wholly to the more important concerns of an endless existence.

DOUBTS AND FOREBODINGS.

In consequence, seemingly, of the want of an early religious education, and the unfortunate early associations alluded to, this lady's whole religious life was clouded with doubts and despondency; she never had any lively, self-supporting, instinctive faith: she wanted to believe; was always striving to believe, and had an abiding distress that she had not "a firmer faith in God," his providence and his grace; and her aim was in private prayer, in reading of the Scriptures, and in conversation with several most eminent clergymen of different denominations, from all whom she turned away in tearful disappointment, as they were too much engaged to enter into her case, to analyze her feelings, to comprehend her difficulties and to have a personal and affectionate sympathy with her, in her darkness; still, in all these ways she strove, sorrowing; "faint, yet pursuing," to attain a more intimate acquaintance with a christian life; thus, when she came to die, every hope had a doubt; every aspiration was clouded with a fear; and yet, with these clogs, with her characteristic indomitable persistence, she did attain to a willingness to die; to one comprehensive desire, as she expressed it, "All I want now, is pardon and rest;—pardon and rest." And as if the spirit of the heavenly world was already enshrining her, she said, "I love everybody. I go in peace with God and man, with everybody." And these were among her last intelligible expressions.

MALIGNANT CANCER.

When the body of this lady was examined, it was apparent from the very first glance that the disease was malignant cancer of the liver; that it must have been in progress a number of years; that it was inevitably fatal from the first moment of attack; and that no mortal power could have retarded the progress of the malady, even if its nature had been demonstrated from the very beginning. The comfort which these considerations have given surviving friends, is absolutely immeasura-

ble; because it almost always happens that the bitterness of the grief which attends the loss of loved ones, is intensified by the conjecture that if something else had been done; or if something which was done had been done sooner, or not at all; or if some other physician had been called in; or the one in attendance had been called sooner—a different result might have followed.

To escape these harrowing reflections—which in many cases haunt the heart for a life-time afterward, eating out its life and gladness and withering it up like a flower without water—it would be greatly better to overcome the prejudice—almost universal—of examination after death, and thus know for certain in very many cases, the groundlessness of those distressing thoughts; with the further advantage, as some forms of disease are hereditary, important practical information, even vital in its character, may be had as to other members of the family in their after sickness;—to say nothing of that other consideration, that a surgical examination makes it perfectly certain that the body is without life, and being ‘buried alive’ is impossible.

BURIED ALIVE.

Washington, and other great names in ages past, had a great horror of being buried alive, and multitudes now living, have a fear more or less lively, that such may be their mishap, such fears being fed every now and then by statements, almost always apocryphal, of persons coming to life when on the point of being buried; or of cases of disinterment where bodies have been found having changed position; or have indicated a struggle, by the disarrangement of the grave clothes. It is the belief of the most eminent medical writers, that being buried alive does not occur twice in a million of cases, and that changes of position or condition of the clothing are easily accounted for in the generation of gases in the progress of decomposition; but as any one case may be that case in the million, and as affection recoils at the use of the surgeon’s knife, on the dear body, still loved, tho’ dead, perhaps the best general rule is to defer

interment until the black discoloration of the skin in several parts, demonstrates that decomposition is going on, which can not be the case if there is a single spark of life remaining.

A LESSON.

Another practical lesson is, that thoughts of great bodily suffering in the last hour ought to be discountenanced from sound physiological reasoning. When the blood ceases to circulate in any part, there is no feeling in that part; and where there is no feeling there can be no suffering; besides, as circulation ceases at the extremities, the blood accumulates in the brain and deadens it, as in apoplexy; the lungs, it is true, still work but it is only the motive power that is in operation; sensation is all extinct, in cases of ordinary sickness, even where persons have been fatally injured while in vigorous health, and torturing pains are endured—these disappear before the final hour; and testimonies have reached us from minds of great strength, that when persons have recovered from hanging, drowning, and several other forms of death, they have remembered back to the moment of dissolution and have given descriptions of extatic sensations, so that in reality the evidence is all on the other side; and that if the dying have sensation or feeling, it is of a physically pleasurable character.

ANOTHER LESSON.

Nine-tenths of the readers of this Journal are christian men and women, and as we must all pass through the portals of death, sooner or later, and will have the mind exercised on the great point of moral preparation—one in comparison to which all others sink into nothingness,—another point in this lady's history is very suggestive. The character she sustained among those who knew her, was not merely that of a consistent member of a christian church from girlhood, but that of a scrupulous conscientious christian woman. In any promise of personal aid she always made it a point to exceed in what she agreed to; and as to pecuniary engagements to others, nothing

short of the last cent, and at the appointed time, would satisfy her ; but if coming to her, she was indifferent about small balances ; and the very slightest intimation of tenants as to their disappointments, and difficulties in getting along, was sufficient to cause her to instruct her agent "not to be hard with them, nor exacting." Although educated in great laxity of views in reference to the observance of the Sabbath-day she learned a higher estimate and so taught her children, including habitual prayer and the daily reading of the Bible, while the sum of all business instructions was comprehended in less than half a dozen words to her children : "Be honorable ; don't be mean ;" and anything like deception, or taking advantage of another, always excited her strongest disapprobation ; and yet, with all these traits, and with such a record, not a word or insinuation the most remote, ever escaped her, as expressive of any merit in her character ; and when various persons at different times were inclined to encourage her to take a more favorable view of herself, she would invariably express herself afterwards, as to the unsatisfactory nature of such views. It never seemed to enter her imagination to claim anything in virtue of a blameless life ; on the contrary, she felt abidingly, that she was no claimant ; had no grounds for any hold on the notice and mercy of the Infinite One ; and when the most beautiful "promises" were read to her she would listen with great interest, but then generally turn away, in tones so desponding as to draw tears from the eyes of others, men and women too : "But these are for the children of God : they are not for me, unworthy." At other times she would say, "That is to those who love God ; I want to, I try to, but I fear that I do not, and that he don't love me. I am unworthy."

Very many comfort themselves as they approach the grave in the reflection, "I have no fear of death, or what is beyond the grave. God is just. I have tried to do my duty. I have never injured anyone, at least intentionally." And although

they did not recognize the christian religion, or the obligations of the public ordinances; or of the Sabbath-day; nor regard themselves, in life, "on the Lord's side," they seem to have no regrets for shortcomings; for wrongs committed, for duties undone; while she, with a far different record, exclaimed with deepest feeling, "I have been worldly-minded, ambitious, and full of uncharitableness."

Whether it is better, in such solemn circumstances, to feel as Paul did, Ephesians 38, "less than the least of all saints," if a saint at all, or like the Pharisee, "I thank thee that I am not as other men are;" and whose chances are the better for attaining life immortal, let the reader judge. As for me, I would rather exclaim in Death, "God be merciful to me a sinner, for Jesus' sake."

FOR PHYSICIANS.

To the medical readers of the JOURNAL it will be interesting to know, that while the liver, when a man is in an erect position, reaches to the bottom of the lower ribs on the right side, its smaller division had been so pushed downwards and forwards by the cancerous deposit, that it was found in the centre of the abdomen, below the navel, and immediately under the skin. It was not eaten away, but seemed to be infiltrated by the cancerous growth to double its weight and size. The dejections for months were in form, but white; the skin became jaundiced; abdominal dropsy set in, and the official, immediate cause of death was "inanition;" emaciation and debility being the all-controlling features.

Such is a true record of HANNAH MATLACK. It is full of instruction and is exceedingly suggestive to a large class of minds. It will be read with absorbing and tearful interest by very many friends, scattered over our whole land, for she was a woman who so made a mark with those who came in contact with her that it is impossible that she should not be remembered with admiring interest.

Notices.

Notices.

WE commend to our readers as an excellent family paper, edited with care and ability, "THE CONGREGATIONALIST," which has of late absorbed that sterling and time honored name, THE BOSTON RECORDER, published at 15 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., at \$3 a year.

"THE ADVANCE," Chicago, Ill., \$2 50 a year, has made its appearance. Its mechanical getting up is creditable to all concerned, while the reading matter is various, instructive and timely, and there is no doubt that under the editorial control of such a man as Dr. Patton, it will make its mark for good on our generation.

"THE PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN" is published at \$4 per year, at 633 Broadway, New-York; 239 Dock street, Philadelphia, and 35 North Cherry street, Baltimore, with the beautiful motto "Looking to Jesus," maintaining "the lawfulness, the consistency, and the duty of drawing into closer alliance with all evangelical christians, as a safeguard to imperrilled truth." With such an aim, good men of all classes will wish it an abundant success.

"THE UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW" is published at 200 Broadway, by J. L. Peters, promising that each number will give eight pages of choice new music, being six times its price in new music alone. The last number contains: "Kate McFerran," "Maiden's Blush," "Schottish," "Opera Waltz," and "Good Bye, but come Again." by J. R. Thomas.

"THE WITNESS" is "A Paper devoted to the Dissemination of Evangelical Truth," published weekly at \$2 a year, by J. Inglis & Co., 26 Cooper Institute, New-York, with the stirring watchword "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

A. WILLIAMS & Co., Wholesale Dealers in Newspapers, Magazines, Miscellaneous Books, and Stationers, 100 Washington street, Boston, have published "HINTS TO YOUNG MEN," by John Ware, M. D., 65 pages, sent post-paid for forty cents. It was prepared at the request of a committee and published under their direction. It is intended to counteract the mischivous teachings of a certain class of publications on marriage, physiology, &c., and to show our youth a better way and give a more elevated view of the true relation of the sexes.

Notices.

BLACKBURN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY at Carlinville, Illinois, 35 miles north of Alton, on the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Rail Road, commences the Fall term of the Literary and Theological Departments, September 9th, 1867. We give this notice in affectionate and respectful memory of our old College President, its founder, one of the greatest orators and best men of his time, and so stern an old Roman and Puritan was he, that even General Jackson, his friend and neighbor, was in awe of him.

DEVELOPING THE LUNGS.—Dr. Howe of 227 Grand st., New-York, has sent us an inhaling tube, designed to develop the lungs of those who are “weak chested.” It is admirably adapted for its object, as will be explained by the Doctor himself who is a conscientious and good man.

WARMING ROOMS. — The perfection of a fire for heating a room is the old fashioned, broad, open fire-place filled with hickory wood blazing brightly beautiful of a frosty morning; but there is something better still in the back parlor of No. 2 West 43d st., New-York, which is for the inspection of our subscribers any forenoon. It is the old fashioned fire-place in all respects, except that the back is concave, throwing a great deal more heat out into the room and close on the floor, keeping the feet warm. In this contrivance, wood, peat, coke or coal, hard or soft, can be burned at pleasure. To keep up a wood fire on a cold day requires the services of one person nearly all the time; in this plan of room-warming the fire is built in the morning, and requires no further attention until noon, giving all the time a broad bed of burning coals, aglow with life and comfort. It kindles the hardest coal without a blower and with proper management, gives very little dust in a whole day's burning. The ashes fall through a grating into the cellar, leaving all the cinders behind to be fully consumed, hence there is no waste. This is Dixon's Low Down Grate and there is nothing equal to it anywhere. It can be put in the place of a common grate with very little trouble and dirt in a few hours. Call on Mead and Woodward, 37 Park Row, New-York, or Dixon and Sons, 1324 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

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DRUNKENNESS.—I knew a man whose ships floated on every sea. Every thing he touched turned to gold. Throughout his whole mercantile career he never failed, never suspended, never asked an extension. A large family of children survived him. They were said to be the most beautiful in one of the largest cities of the nation. He himself was the handsomest of men. Commanding in his appearance, courteous in his manner, affectionate in his domestic relations, indulgent to his children, devoted to his wife. During his life he furnished money in the most lavish profusion for family expenditure, never making inquiry as to its disposal. At his death he provided for his wife a munificent income, and left every child rich. In the settlement of his estate, scarcely a dollar was lost. He never was involved in a law-suit, and had but one partner in business, whom he left his sole executor. He had three drawbacks: he was a gourmand; he was never drunk, but was always full of liquor; and habitually made a butt of religion and its ministers. He died before he reached three-score years and ten, of chronic diarrhea, (as most persons do who habitually indulge in highly seasoned food and the finest wines and brandies,) about seven months before the time he had fixed on for retiring from business. The subsequent history of that large family of highly favored children is suggestive. The eldest daughter, of queenly presence and beauty, died an exile from her father's house. Four of her sisters died on the very threshold of beauteous womanhood—one of them in madness; a fifth, by reason of bodily infirmity, is dead to the world; and a son has long been in an asylum, a hopeless idiot. Another son survives, a bankrupt, having no business capacity whatever. Another lives, of no promise, and the mother is dead. The terrible lesson here taught is simply this: that the man who makes every day a feast of fat things, and sustains himself by never allowing alcohol to die out of him, except for a few hours in the after-part of the night, must perish prematurely, and can not beget healthy children. Every child this man had was born with a rotten constitution, except the first two, when it may be reasonably supposed he had not completely fallen under the dominion of high-living. It may be well to remark here that four fifths of the idiotic children in

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a well-conducted asylum for such, were known to be the children of parents one or both of whom indulged in liquor-drinking. I saw a man in a lunatic asylum, an inmate for thirty years, the eldest son of one of the greatest men of our generation, who, up to the time of his marriage, and for a year or two after, indulged freely in whisky-drinking.

A case in point is found in a recent statement of Dr. Hull, superintendent of the Ohio State Asylum :

"A citizen of this State married an intelligent lady, who bore him ten children. After the birth of the first three, the father became intemperate, and during his career as an inebriate, four children were born unto him. He then reformed entirely, and had three others.

"The first three were smart and intelligent, and became useful men and women, and so of the last three. Of the four born to him during his inebriety, two have died in the lunatic asylum, another is there, and the fourth is an idiot! This is not an isolated case. The demonstration is complete and certain, and there is no room left for doubt as to the cause of idiocy and insanity in these cases. Thus an intemperate man or woman transmits a depraved constitution, and an impaired intellect to children, and even to grand-children. The statistics in regard to the idiots of Massachusetts, published a few years since, furnished a volume of proofs to the same general statement. The more this subject is investigated, the more certain it will be shown, that the use of liquors is impairing the health and reason, and shortening the lives, not only of those who drink, but of their descendants."

One of the most eminent politicians of the last thirty years died a sot lately. His son, a clergyman, died soon after, of delirium tremens, and his daughter, the wife of one of the first men of this city, (now dead,) was a slave to the bottle.

Not a dozen years ago a man died who left his daughter a million of money. She shone in foreign courts; but so besotted was she, that her husband was compelled to have an attendant who should never leave her side, for the very instant she was left alone, she would leave the house for the nearest grocery.

An accomplished lady, the wife of one of our leading men,

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became so addicted to the use of stimulants, that a large part of her time was employed in devising experiments for obtaining any thing that would intoxicate. Finding argument of no avail, the husband, taking advantage of a lucid interval, placed before her the single alternative, either to go to a lunatic asylum, or abandon on the instant and forever all that could intoxicate. She chose the latter, and for the last five years has been an ornament to society. That she will yet die a sot is almost certain.

A drunken man was sent to the penitentiary. His desire for drink was so overwhelming, that, snatching a hatchet, he severed his left wrist, and running to the keeper, called for a bowl of brandy to stanch the blood. Dipping the bleeding stump into the liquid in one instant, he frantically seized the bowl the next, and drank it to the dregs!

One of the most beautiful of women, from Albany, married a New-Yorker. Her wealth, her social position, and naturally fine mind, with genial manners and a large heart, enabled her to command every where, and at once, the respect, the love, and the admiration of all who came in contact with her. She lived but a few blocks from us, and died lately, at twenty-two, of "heart disease," it was said; but the inner circle knew that her love for drink was desperate. Yet so closely was she watched, that the cologne-water of her toilet was the only thing she could have access to, and of that she consumed vast quantities.

It is officially stated, that up to December 31st of the past year, the applications for admission to the Reformatory Inebriate Asylum of the State of New-York, at Binghampton, already approaches very near five thousand names, from all circles of society, and some from foreign lands. Nearly two thousand of these are women from the upper classes; women who, by their position, refinement and culture, reached superior social distinction. And yet all these, by their very application, confess that they find themselves victims to an appetite which they are powerless to resist; confessing that without assistance they feel assured they will sink remedilessly into degradation and a premature grave.

In the light of these facts, the inquiry of a cotemporary be-

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comes most impressive : Could all the daughters of sorrow in our land, whose husbands are habitual inebriates, be gathered together, it would surprise some to discover how many of them were ladies of great delicacy and refinement, brought up amid wealth and luxury, and even amid all the blessings of religion and piety. The common opinion, that drunkenness belongs to the poorer and more degraded of our population, and that it most abounds only in dens and garrets, is, indeed, a very mistaken one. A lady of much intelligence and refinement, reluctantly stated recently, that the wealth of her husband was his bane, as it drew around him a set of fascinating companions, who drew on his purse for suppers and treats, and who would not let him off until his means were exhausted, and he himself was an unconscious and ruined sot. For weeks he would abstain and make great promise of reform, when he would again fall into their hands ; and this was repeated until all was lost.

Nor does the habitual use of opium throw a less fatal spell over its helpless, hapless victim. The news comes across the water, that the man whose writings have led captive hundreds of thousands of entranced readers, whose words of burning eloquence have thrilled successive British Parliaments, and whose legal abilities made him Chancellor of the greatest nation on earth—such a man, with such a mind, had not the moral power to break the chains of his enthrallment, and the great novelist, by the use of opium, has fallen into “bodily and mental imbecility,” and is forever lost to himself, his country, and the world.

New-Yorkers who were in fashionable society twenty years ago, remember the advent, from a neighboring state, of one of the most accomplished and dazzling beauties of her time. She was followed from one salon to another by crowds of almost crazed admirers, for the brilliancy of her conversation charmed as many as her personal attractions, while her social position was undisputed. She married a person of high position, of great amiability of character, and “the handsomest man in New-York.” He soon found that she was addicted to the use of opium—hopelessly so. This so preyed upon his mind, that he committed suicide. Her progress downward became more

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appalling, and soon the grave claimed her; but not a living soul followed the cartman who conveyed her to her last resting-place.

Within the easy memory of many a New-Yorker, the names of eight clergymen of this city, whose resistless eloquence in the pulpit made them, to many, almost demi-gods, stand to-day before the world as terrible mementoes of the devastative power of the social glass.

The truth is, to be a great orator, a peerless beauty, or the star of the social circle, whether man or woman, is next door to being lost, and the reason of it is patent. They all feel that much is expected of them wherever they go, and a benevolent wish to please, combined with the pride of sustaining a reputation for brilliancy, stimulate them to their highest efforts. But now and then it will happen that the animal spirits are not adequate to the occasion; they feel it, and rather than there should be a failure, strong tea or coffee is resorted to, then the wine, and the brandy, and the pill. As time passes, these become more frequently necessary, and in larger quantities also, until, finally, no effort is made without them. Before they are aware of it, they are utterly unable to overcome the slavish appetite, and are waked up to their misfortune either by dishonor or death.

Within a year, a physician of large practice assured the writer, that although he was not yet forty, he found it absolutely necessary, before he went to see a patient, to bring his mind up to the prescribing point by taking opium.

An eminent lawyer, in our street, not forty-five years old, could not go to his office of a morning, to attend to its ordinary duties, without half a glass of clear brandy. He was considered a brilliant man. None but the few who knew him intimately—not even his wife and children—ever had a suspicion, apparently, that he was a toper; and yet, a year later, he dropped down dead in an out-of-the-way drinking-saloon, “of disease of the heart,” the coroner’s jury said.

It is thus clear that the professional man, whether physician, lawyer, or clergyman, as well as those who are the charm of society, who are noted and courted for their brilliant powers of conversation, whether belle or beau, are at the very vestibule

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of ruin when they find themselves taking any stimulant whatever, preparatory to the satisfactory performance of any public, professional, or social duty.

The recently published Custom House tables show that three hundred thousand pounds of opium were imported into this country. Of this amount, reliable data show that only one tenth is used for medicinal purposes. Druggists assure us that the habit of eating opium is rapidly extending among lawyers, physicians, literary men, and ladies, who move in the higher circles of society; and that enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of patent medicines, and of those poisonous drinks in the saloons, restaurants, coffee-houses, and grogeries, which infest every city and village in the land.

That some means are needed to curtail the use of all that can intoxicate, hear what a late number of the *Irish Quarterly Review* says of the learned and eloquent Dr. Maginn, who might have been prosperous and eminently useful, but whose life was blasted by the wine-cup.

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele; we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture, with a brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other; for he had arrived at that terrible condition, in which reason could only reach him through intoxication; and Maginn, not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resources but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away. The brightest years of life were past forever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of the demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton, to the grave."

Says a writer in a late number of the *New-York Daily Times*:

"Last Saturday night, in a walk from Nassau street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the Fourth Commandment. 'Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering, pandemonium of brutalized men.' The

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sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming heads, paralyzed limbs, and countenance of imbecile sensuality. Drunkenness in the kennel, stentoriously respiring its fetid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled upon the door-steps, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney-cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steady along, idiotically to itself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes and drunken songs, the indecencies that adorn the convivial meeting it has just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarreling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half sober."

With such facts before us, let every good citizen, let every man, woman, and child in the nation, feel that there is no certain escape from the remorseless despotism of drunkenness, except in the practice of total abstinence from every thing which can intoxicate, whether it be a liquid, a solid, or a gas; for the fumes of chloroform are becoming the resort of the nervous, the dyspeptic, and the hapless victim of *ennui* and idleness. As to the use of wines, beers, brandies, cider, opium, and tobacco, the only infallible guarantee from a wasted life, an early death, the gutter, or the madhouse, is in obeying the counsel of the inspired volume: "TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT."

MIND A MURDERER.—It is not an unfrequent occurrence in the experience of eminent physicians to be consulted where there is no tangible evidence of actual disease. The man does not look like an invalid; on the contrary, he has the external, the physical appearance of good health. Yet he complains of a great variety of symptoms; and overshadowing them all is an exaggeration of actual sufferings with an oppress-

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ive foreboding of greater ones still to come. The appetite is good, but there is no elasticity of body and less of mind. The muscles are plump and of a healthful hue; or if lean and lank, there is no "lesion of parts," no inveterate disease of bone or blood. The general system, too, is in the regular performance of its functions; still the patient persists in the statement that he is "miserable."

There are similar cases in the religious world, in the experience especially of city clergymen. A man is a church-member. He stands well in his "society;" he is prosperous in business, and is considered an honorable, high-minded citizen; still he does not "enjoy religion," he is not a blithe-hearted man, gladsome and sunshiny. The experienced physician looks with apprehension on such a state of things, because he knows that the next step is to waste away, to wither and to die, and that these results will come on apace unless the causes of the mental malady are removed. To do this requires a fearlessness, a degree of moral courage which not many men possess. The state of things described arises from the condition of the mind, from mortification, from remorse, or despair. A gentleman of great wealth, in the full vigor of health and mental maturity, was charged with perjury, with a view of extorting a sum of money. The charge was made in a manner so peculiar, and with such plausibility, by reason of some coincidences, wholly fortuitous, that there was no help for it but to go to jail and await a legal investigation. He was triumphantly acquitted, but the mortification was such that he sickened and died in a few days; all the organs of the body being found, on a post-mortem examination, to be in a most perfect and healthful condition.

All know that remorse can eat out a man's life in a short time; and so can despair of pardoned sin. The philosophy of such cases is, that great mental emotion of a depressing character greatly interferes with the depth of breathing. Every now and then nature makes a desperate effort for relief in the long-drawn sigh; but in the intervals, the person scarcely breathes at all, perceptibly; hence the blood is not supplied with its proper amount of air, which is the agent for relieving it of its impurities; hence also, the blood becomes thick, does not flow

through the veins, becomes too abundant, distending the blood-vessels in every direction, oppressing and weighing down all the faculties — those of the brain in particular — and the hand is instinctively raised to the brow, as if to relieve it. A double illustration is found in the following well-authenticated fact. A man was sick; he was, in truth, slowly dying. He occupied a high position, but had no light, no joy. He deplored his sins and sought forgiveness; but there was no relief. His professional adviser became at length convinced that there was a malady of the mind which was at the foundation of all his trouble, and kindly but sternly said: "There is something undone, which you ought to do. God judge 'twixt you and it!" Fixing his eye intently on the speaker, the sick man arose in his bed and said: "Some years ago, I took passage for England. At the moment of sailing, a bag of money was handed to the captain for delivery; it was carelessly laid down, and rolled about on the locker from day to day. With the sole view of frightening him, I hid it. On reaching port, it was not missed. Months passed, and there was no inquiry for it. At length the captain was called on for the money. He remembered having received it, but could give no further account of it. Meanwhile I became alarmed, lest my character should be implicated, and deliberately hid the money. The captain was thrown into prison, where he languished for two years and died. By this time I became hardened — strove to stifle conscience; but the cares and strifes and amusements of the world were unavailing. Now I feel that there is no hope for me, and I must go down to the grave unpardoned." The troubled man was advised to hunt up the captain's widow, make restitution of principal and interest, and clear up the clouded reputation of her husband. This was promptly done. After restitution, accompanied by repentance, he passed quietly and even happily into the grave.

The lessons of this article are of great practical importance. First: it is a criminal weakness, because it endangers life, to allow the mind to be harassed by false reports and false charges. Go forward in doing right, knowing that God is your judge; that he is witness to your integrity, and that in due time he will, with increased honor, place you in your true

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position before all men. Second: if you have done your fellow-man a wrong; if you have unrightfully cast a stain on his character, even unwittingly; if you are withholding from him what is his due, against his consent, while you have ability to relieve yourself of the obligation, although the law may uphold you in the same, and conscience twinges you in these regards, do not waste time in criminal delays; do not deceitfully excuse yourself in the resolution to do even-handed justice at some future day, when you may be more able and would feel it less than now; let not another sun go down upon your criminality, and hope not for the "peace which passeth knowledge," until, with the truth and fervor and sincerity of a returning prodigal, of an humbled Magdalene, of the repentant thief, you make a "clean breast" of every thing, and thus cast the eating, the accursed leprosy from your heart forever; for an outraged conscience works death to the body as well as to the soul. Death was caused in the first case by mortified pride; in the second by remorse.

THE NARROW HOUSE.—The promenader on glorious Broadway has many a time noticed a little, low, dingy-looking brick house, so contracted in front, that the show-window leaves so "strait" a door for entrance, that a "skeleton" must be compressed, or it could never cross its threshold. Yet very few half-hours pass in the day-time, in which some man or boy, woman or maid, does not seek admittance. The fact is, if the little old shanty had not been there so long, it would not have been noticed at all by the habitués of the street. Not one in a thousand would care to take a second look at it, unless in special search of something in the line of business to which it seems appropriated. That any one lived there at all, except the "man and boy," always on hand, or the bare conception that a family lived there beside, would certainly never enter the imagination of two in a million. And yet a family does live up-stairs; a family consisting of one old woman and the man in the shop. They have lived there a quarter of a century; and more, they have raised a family of children there, and all of them have been married long enough to have children of their own. More than this, the old man makes all

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his wares in the rear, then brings them in front, to expose for sale in the one window of his "narrow house." There were three children, daughters, who went out, and returned from school, for a long series of years, and so did the music-teacher, for there was cultivation there; but there were no servants, no cooks, chambermaids, or waiters; they never had any, never wanted any; they did their own work, and do it now; were always happy, and are happy now. They all waited on themselves and on one another, and are, to-day, models of self-reliance and personal independence. The "girls" never "went into society;" society never knew them, never wanted to know them, and never invited them; they lived in such a "narrow house." But it was their own, and had no mortgage on it, as had the "forty-foot" mansion fronting on Union Park, which was sold for taxes last year.

So, being excluded from society, by the simple process of omission, they made a society of themselves, and became wise, contented, and happy. They had other things to do beside laying plans to climb among those who never could see them. In this way, they grew up without the mortifications inseparable from both society and servants, as wide as they are apart; as a consequence, there was so much of sunshine in the faces of these three girls, and such a native dignity and independence of manner, that three substantial young men, in their own sphere of life, found them out, without the use of a microscope. And just look now, how the "old lady" manages it. A downright philosopher is the mistress of the "Narrow House." She insists upon it, that a large house for two old people is like an empty barn; that big houses entail trouble, invite loungers, and keep things at a melancholy and freezing distance; and that her own cozy, little, clean rooms, and "Hubby" beside her, when the day's work is done, have more comfort in them than a palace. She further insists on it, that servants are more trouble than they are worth; that their selfishness eats out one's benevolence; their reckless wastefulness and their little thieveries, their willful ignorance and their habitual blarney and deception, never can fail to sour the temper, ruffle the feelings, and be an everlasting source of annoyance to the household. Still, she insists that she is getting old

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now, and wants to consult her own ease and comfort, and that while she is always glad to know that her children and grandchildren are well and happy, she does not want them to be popping in upon her at any and all times; hence, one day in the week she allots to receiving her company, and on that one day in a week, rain or shine, the three daughters may be seen entering the "Narrow House," leading by the hand a sweet, chubby child or two; and there, all at home, with no stranger eyes to mar the joy, and with mutual affection to warm the heart, there is an elysium below. At dusk, "Father" comes up, and soon thereafter, the three sons-in-law, to make merry till the hour of retiring. It is remarked of the "old man," that he never made a note, never asked a bank accommodation, never failed, never suspended, never even solicited an extension; and more, he never joined any "society," except a Christian church. He says that includes all societies which have good for their object; and that, to join any other, is an implication that Christianity does not meet all the wants of humanity; hence, he can not practically make that admission. He was never run for office; he never entered a grocery, never "treats," never was treated. He takes no interest in politics, beyond that of making it his duty *always* to vote for reputable and educated men.

The old man is rich. His sons-in-law are thrifty men, and do not want his aid. The manner in which he intends to dispose of his estate is rather peculiar; but there is a ring of wisdom, humanity, and patriotism in it, which may well be imitated. The interest only of each share is to be used by the daughters; the principal to fall to the grandchildren at the mother's death; if no grandchildren survive, then it becomes the property of certain charitable institutions. No interest can be drawn without the daughters' written order, and can never be drawn in advance. In this manner, he hopes to prevent any child of his coming to want, whatever may be the reverses of their husbands, the property being inalienable under any circumstances, so that it can not be jeopardized by any act of the daughter, thereby making outside pressure wholly objectless.

From this narration, the thoughtful reader may gather that there is great safety in a quiet, unpretending, and unostenta-

tious life; that families who live to themselves and depend on themselves, and on one another, may be useful, prosperous and happy; and that, although they may not be regarded as the "ornaments" of society, they are at once its pillars and its chief foundation stone; while their influence for good, passes to the second and even third generation in their own life time.

So wrote we seven years ago, and the "narrow house" still stands on Broadway, its increase in value, as to the land alone on which it stands would make a man rich any where, out of our large cities. There the owners still live, the father thrifty and the old mother spry as a lark in spring; the grand children meanwhile have grown up to be young men and women steady, healthy and promising.

DAUGHTERS LOST!

Thirty thousand daughters are said to earn a precarious living by lives of shame in New-York city alone! Their average lives are four years; seven thousand every year die in sickness, poverty and degradation; yet, there was a time when each one of those daughters was as pure as a dew drop; was cared for so tenderly; was pressed to a fond mother's bosom, how lovingly, no pen can describe, no lip portray! but all were not born in poverty and ignorance; but a few were daughters of the rich manufacturer, of the wealthy merchant, of the proud and haughty banker; but almost all were driven to infamy by one common cause, want; the want sometimes of a hundred dollars, of five, of one!! yes, reader, a dollar would have saved from gnawing hunger, and saved from that, the first crime would not have been committed; and here we come to the practical point, personally applicable to every parent, and which, if heeded, would save ten thousand cherub daughters every year, either from lives of shame, from premature and desperate and ill assorted marriage or incipient steps towards drunkenness or the mad-house. This appeal is made, O how earnestly, to mothers especially; as by a loving and affectionate persistence, they can, in a vast mul-

titude of cases, accomplish the desired object, and then, if called early or suddenly, how peacefully they might die under the delightful assurance, "my daughter can never come to absolute want."

"Don't let poor Nelly starve," was the dying utterance of one of the greatest names in modern history; a name which could have commanded vast sums of money at one time; but no provision was made for "Nelly" in prosperity, and she did die in abject poverty.

There is a large establishment in New-York which never has a vacant room; it is a refuge for the widows and daughters of men who were at one time prominent, influential and rich; but who, in the progress of events, died in poverty. In one respect it is a beautiful sight; to look upon so many old faces, with intelligence, cultivation and refinement depicted in every lineament; themselves so tidy, so cheery, so ladylike, and feel that they can never again come to want. Each one is required to do as much as possible towards furnishing their own rooms, and in addition to do what they or their friends can, in supplying money for food, fuel and other expenses; what they cannot do is made up by the contribution of the large hearted men and women of wealth and position in New-York. But what sad memories must sweep across their hearts at times, in thinking of days long ago! when they lived in wealth, and luxury, and magnificence; and when to have laid by enough to have yielded an annual interest of a small sum, would have been considered too insignificant to have been worth a second thought; and now, to live on the charity of others; without a home, without a shelter, not even a pillow to rest the grey head upon, but comes from pitying hearts, whom they never knew.—If three thousand dollars were laid aside for every wife and as much for each daughter in national securities, without any power to use the principal, what an amazing comfort it would be, to know that eighteen or twenty dollars would be coming in every month with perfect certainty; and that without any other trouble than that of presenting a scrip of paper at the bank; no fruitless dunnings; no risk of angry, or impatient looks, or haughty payment; or of mean dismissal, with its impertinent order, to "call again." Twenty dollars a month! it does not seem much now; a ludicrous sum to many a reader; but a worthy woman came to my door less than forty eight hours ago, and how piteously did she plead for only two dollars; it was Saturday, just at sun down, and if not paid that night, she and all her children

would have to sleep on the pavement or in the "lock up." Twenty dollars a month! There is many a neat, tidy, religious family in the country, who would be glad to receive as a member of their household a respectable woman for three dollars a week, regularly and cheerfully paid, to whom three hundred dollars a year, certain, prompt, without any effort, seems a large sum; and the owner of the income would be considered rich and would be treated as such; for let it be remembered, that it is a phase in our human nature, that an indebtedness, always paid promptly, cheerfully, courteously, invests the person who pays it, with an ability to pay any other greater sum, only if the payor will have the gumption to keep wholly to himself, the amount of his income; never giving, in the most remote manner any clue to the length of his purse, being careful as to one point only, to anticipate a claim, even if it be but for an hour; to pay it with some cheerful remark, without waiting to be asked for it. This would bring from ten million shopkeepers and dealers the voluntary and heartfelt "testimonial": She is a lady, every inch of her." "He's a perfect gentleman."—That some such provision would save many a loving wife, many a daughter who this hour moves with queenly steps and grace over the velveted floors of "the Avenue," from the bawdy house, the gutter, the hospital, the penitentiary and the asylum, is demonstrable, cannot be denied.—But why have government securities been given the preference? First and foremost, because it is a perfectly safe investment as long as the government stands; and if it falls, there can be but one other want, "to lay me down and die!"

Second, nobody need then or can easily find out your income, and you can bid defiance to the tax-gatherer, for his book is open to every newspaper in the land.

Third, there is no delay in payment, and that most distressing process of "dunning" is avoided; no listening to piteous tales of debtors; no foreclosing of mortgages; no wearing out of shoe leather; no mental disturbances of any sort; the avoidance of all these makes a government payment worth double the amount, to every high toned sensitive, liberal mind.

Mother, think of this, and this very night, or the first time your husband is in a loving mood, talk it over with him, and give him no rest until the deed is done and the papers irrevocably signed, and then you need not be distressed in a dying hour with the piteous petition "Don't let poor Nelly starve."

THE DEAD WIFE.

There is no sorrow so crushing, so overwhelming, so utterly irremediable as that for the dear dead wife; the wife of your first love, of your buoyant, hopeful youth, with all its new experiences, its sweet revelations, its early struggles, its mutual aims, its hopes, its labors, and its frustrations; for long years together you worked side by side, hand in hand; she shared your troubles, and kissed away half their severity; she doubled your gladness by the pleasure which it gave her to see you happy; and when in the lapse of years you had arrived at a position to enable you to take life easy and enjoy it, as you had never done before, a heavenly hand takes her from your side and transports her into the presence of God, where you may not follow her now. You want to tell her how sweetly she died; how her friends gathered around her funeral bier and, in their affection, strewed white flowers upon her bosom; how lovingly and long they gazed on the dear familiar face, so beautifully calm in death;—a heavenly sweetness so pervading every lineament, as to give to it an angel seeming. You want to tell her, too, how the last, long, fond kiss almost broke your heart, and how you wanted to die when they covered her face from your sight forever; and then, as the weary weeks pass on, how busy memory brings up the forgotten past, with its long array of loving acts; of spontaneous tendernesses; of self-abnegations; of sleepless vigilance; of instinctive solicitude;—how you would give your life away for one short interview. But it cannot be; she is an angel now, and in her heavenly purity waits in patient affection for the time when it shall be the Master's will to bring you to her feet, and make of you an angel too. Beautifully has it been said of

THE DEAD WIFE.

"In comparison with that loss, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who is so busy, so unweary—bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave and think of the past; an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering in the sky. No thorns are remembered above that sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty, and all purity. But she is dead! The dear head that so often laid upon your bosom, now rests upon a pillow of clay. The soft hands that ministered so untiringly to your every want are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies still under your feet. And there is no white arm over your shoulder now; no speaking face to look up in the eye of love; no smile to greet you at night-fall—and the clock ticks and strikes, and ticks again, it was sweet music when she could hear it; now it seems to knell only the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face; but many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words and deeds registered above. You feel assured that she is in a happier world, and that with an angel presence she is often at your side. Cherish these emotions. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. Never forget what she has been to you, and be tender of her memory!" But if desolations like these sweep resistlessly over the heart of the stout, strong man when his wife has been taken from his side, how incomputably greater must be the sorrow of the widowed bosom when he has been removed upon whose arm she so wholly leaned, upon whose counsel she so wholly rested; and upon whose providence she so implicitly relied. Give your warmest sympathies, then, to the widowed heart reader, and no longer wonder that Divinity has made it one of the evidences of fitness for the heavenly mansions, "To visit the widow," to stand by her, ever ready to lend her your countenance, your counsel, your aid, your support, and your defence.

Rational Deductions.

A LITTLE Miss, just entering her teens last summer, in the western part of Pennsylvania, took twelve saucers of ice-cream and died in a few hours ; —then it would be better not to take twelve saucers of ice-cream at a time.

Within a month, D. G. P., a student of Brown University, lost his life by an abscess, induced by excessive exercise in a matched game of Ball between the students of Harvard and Brown. Then let all young persons take exercise in great moderation in the heats of summer.

A young lady of Milwaukee having heard that arsenic eaten in small and increasing quantities was a great beautifier, determined to try the experiment, but not knowing what was a small dose, a fatal result was only averted by the promptitude of the family physician ; — then it follows that young ladies ought not to eat rank poison for the purpose of improving their looks.

A gentleman after active exercise laid down on an ice-chest and fell asleep, waking up with a chill, ending with death by consumption after three years of great suffering ; — it is very clear that he ought not to have fallen asleep on an ice-chest soon after being over-heated.

Sometime since a man went down into a well and fell dead. A brother seeing this, hastened to descend and relieve him, and he was seen to fall dead ; a third brother followed, and he fell dead. — It would have been better if the brothers had stopped going into a deadly well sooner, and to have let down a hook at the end of a rope.

One of the most respected and loved of all the Princesses of the House of Hapsburgh, set her clothes on fire by treading on a match on the floor ; she died in great agony, some hours afterwards ; — then lucifer matches ought not to be thrown loose around.

A French general having greatly exerted himself in bringing some artillery to the top of a mountain, drank greedily of snow-water, and dropped dead ; — then persons ought not to drink snow-water greedily when over-heated.

A man took refuge from a summer shower under a solitary tree in an old field ; the lightning came down the tree through his body into his boot, — spoiling the boot and killing the man ; — then people who don't want their boots bursted in summer showers, thus preventing them from getting home without wetting their feet — in fact, without getting home at all — ought to lie down on the ground flat on the open field if they would make it certain that the lightning should not strike them.

An editor of a magazine, after riding all day without eating, ate a hearty meal late at night, retired early, went to sleep and never waked up more ; then don't eat heartily late at night ; and better still, don't eat at all after sun-down, if you want to be sure of rising in the morning full of health and life.

Notices.

THE NEW-YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN will begin their Fifth Annual Term of twenty weeks at the College in Twelfth street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., 361 West, 34 st., New-York, or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, care of Fowler and Wells. We have been requested to give the above notice, and being of an obliging turn of mind naturally, we do so. We know of no valid reason why men should monopolize the practice of medicine; but there is to our mind a grave difficulty in the way of Lady-Doctors. Who is to take care of my baby while my wife is absent in recovering John Smith from an attack of delirium tremens, calling on her way home to administer an emetic to Tom Brown who is agonizing from the effects of an over supply of lobster salad, washed down with champagne? Is the life and limb of my own little cherub to be entrusted to the care of an ignorant and unprincipled hireling, while its mother has gone out to earn a dollar or two by looking after the health and happiness of "the gluttinous man and the publican?" If the Woman's College would grant diplomas to those ladies only who are so ugly it would be impossible for any man to woo or wed, then we withdraw our objection in part, not altogether, because as a general rule perhaps ugly women makethe best and most faithful and conscientious wives, while "perfect beauties" make no wives at all, no more than it is possible for a very handsome man to make a good husband. It does seem to us that the true sphere of women is motherhood, to sanctify home and to imbue the tender mind of her offspring with all that is beautiful in truth, pure in sentiment, and holy in religion, while she herself should be relieved from the drudgeries of life by the services of those of her sex who remain unmarried or are in widowhood. A true woman, a faithful mother is but a little lower than the angels; all honor and deference to such while living, and revered be their memory when they have passed away.

GYMNASTICS. Dr. Martin will reopen his Private Classes in Light or Musical Gymnastics in the hall of Harvard Rooms, corner Sixth Avenue, and 42d street, October 3d, 1867. He is a skilful, enthusiastic and conscientious instructor in those exercises which promote exactness, symmetry and strength of body; elegance, ease and endurance of action, quickness, flexibility and resonance of will and physical energy.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless; for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

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DECEMBER, 1867.

[No. 12.

COOKERY.

THE first, the indispensable requisites of healthful cooking are that the materials should be fresh, perfect, and ripe, and that they should be properly cooked. It may be safe to say that half of the food prepared for American tables is ruined, for all purposes of healthful nutrition, in the cooking, and destroys rather than builds up; weakens, instead of imparting vigor, and engenders wasting disease, rather than promotes good health. The higher classes of society, the best informed, appreciate these truths and seek to secure all their advantages by a more strict personal attention to the larder and the kitchen than those below them in the social scale; hence Professor Blot's observation that wherever he has gone to give practical scientific lectures on cooking, nine-tenths of his patrons have been among the elite of society; the wealthiest and the best informed, and this, too, when the price of admission has been so low as not to make it burdensome to the shortest, shallowest purse; and yet it is more important to the poor

to regard cooking as a science than to the rich, because it is a true economy as well as a power to keep off expensive disease; for the poor, sickness is of double expense, time is lost and their wages stop and the little store they may have laid up is diminished by the purchase of medicine and medical advice. Many will learn with great satisfaction that the eminent able and gentlemanly Professor will issue shortly, from the press of the Appletons, if we remember rightly, a volume devoted to the scientific treatment of what is called good cookery. Much has been said in derision of French cooking, but by persons who are altogether ignorant of the subject theoretically and practically; for true French cookery comprises four things:

First, to make the poorest food palatable;

Second, to get the most nourishment out of the least quantity.

Third, to "utilize" every scrap, so that nothing is lost;

Fourth, to avoid the use of fats, fries and spices.

As proof of this the following remarks of the courtly professor, as made in a lecture at the Cooper Institute, are here given. In speaking of the advantages of

GOOD COOKING,

and of the ill effects which poor cooking had on the system, he said "the brain depended on the stomach, and if the latter gets out of order the former always follows it. "The seat of reason is dependent upon the seat of digestion." We cannot be sick if our stomach is all right. An intelligent physician always finds out the state of the stomach first, when he visits his patient. What is required to keep the stomach in order, is not much, or costly food, but that which is suitable and proper. A cook, is to a family what an engineer is to an engine. A physician is only needed when the system is out of order, a good engineer knows all about the construction of his engine, and is able to repair it when out of order. A cook ought to have a knowledge of anatomy. Instead of using nostrums, we should use proper food, which is cheaper and easier to take. No chemist is able to imitate nature. In warm

climates the fibers of the stomach are softened and extended by heat. Therefore it is necessary to use spices. It is a well-known fact that the Mexicans use immense quantities of red pepper; in fact it is one of the chief articles of diet with them. Their pepper fields are to them what our cornfields are to us. When the crop is harvested it is stored in large sheds. We must not mistake people who are bloated for those who are plump and healthy. Catholic sisters when 40 years of age, look alike because they all live on the same kind of food. The poor whites of the South who live on corn-bread, pork, coffee and whisky, are coarse and brutal. Their eyes have a dull, stupid look. Among all nations the people are refined in proportion to the simplicity and excellence of their food. A cook who is able to read has an advantage over the one who cannot. One who is careful need not buy lard; and if she economizes she will be able to save enough of fat from scraps to make all the soap which is needed in the household. Punctuality is indispensable in a cook, for if her work is not done by a certain hour, her labor is lost and the cooking spoiled. A kitchen should be clean, well ventilated, and dry. The utensils must be of the best quality. There should be a good larder and an ice-box provided. The best housewife can do but little if she have poor materials to do with. The Professor then gave instructions for using the various utensils, and stated what kind were best adapted for general use. Afterward he gave, in plain, simple language, directions for selecting meats, fish and vegetables. In the course of the lecture he said that it is a mistake to drink tea or coffee for breakfast, as tea acts on the nervous systems, and coffee on the blood. Cold water is far better than either. Women who always have been accustomed to drink tea for breakfast, upon leaving off this habit, will feel weak, and hardly able to stand at first, but after a few days they will get over it, and their legs will be stronger than ever. Some people think soup is a kind of slop, containing but little nutriment. On the contrary, the substance of ten pounds of meat can be put in a bowl of soup. Coffee or broth should never be allowed to boil. In coffee the aroma escapes with

the steam, and with broth the essence of the meat escapes. A few turkey or beef bones boiled will make enough soup to last a day or two. The crawfish, which are so common in this country, are excellent food, and they are much better here than those found in the old country. Snails are highly esteemed in Germany, France, and Italy. Great quantities of them are found in the vineyards. As they only go an inch or so deep in the ground, they freeze to death during the winter in this country. Sorrel should be freely used in the spring, for it will save many doctor's bills. In making sauces, water should be avoided, and broth used in its stead.

Those who were present seemed highly pleased with the simplicity and clearness of the language used in the lecture. The speaker, in his explanations, makes use of the different kinds of instruments appertaining to cooking. He shows plainly that there is even a right way to pare and cut potatoes, turnips, or carrots. When common sense is introduced with the French art, then people will be inclined to listen to the lectures on cookery.

FISH AS FOOD.

He next spoke of fish, as an article of food, illustrating his remarks by boning and skinning a perch :

"A fish boiled in water alone is not inferior to one sewed in cloth and boiled. There is no better fish in the world for frying than our American smelt. The speaker said lobster was very nutritive, but heavy, and should never be eaten at supper. Referring to oysters, he said that they should never be fried in butter, and should be served hot. Potatoes should be steamed and not boiled ; and he cautioned his class against using water that had been standing on the stove, as the gases and alkali are all absorbed in the first boil. Vegetables boiled in such water are inferior. Dried Lima beans are very bad for people living in cities. Some Ladies will not boil cabbage because of the smell. This could be avoided by simply putting a piece of charcoal in the pot. Lentils are far better for eating than either peas or beans. Many persons,

however, suppose them dearer than peas or beans, not knowing that they swell three or four times their size when soaked before cooking. He said that, if more dandelions and chicory were eaten in the spring, there would be less need of medicine and instanced a case of a family who spend \$30 a month for medicine, and did not see why they were sick. Referring to radishes, the Professor said that there was a substance in the center leaves of each root, which, if eaten, would help their digestion. Every family should be well supplied with sorrel and tomatoes the year round, these vegetables being the greatest neutralizers of acrid substances. Water-cresses should never be eaten over twice in a week. They contain much sulphur, and are the greatest anti-scorbutic known. The speaker then instructed his students in the art of making coffee, and, in conclusion, advised the use of gauze strainers instead of tin perforators.

CLARIFYING WATER.

Thirty years ago, in travelling up and down the Mississippi river whose waters, below the mouth of the Missouri, were so turbid that it was impossible to see through a glass, it was a common amusement to tie a bit of alum to a thread and letting it down into the water give it a swinging motion for a minute, and in a few minutes more, the water would be as clear as a rain drop. Within a short time the statement has appeared in the public prints as if it were something new. It may however be well to add the exact proportions in which the alum should be used so as not to make the water taste of it. Three quarters of a pound of finely pulverized alum stirred well into a ton of water ; in smaller quantities to each quart of water, four grains of Alum. The Sulphate of Alumina is greatly better than the Rock or Potash Alum, as it introduces no alkaline matter into the water. This shows how easy it may be for practical items of knowledge to drop out of sight, at least for a time, and that too with all the advantages of the printing press ; hence it is no wonder that valuable arts have been lost to the world before the discovery of types, such as embalming, certain works in glass, etc.

DRIVING NAILS

Within a year we have seen it stated, as a new truth, that if a nail were wetted in the mouth and if, in addition, the narrow edge was placed with the grain of the wood, it would seldom split the board into which it was driven. We well remember to have seen our father do this as far back as in eighteen hundred and eighteen. But

ERRORS AND TRUTH

are alike exhumed from the grave of the past in mechanics, medicine and theology, and even in so-called "science" itself; the best remedy under the circumstances is for each man to be for himself "wary" of what is new, look into every thing proposed with a patient, close and critical eye, and never give up old things too readily; for in very many cases, our fathers were wiser in their generations than we sometimes give them credit for.

ANIMAL GRAFTING.

Mr. Best, a French naturalist, cut off a rat's tail and joined it on to the freshly cut tail of another rat; the parts grew together and waggled like any other tail; in four months it was cut in two at the point of union, when it was found that all the proper vessels, veins, arteries, and nerves were supplied. Dr. Allen, of Bond street, narrates that a tooth freshly drawn from a negro boy was inserted into the socket from which his mistress had a "snag" taken, and it grew firm and did her good service for many years. It was considered at that time, that as the boy belonged to the mistress, so did his tooth and that hence the exchange was no robbery.

But the tables, later on, were turned against the white man. The owner of a plantation had a faithful and most truthful old negro, to whom he committed the fattening of a turkey for a christmas dinner; but on christmas morning the turkey was no where to be found; some of the other "hands," on being questioned, gave the information, that the faithful old servant had killed the turkey the night before and made a good supper of it himself. The master was surprised and

greatly grieved; and summoning the old man to his presence, he acknowledged that he had killed and eaten the turkey. But, said the master, don't you think it wrong to steal from me that way, making use of my property? Why no, massa, that's no stealing. I'm your property and the turkey was your property; here I am, and the turkey is in me, and we bofe belong to you as before, only turkey has changed places, and instead of being in the coop, he is in a safer place, in my stomach, and we bofe are yours, turkey and negro too and you have as much as you had before, so I done no wrong." The logic puzzled the master, and he let Sambo off.

FLESH UNITING.

It is a common surgical operation to supply a new nose or ear or part of the face or lips from the arm, letting them grow together, then cut the arm loose, and manipulate the flesh into the proper shape.

An iron gate slammed too, while my neighbor's child was holding to the stationary upright; the mother saw it from her window, and running to her child she found the fleshy part of the end of th thumb cut off; with great presence of mind she pressed the severed pieces together; they united firmly. Our readers may make a practical use of these facts in many of the accidents of life; after all, these are the application of a principle of a common cut or gash, for if instantly the sides are pressed together and are kept together, the healing process goes on with great rapidity, leaving only a scar.

ILL SMELLING SORES, wounds, ulcers, cancer of the breast, etc. may be relieved of all bad smell by a painless dressing made of equal parts of Permanganate of Potash, powdered carbonate of lime and powdered starch.

HAIR REMOVED. Persons are sometimes annoyed by hairs growing in unsightly places; may be removed. Thus, take sixty grains of quick lime, forty grains of yellow sulphate of arsenic and sixty grains of powdered starch, make it into a paste with water, apply it to the spot from which it is desired to remove he hair, and in a few minutes it is done.

FROSTY WEATHER.—Few have failed to observe what a vigor and elasticity are imparted to both mind and body by a frosty atmosphere, and what a loss of all these there is in a hot summer day ; this is probably owing to the fact that at noon of any clear frosty day in winter, there is ten times as much elasticity in the air as there is at any noon of summer ; hence to all invalids, the days most valuable for exercise are those of frosty weather, and those least beneficial are where it is warm or thundery ; hence every hour of daylight spent in the open air in frosty weather in some kind of out-door activities is that much gain to the vitality of the system, imparting vigor to the mind, elasticity to the body, and elevation to the moral feelings and power of the man.

LIFE LENGTHENED.—In all countries and all latitudes, the well-to-do live longer than the poor by an average of eleven years ; this shows the deleterious influence of an anxious mind on the bodily health, the anxiety for to-morrow's bread. Pensioned persons live indefinitely long ; the poor-houses of Great Britain can any day turn out a large army of men and women among the eighties and nineties who have been in those institutions for twenty and thirty years, owing in great part to an habitual feeling of confidence that ample provision is made for the future, and the mind is at rest ; but it must not be forgotten that the cleanliness, the plain food and the regular habits, compulsory in those institutions contribute greatly to the same end. Insurance companies are ingeniously making use of these facts, and doubtless with some show of reason, for certainly a man feels greatly more at ease in his mind when he feels assured that in case of his death, a handsome amount of money would certainly be paid over to his family, than if the blighting and depressing impression were all the time weighing upon his spirits that his death would leave them in destitution. A British medical journal says that in the eighteenth annual report of the Providential Assurance Co., it is shown that for three years in succession, the rate of mortality was twenty-three per thousand among the unassured, while it was twenty-one per thousand among the

same class and occupation of persons who kept up their assurance. It is beyond all question that a quiet mind contributes to the health and well-being of the body. In this connection it may be stated that

OUTBURSTS OF PASSION

do certainly tend to shorten life, from the disturbing influence which they have on the circulation, for nature loves regularity and equanimity; this important truth is beautifully demonstrated in the ascertained fact that members of the Society of Friends throughout England, live, on average, twelve years longer than others in the same stations and callings in life, because they are every where a thrifty folk and have a characteristic quietude of deportment and equanimity and serenity of mind, and expression of sentiments which it is beautiful to see, and is really enviable. And so has the immortal Watts sung of those who live under the calming influence of the Christian religion.

Swift as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away —
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be
Their days glide sweetly over their heads,
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly moments gently move.

It is then a legitimate conclusion that the best means of assuring to ourselves a long life of healthfulness and quiet enjoyment is to bring the whole life under the influence of Christian principal, to embark in the making of money in all legitimate honorable ways and to keep up a liberal policy in some established Insurance company; and to do this to the best advantage begin young, not later than the day you are twenty-one.

SEA SICKNESS

Is caused in great part by the confusing effect which the tossing on the water has upon the brain, and multitudes of ways have been pursued for avoiding or at least mitigating this annoyance. The best plan is to let it have its course and rid the system of that excess of bile which is almost always

present in this over-eating age ; the general health rarely fails to be greatly improved by it, although in very rare cases, perhaps not over one in a million, dies under the effects of the long continued and exhausting retching. If a person will lie down with the eyes closed, and not allow the head for an instant to be raised from the pillow there is an almost entire exemption from nausea and other discomforts, but the result of this course is that it will be necessary to keep a-bed during the entire voyage ; the effort should be to shorten the sickness and get rid of it as soon as possible, and this is best done by not lying down at all, but resolutely keeping on the feet on deck, in the open air, if the weather permits, that is, if it is not raining ; this requires moral courage and some considerable force of will and character, but it seldom fails to abridge the period of sea-sickness, sometimes to confine it to a few hours duration and then the remainder of the voyage can be enjoyed as it ought to be.

The tendency to nausea on ship-board is abated somewhat by any stimulus which acts decidedly on the nervous system, such as chloroform, brandy, opiates, etc. Irritants, such as the strongest spices, abate nausea ; so will great mental emotions, in short, any thing which draws off the attention of the mind. No person can get sea-sick if the ship is on fire, nor will a person who is drunk. A brisk purgative is good just before going on board or a dose of medicine taken the night before. Still the wisest, most healthful and most expeditious method of meeting sea-sickness is to avoid all preventitives, all medicines, and manfully determine to keep upon your feet and let it do its worst.

In this connection space may be given to

SEA VOYAGES,

and the best means of enjoying them ; and first of all have a plenty of woollen clothing and wear it even in midsummer except during the middle of still days ; but every day, and all day a good flannel shirt should be worn next the skin even in the tropics, to counteract the baleful effect of damps, fogs, and changes of temperature. The British government compels

its sailors to wear woolen flannel shirts all the year round in all latitudes as a result of its observed necessity in keeping off disabling diseases.

PROTECTING the FEET

from the dampness of the decks is an indispensable item of health and comfort on ship-board as the boards are seldom dry for two hours at a time in any voyage. Thick soled shoes and woolen hose should be worn at all times while at sea. Much has been said and written in praise of the

PURE AIR OF THE SEA,

but as a matter of fact very little of it is obtained by passengers as a general rule, because a bilgy odor pervades the cleanest ship's cabin, and when it is taken into account that in these cabins passengers confine themselves from sun down to a late breakfast next day, and that soon after breakfast the decks, having been washed, are still wet, making it near noon before it is safe for ladies, with their thin shoes, to promenade; it is evident that a very few hours of the most pleasant days are devoted to the breathing of the pure salt sea air, and when it is remembered too, how few days at sea have an entire exemption from rain and raw winds, it is evident the much lauded good effects of sea voyages, especially to invalids, is more a myth than a reality. The truth is, to obtain the very highest healthful advantages of pure air, nothing approaches moderate, leisure working in

THE GARDEN OR THE ORCHARD.

Next to that, especially for the ailing, is a continuous

HORSEBACK JOURNEY,

every day, rain or shine, with some exhilarating object a-head, other than the mere healthfulness of it; in fact, no form of exercise can promise any marked good effect unless there is some other motive than that of health to give vivacity to the mind, and elasticity to the body, the spirits and the circulation.

GLYCERINE,

As an article of food, as a nutrient, is well worthy of being brought into public notice. Sweet oil in Palestine and other old countries, has for ages been used as an article of daily food, and glycerine may be considered as the essence of pure "sweet", that is "olive oil," they being one and the same; it is a perfectly neutral and bland fluid, and the most penetrating perhaps in all nature. Oil itself will permeate where water will not; and glycerine, which may be considered the ethereal part of oil, has this property to a most remarkable degree; it penetrates the solid bone; if poured into a mixture of blood and matter, such as is expectorated from consumptive lungs, it will get in between the globules of each and show them with great distinctness; being thus penetrating, it is the very best application for all feverish sores, for inflamed or dry surfaces simply from its quality of penetration and want of evaporatability; the first and highest value of any poultice is its capability of keeping moist for the longest time; no one ever thinks of a dry poultice; glycerine keeps a part moist longer than any substance known, hence its value as above, mixed with an innoxious dry powder, called sub-nitrate of Bismuth, so as to make a thin paste or poultice. It is one of the very best applications known for

BURNS,

whether in children or adults, giving an almost instantaneous relief from suffering, by its entire exclusion of the air and by its moistening, hence cooling, soothing effects, promotes a speedy healing process, always safe, simple and efficient. A few cents will buy half a pound of it at any good drug store, and every family should have some at hand, in a bottle, plainly labelled, with a bottle of glycerine at its side.

If glycerine alone is applied with a common brush to the surface of the throat in that dangerous malady dyptheria, in a few minutes its permeative quality enables it to sink into and between the molecules of the false membrane, dissolving and then detaching it, in a few hours; so also in that other most alarming malady, the croup of little children, as it not

only penetrates and thus disintegrates, spreads apart the tissues of the false membrane, but when it gets to the bottom of it, it spreads out between the layer of the membrane and the more natural mucous surfaces beneath and thus not only detaches the membrane, but imparts a healing, soothing influence to the inflamed condition of the natural surfaces. Hence also if applied to

DRY SORES,

its affinity for organic globules is such that it seems to be attracted to them through the dry scab, moistens it, detaches it, and causes a new and healthful surface to grow beneath it; it has the same delightful, soothing and healing effects when applied to

BLISTERED SKIN,

taking out the inflammation, cooling the parts and restoring them to their natural condition.

PAINFUL SORES

are very gratefully and speedily relieved by a mixture of morphine and glycerine. But more striking benefits are observed in its use as food, from its inherent nutritious qualities in all that large class of cases where a person needs

FOOD RATHER THAN PHYSIC.

As evidence of its capacity to fatten children a physician states in the American Journal of Pharmacy, its chemical formula being six parts carbon, seven parts hydrogen and five parts oxygen,

1st. An infant six months old, recovering from a severe diarrhoea, kept quite emaciated and pale. Glycerine was ordered for it, and in a few days a change was remarked in its appearance for the better, and in four weeks it weighed eight pounds heavier. 2. A child, sixteen months old, had its head covered with one continuous scab,—porrigo. This was a family complaint, and resisted all manner of treatment for a very long time in all the other children. In the above case I resorted to glycerine, both internally and externally.

A cure was effected in three months. 3. A girl, seven years old, recovering from measles, retained her cough, emaciation, and nervous irritability. Dullness over apex of left lung; roughened breathing. No doubt the case was chronic pneumonia. Glycerine, as a last resort, was ordered in teaspoonful doses in water, three times a day. Recovery in six weeks. 4. A strumous boy, much emaciated, had hacking cough and night sweats. Pulse frequent. Sleep disturbed. Abdomen tumid and enlarged. Cervical glands swollen. Bowels irregular. Fecal discharges clay-colored. His case was such, that no one expected any more than a partial palliation. After other treatments had failed, I ordered glycerine in teaspoonful doses, in which were dissolved four grains of ferri ammon. cit., and one half of a grain of quinia, four times a day. This he continued for a year, and was in remarkably good health three years after.

MINERAL WATERS.

"This is like the water of twenty-five years ago," said an habitue of Saratoga Springs the other day as he quaffed his glass at the fountain of Lawrence & Co's Excelsior Water.

It is a well known fact that the powers of the Saratoga waters have diminished greatly of late years in consequence of the fountains having been tampered with, in order to promote a more copious flow of the "health-giving liquids." By a very ingenious device these gentlemen present to those who frequent the springs as well as those who use the water at their own homes, the pure, unadulterated article as it is found in its natural state fifty feet beneath the surface of the soil; it is at that distance the bottles are filled and corked, without any possibility of admixture with the external air or the escapement of their essential virtues; these waters are furnished in their natural state, hence with all their natural virtues. Beyond all question, the best water for a man to drink, in health or disease, is that which is the purest as it comes from its natural fountain. Whatever healthful effects result from the drinking of any impregnated waters is in proportion to the increased action given to the bowels, the kid-

neys and the skin ; by acting on the intestines as mineral salt waters do they expel the excrements of digestion, that is the solid refuse of the food, after the nutritious portions have been extracted and applied to the purposes of sustenance and life. Sulphur waters are known to exert a decided influence on the skin, relaxes it, opens its pores, and allows the passing out of the system a large amount of its impurities, especially the useless portions of the products of combustion of vegetable food in particular, but the waste products of the combustion of animal food are carried away through the kidneys and such waters as act upon them are the most useful in this class of cases, and physicians as well as individuals should remember that the value of all mineral waters depend upon their applicability, in these three forms, and should act accordingly.

IN-GROWING TOE NAILS

are a source of excessive discomfort and sometimes of almost insufferable pain ; formerly the savage mode of treatment was to take a pair of pincers and drag the whole nail out, but now a prompt and painless cure may be effected simply by inserting the dry ses-qui-chloride of iron between the nail and the flesh and powdering the latter with it also, then apply a dry bandage, and a cure follows after two or three applications, a day or two apart.

SHOES.

The feet are the great avenues of death to multitudes every year ; cold feet, damp feet, wet feet give colds which settle on the lungs and light up the fires of consumption which burn away until nothing is left but skin and bone, and the poor body falls into the grave, hence the importance of clothing the feet properly. More than two thousand years ago the Jews made shoes of leather and wood while their soldiers sometimes formed them of brass and iron ; the Egyptians used papyrus ; the Chinese wore shoes made of silk, leather, rushes, iron, brass, wood, bark, gold and silver. The Greeks and Romans used leather, reaching generally to the middle of the leg, sometimes however using only enough leather to

cover the sole of the foot, black shoes were worn by ordinary persons, of rank, the women wore white, but on ceremonial days, the magistrates wore red shoes. The ingenuity of modern times has not as yet furnished a convenient, comfortable and healthful covering for the feet; the requisites are pliancy so as to allow the toes, nails and joints to maintain their perfectly natural condition, which so greatly promotes easy and healthful walking; the next necessity is that the soles shall be impervious from dampness without and dampness from within; there should be ample ventilation, otherwise the gases and perspiration constantly escaping from the feet, as well as from every part of the human body will condense, not only causing an unhealthful dampness, but so confining the odors as to sensibly affect the atmosphere of a large room, the moment the covering is removed. The shoe itself should not come above the ankle, because, first, the emanations would readily escape, and fresh air be constantly admitted; second, because the ankle, being unsupported, would by use, more rely upon itself, would become daily stronger, more supple and more elastic, with greatly less danger of dislocation; hence the wearing of boots habitually is a gross absurdity, a relic of barbarism. The sole of the shoe should be painted several times with castor oil, being allowed to dry most thoroughly between each application; this would take the disagreeable creak out of shoes and would keep out the water very effectually without the necessity of having a cumbrously thick sole. The upper part of the shoe should be made of canvass, of a color suited to the weather and to the habits of the individual, fitting but moderately tight. The feet should be placed in a basin of cold water every morning for a few seconds, just deep enough to cover the toes; wipe dry, dress and walk off. Once or twice a week the feet should be held in water, made comfortably warm, for some ten minutes, adding hotter water from time to time, using a little soap; if at the end of this bathing at night the feet were placed in a pan of cold water, toe-deep for less than a quarter of a minute, it would greatly aid in giving tone to

the skin, vigor to the circulation and softness to the skin, and thus do much towards keeping them comfortably warm. A tablespoonful of Chloride of lime in a basin of warm water is an excellent wash for removing foot odor : before retiring to bed most especially in fire time of year, hold both feet before a blazing fire, stockings removed, for ten minutes at least, rubbing them with the hands all the time until they feel perfectly dry and warm ; such a process will warm the feet more effectually in five minutes than can be done in an hour by holding them to the fire with stockings and shoes on.

SOMETIMES,

without apparent cause, a person will suddenly wake up to the knowledge that his feet are cold and a disagreeable sensation is caused which pervades the whole body and the mind and temper become fretful and morose ; this is often the case in the very midst of summer ; when this is observed you are taking cold and you should instantly treat the feet to a blazing fire as named above ; if this is not practicable, give them a hot foot bath as just directed ; in either case you will not only avert the cold but you will experience a feeling of comfortableness, which is absolutely delightful ; this same kind of bath is the speediest and most comfortable means of warming the feet when they are found to be uncomfortable cold after coming in from a walk, or a long day's work.

Many ways have been devised for rendering the upper leather of shoes impervious to water ; a much better plan is to keep out of the water, for whatever will keep water out will also keep the perspiration and ill odor always in ; some persons' feet are smelled a mile off, more or less. To make leather impervious, is to make it board like, hard, unyielding, and hot as fire of a summer's day ; but if it be absolutely necessary at any time to wear a shoe which shall exclude water, the application of castor oil or petroleum with a brush and then allow it to dry, is perhaps the most familiar, accessible and facile mode, known. If the space between the upper leather and the sole of pegged shoes is occasionally

dressed with petroleum, until the pegs are saturated with the liquid, there will be no ripping.

HANDS.

The hands are as much abused as the feet, and to know how to serve them properly in winter time may be a convenience and comfort for many. It is a great luxury to go to bed with clean hands, washing them in soap and warm water in winter, so as to dissolve the dust and dirt which settles in the crevices and fills up the pores, thus leaving them soft and pliable; this should be done also in the morning before washing the face, care being taken to rinse them of every particle of soap with clean pure water, and most thoroughly dry them after washing with a soft cloth; otherwise, the skin will soon chap and crack open, especially if gloves are not put on when the fire is stirred or approached for any domestic purpose. The hands should be put in water as seldom as possible in cold weather and if immediately after the washing a teaspoonfull of spirits of wine were rubbed into them or a few drops of honey—the alcohol is preferable—it would greatly tend to prevent chapping altogether. In coming down stairs of a cold day the bannister should not be touched with the hand unless a glove is worn; if that is not convenient, let the cuff of the sleeve be moved along the bannister if support and guidance is needed in descending the stairs; this may seem a small matter but a lady does not well like having a hand as course as a corn-cob when she holds it out to give her friends a New Year's greeting; besides, chapped hands interfere greatly with domestic requirements, for to say nothing of the painfulness sometimes attending it, it is often impossible to knit or sew with any kind of comfort or convenience. Cold cream, as it is called, tends to prevent and cure chapped hands; and for the convenience of our lady readers who live in the country remote from drug stores, the following directions are appended:

Take of oil of sweet almonds three ounces and a half, one ounce of spermaceti, one hundred and twenty grains of white wax and two ounces or four tablespoonfulls of rosewater;

melt the oil, spermaceti and wax in a water-bath, that is in a vessel set in another vessel of boiling water, as a cabinet-makers glue-pot; then add the rose-water gradually, stir it up with a clean stick until it is pretty well cooled, pour it in a tea-cup or other delf ware and rub it into the hands after each washing. Badly chapped hands improve rapidly, if after the night washing common sweet oil is rubbed in thoroughly and a pair of old kid gloves are worn during the night for several nights in succession.

WARTS.

will disappear from the hands in a few days if red ash bark is boiled in water, strong, and the liquid applied several times every day; or if a bit of wood, an old match is dipped in aquafortis or nitric acid and rubbed on the head of the wart night and morning, it will soon disappear. Great discomfort sometimes arises from the skin at the body end of the finger nail getting shiny and then turning up; this is occasioned by the skin attaching itself to the nail and being drawn out by the nail as it grows forward, until the skin snaps by the extension, causing sometimes severe inflammation; the best prevention is to take once a week a wooden or iron paper cutter, or even the thumb nail of the other hand and push back the skin; if a knife is used, it will make a white spot on the nail, unless done with great care; ladies sometimes prevent this by pushing back the skin with a soft cloth every time the hand is washed.

In the days of Louis XIV. the ladies of the court as a means of beautifying the skin of the face and hands and keeping it soft and velvety always washed in alcohol; perhaps pure warm water answers as good a purpose; cold water has a tendency to harden the skin, to make it coarse and certainly is not as good a cleanser as warm water.

CORNS.

are the botheration of the vast number of silly folk, who for appearance's sake, render themselves liable to purgatorie suffering during the entire space of their natural life thereafter; there are multitudes of cures for corns, the very

quickest and most certain method known to us, is to cut off the toe, and be done with it; a better plan, to our own personal knowledge, in reference to all corns, is not to have any; and this exemption can be secured by wearing shoes which can be drawn on the feet without much straining with two pair of woollen stockings, then when you get home pull off one pair and wear the shoe. But, as some poet has written, that variety is the spice of life, various "infallible" cures for corns are appended for the amusement and practice of our afflicted reader.

"Pare the corn as close as you can, then get a thin piece of India rubber cloth, about the twentieth of an inch thick, (the pure India rubber is the best, but that made of cotton will do) and where the corn is on one of the toes, make a stall of it; or where it is on another part of the foot, sew it on the inside of the stocking and large enough to cover the corn well. By continuing the application from four to six weeks, and paring the corn as the callous skin loosens, the corn will disappear. The application of the rubber will give immediate relief to the pain. The principle of the cure is to assist nature in restoring the skin to its natural condition again."

One objection to the above is, it is too tedious and troublesome; another more serious is that a number of cases are recorded in medical works where the paring of a corn has been followed by a fatal bleeding or inflammation, irritation, lockjaw and an agonizing death.

—Scrape a piece of common chalk, put a small portion of it upon the corn and bind it with a linen rag. Repeat the application for a few days, and you will find the corn come off like a shell, and perfectly cured. The cure is simple and efficacious.

—Mr. Wakely, in the Royal Free Hospital, London, is in the habit of applying glycerine to corns. It softens those excrescences so that they may be scooped out with ease.

—Take a piece of lemon, nick it so as to let in the toe with the corn, tie this at night so that it cannot move, and you will find the next morning that, with a blunt knife, the corn will come away to a great extent.

OUR METHOD.

The safest, the most accessible, and the most efficient cure of a corn on the toe, is to double a piece of thick soft buckskin, cut a hole in it large enough to receive the corn, and bind it around the toe. If, in addition to this, the foot is soaked in warm water for five or more minutes every morning and night, and a few drops of sweet or other oily substance are patiently robbed in on the end after the soaking, the corn will almost infallibly become loose enough in a few days to be easily picked out with a finger nail; this saves the necessity of paring the corn, which operation has sometimes been followed with painful and dangerous symptoms. If the corn becomes inconvenient again, repeat the process at once.

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WINTER IS COMING—And we must all eat and keep warm. The best "Fire Place" ever invented, is Dixon's Low Down Grate, as any one may verify by calling some cold frosty morning at 2 West 43th St., to subscribe for HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH!

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4th. All the heat can be thrown on one side.

5th. Here is a shelf attached upon which every dish cooked and all the plates are kept heated up to the very moment of being sent to the table.

6th. A crane is attached from which meats can be suspended so as to make a perfect roast; not over the fire, but in front.

7th. The broiling is conveniently done in front of the grate, thus avoiding the loss of the essence of the meat which must take place if it is held over the flame which will in addition more or less charr the surface of the steak and render it indigestible. 8th. It is an ornament to any kitchen.

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DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

For Cream, add one part water.

For rich Milk, add three parts water.

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